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DIARY OF A YOUNG ARMY OFFICER

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J. M. FAVILL

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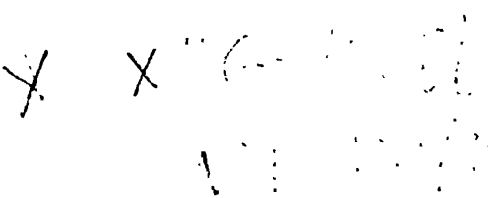

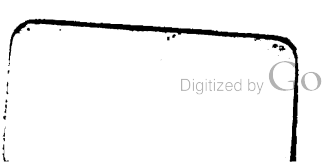

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THE DIARY
OF A YOUNG OFFICER

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Lieut. J. M. Favill,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

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THE DIARY OF A YOUNG OFFICER

SERVING WITH THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

BY

JOSIAH MARSHALL FAVILL

ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN, AND BREVET MAJOR 57TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.
BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, AND COLONEL U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

CHICAGO
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
1909

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BY
JOSIAH MARSHALL FAVILL

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Dedication.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED WIFE,
AMELIA WARING FAVILL,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE

The publication of this diary is due to the solicitations of one, alas! no longer with us, who took much pleasure in reading the original manuscript, and frequently urged the publication of it in book form for the pleasure of those who participated in the movements described.

Anything that is authentic and comes to us in its original form pertaining to the great drama of the Civil War is still of interest to a very considerable number of those who love their country and delight in heroic deeds; and these pages, simple though they be, and relating generally to matters within a narrow compass, may be therefore of interest to others than the participators in the stirring scenes described. The diary is, in truth, what it purports to be, with only trifling changes, mostly of omission, the daily record of active campaigning recorded at the time by one who was himself an active participator in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, 1861-65, in the ranks of that mighty host which fought and died for the life of our beloved country. The opinions expressed are those of that time and are perhaps of no importance, but are allowed to stand as curiosities of the times. From my own knowledge of the making of history in official reports, I can affirm that something in the interest of truth may be found in these pages that may perhaps in the future be worthy the notice of the dignified historian. Many official reports are decorated with after thoughts, and some of them made to show things as they should have been, and not as they were. One official report, that of General S. K. Zook, covering the operations of the Chancellorsville campaign, is supplied, that is missing in the great " Records of the

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Rebellion." I have recently had the honor of furnishing this original report to the War Department to complete its records.

The social side of the army in the field, described in some detail, I think will be of interest, and our relations with the luckless women and children of the Confederacy shows that we were not the monsters that many in the South have delighted to paint us, but that we performed a stern duty with the least possible offense.

Covering most of the campaigns of the Fifty-Seventh New York Infantry and the gallant old Third Brigade of the First Division, Second Corps, it will, I hope, be of sufficient interest to beguile a pleasant hour of some of my old comrades, and perhaps of their boys and girls.

December, 1908.

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INTRODUCTION

This book tells of arms and of men. Its Homeric touch is the more obvious because the tale which commences with the call to arms in New York City is centered in a small space, that is in Northern Virginia, though the story twice crosses the narrow bounds of Maryland and touches the free soil of Pennsylvania.

The story is no patchwork of personal recollections of the author, eked out by those of others, and made to fit the limbs of history by piecing and adaptation from pages already printed. It is a narrative set down nightly after the day's march or the day's fight, telling of the marching, the fighting, and the catches of the breath between; of the first great gathering of raw levies of the Northern States; and then of that great historical Army of the Potomac, during the War of the Rebellion, with these great masses of men as a private in the ranks; of the three months' service, and then for years as an officer generally holding a staff appointment, the young narrator marched and fought. The author speaks too modestly of what he did and wrote as being that of a mere youth, but as the immortal war song of the Germans sings, it is the devotion of the strong and pious youth that will save the country from disaster.

> "Dear Fatherland, no danger thine,
> Firm stand thy sons
> To watch, to watch the Rhine."

There is a glamour which scintillates o'er casque and shield, over lance and bow, in the conflicts of far away centuries, but none are so important to us as the titanic struggle of our own time, in which our young countryman rode through fire and death over bloody fields. Though far be it from me

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to bespeak attention to him as other than one of many competent and brave officers, who made the noble army of the Republic the great instrument it was, he was most certainly of that moiety of the marching army, which as General McClellan describes. "always kept with the colors," for as the General so well says in his memoirs, "when an army starts upon a campaign it resolves itself speedily into two parts, one that means to keep out of harm's way if possible, and the other that always keeps with the colors."

I think I shall not be saying too much of my old friend if I add that I believe that all who read this narrative will be glad that he has been preserved to finally give us this original story of the greatest army of the big war.

To some, even after the lapse of so many years from those of the desperate struggle which it describes, it will bring tears, for many a hero passes as we read, on and then off the stage, while the lithe soldier who tells the tale, rides and fights on to the heaven-blest ending of the bloody war.

SIDNEY V. LOWELL.

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THE DIARY OF A YOUNG OFFICER

CHAPTER I

"Lay down the ax; fling by the spade;
Leave in its tracks the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now."

I JOIN THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M., AS A VOLUNTEER AND GO TO WAR

I HAVE actually joined the army and am going to the war as a high private in Company C of the Seventy-first New York Regiment, commanded by Captain Coles.

The regiment has been accepted for three months' service by the general government, and is to start for the front on Sunday next, April 21, 1861.

It was not so easy to join this regiment, as the armory was crowded with men, mostly fine young fellows, all crazy to be enrolled. Finding myself getting left, I went up to the Captain, who sat near by, and asked him if he would not make a point to squeeze me in. I told him I was very anxious to go, and gave him an account of my acquirements in the military line, which I urged might be of service to him. After some questions and agreeable chatting, he directed the clerk to take down my name, saying some one would be certain to back out at the last moment, and there would be room enough for all who really wanted to go.

I left the armory rejoiced to find myself a real soldier, and could hardly realize that in less than a week's time I should be leaving home and marching to the front. I have always dreamed of a soldier's life as an ideal one, and have been enthusiastic on all things military since I was old enough to read. Charles O'Malley, Tom Burke of Ours, and the Three

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Musketeers are mainly responsible for it, I think, but however that may be, I have learned to drill, to fence, to ride, and to shoot, and devour every kind of military history that comes in my way. During the Crimean War I was absorbed in the details of the siege of Sebastopol, and sought everywhere for anything published relating to it. I followed the British troops at the Alma Balaclava and Inkerman with breathless excitement, and at the storming of the great redan became satisfied that a soldier's career was the only honorable and satisfactory one to follow. But alas, in our own country there were no wars, nor any likelihood of there being any, and the situation seemed hopeless from every point of view, but now most unexpectedly the opportunity presents itself, and I have done what I could to enter the service promptly. True, it is not much to be a private soldier, and I have always looked at war through the commissioned ranks, but in this particular case it will not make so much difference, as men in all conditions of life, rich men, scholars, professional men, and young fellows from college and school are all anxious to go as privates, so I shall trust to luck to gain promotion by attention to duty and by my knowledge of military affairs.

The Seventy-first is a swell city regiment, called the American Guard, none but native Americans ordinarily being enlisted, and in its ranks are many very rich men, several of them taking private servants along. The Colonel, Vosburg, is a distinguished military man, and no doubt the regiment will make itself an enviable reputation.

There is no necessity for me here to say anything about the cause of the war, as everybody knows the South desired to extend their pet institution, Slavery, into the new states and territories. This the people of the North will not consent to, as they are bitterly opposed to the institution, and determined to keep it within its present limits. In order to facilitate their plans, the South have jealously maintained the upper hand in the general government, and being thoroughly united, have up to this time succeeded in keeping the reins in their own hands, but at last they have lost control, as they judge by the election of Mr. Lincoln; and rather than submit to the will of the majority when it does not suit them ,they propose to disrupt the Union, destroy the country, and set up for themselves with the few slave-holding states. Of course if

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these states are allowed to go, the remainder may be divided and subdivided again, which means an utter disintegration of the federal government.

These reckless Southerners commenced operations by bombarding Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, on the 11th of April, and capturing it, and they are now busily at work throughout all their states raising, equipping, and drilling a military force, with the avowed object of restraining the federal authorities from any control of their affairs.

What an excitement we have all been in since these people fired on Fort Sumter! Every one is anxious to do his utmost and determined to raise a force strong enough to go down there and thrash the conceit out of the rascals. The feeling runs mountains high, and thousands of men are offering their services where hundreds only are required. These hot-headed rebels will surely find themselves more than accommodated in the matter of fighting, and will before long bitterly repent their foolish actions. We are more numerous and have more money, have command of the sea, and have besides just as much courage and pluck as they.

On the 15th of April President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers to serve for three months, and the militia regiments of the various Northern states are offering themselves, filled to the maximum by the enlistment of new members. As soon as they are properly armed and equipped they will rendezvous in Washington to protect the capital at first, and subsequently march into the rebellious states and give the rebels a sound thrashing. There is no reasonable doubt that a great battle will have to be fought, and therefore we shall have an opportunity to see what actual war really is. Nobody dreams of fear, but it is a great pity these Southern people do not appreciate the earnestness and power of the North; if they did, surely they would not court certain disaster; however, this is to be a diary, continued throughout the campaign, and therefore must not be too prolix.

Tuesday, April 16th. To-morrow we are to meet at the armory, fall in, and march in a body to Develin's clothing store, lower Broadway, there to be measured, each and all of us, for a uniform suit, to consist of dark blue jacket and sky-blue trousers. The jacket will have light blue shoulder-straps and cuffs, and will be made as quickly as possible, and forwarded

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to us wherever we may be. It is a thousand pities we cannot have them by Sunday, there will be such an enormous crowd to see us off, and in our every-day rig we shall look anything but soldierly.

Saturday night, April 20th. To-morrow we start for the war. Since Wednesday I have been receiving the utmost attention from everybody. It is so strange to see this wonderful enthusiasm and loyalty. It is impossible for a man in uniform to pay for anything he wants; wherever I go all want to do something for me; in crossing the ferries men filled my pockets with cigars, and even insisted upon my taking money from them, and when I refused, actually forced it into my pockets; they must do something, and look upon us, I suppose, as their representatives. There is no end to their generosity and enthusiasm, which is well for the republic.

I attended a great reception given in my honor at the E- Hotel to-night, which proved a magnificent affair. Everybody that I knew, almost, was there, and fun and frolic with songs, music, and speeches, continued until the clock struck twelve. There were amongst the young fellows a number belonging to a glee club, who sang patriotic and pathetic war-songs innumerable, and contributed immensely to the enjoyment of the evening. When we broke up, and our last good-byes were spoken, every man grasped me by the hand, many of them kissed me, and all united in wishing me good luck and a safe return. After taking an affectionate farewell of one who was more to me than all others, I hastened from the room amidst the cries of "God bless you"; "Take care of yourself"; "Be sure and thrash the rascals," etc.

It was very hard to part when the time actually came, being my first experience, and I must admit feeling decidedly unwarlike and very desolate. However, I went home, turned into my comfortable bed, wondering what sort of beds we should probably have in the army.

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CHAPTER II

"All the Gods go with you; upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Bestrewed before your feet."

WE MARCH DOWN BROADWAY AND EMBARK ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP R. R. CUYLER, BOUND FOR THE SEAT OF WAR

I LEFT home at 7 A. M., satchel in hand, crossed the ferry, and soon arrived at the armory. It was already filled with men of the regiment receiving their arms and equipments. We were furnished with a Springfield musket, bayonet, cartridge-box, cap-pouch, haversack, and blanket. Our new uniform were not ready, and so the greater part of the regiment appeared in every-day clothes and hats. Every company had a few regularly equipped men, however, so that we had some little military appearance. The greatest difficulty was an absence of knapsacks, which necessitated carrying valises, a very awkward arrangement, giving us more the appearance of a lot of emigrants than a regiment of soldiers.

About two hours after I joined every man had been furnished with all there was for him, and we were standing for the first time shoulder to shoulder in the ranks. The roll was called, and all present mustered into the state's service. Immediately afterwards we marched downstairs into Bond Street, wheeled into column by platoons, and marched into and then down Broadway to Cortlandt Street, thence to pier 4, North River, where we embarked on board the steamship R. R. Cuyler.

On reaching the street from our armory we found ourselves almost unable to move on account of the enormous crowd, a magnificent crowd too, overflowing with enthusiastic loyalty and good nature, filling the air with endless cheers and patriotic songs; there were many, too, who shed tears, — mothers, wives, sweethearts, sisters, who were seemingly alone fearful of results. I felt very sorry for many of them. It is easy for us, amidst constant excitement and ever-varying circumstances, to keep our spirits up, but to these poor women at home, who can only wait, it must be very trying.

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As the head of the column turned down Broadway it was confronted by a dense mass of humanity, filling the street from side to side. The doors, windows, and roofs of every building on Broadway and those adjoining, commanding a view of the line of march, were jammed with crowds of people waving handkerchiefs and flags, and cheering with all their might and main. At the corners of some of the streets were steam fire-engines tooting their whistles, and everywhere myriads of starry banners fluttering in the breeze. The police, gradually and with much difficulty, forced a passage through this immense crowd, and we followed marching to the music of our splendid band, amid the yells and cheers of the ever-increasing multitudes. They not only cheered and sang and shook hands and hugged us, but filled us up with every imaginable thing; as we were obliged to halt every few minutes, they closed in amongst us and delayed our progress sadly. We were nearly three hours in marching from Astor Place to Cortlandt Street, and on account of our baggage, very much fatigued. Individually, I got along very well, wearing a uniform frock coat, and carrying all that I had wrapped in a rubber blanket strapped to my back. Most of the men, however, carried valises in their hands. At last we reached the dock and marched directly on board the ship. She had capacity for about three hundred souls; we mustered eleven hundred in all ,and hardly managed to find standing room. However, we got on board, and very shortly afterwards the vessel's lines were cast off, the whistle blew, and the good ship left her dock and headed down the stream amid the most tremendous cheering, yelling, and screeching one can possibly imagine.

The docks and vessels in the vicinity were crowded with people, many of whom amused themselves bombarding the ship with oranges; myriads of handkerchiefs and small flags and lusty arms waved us an affectionate good-bye, and amidst this glorious and magnificent send-off, we steamed away and were soon well down the lower bay, our destination unknown, except that we were to meet the enemies of our country. We go forward in a great cause, confident of victory, delighted with the surroundings, and happy in the knowledge that the whole city we leave behind us look upon us as their representatives, and will diligently look after our necessities while we look after the enemy.

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On Tuesday morning we came to an anchor, and were told the ship was off the Naval Academy at Annapolis, on the Chesapeake Bay. Our experience the past two days has been most unpleasant. The ship is outrageously crowded from deck to keelson; towards evening of the first day out the wind began to blow, increasing until midnight, when it blew a gale and rain fell in torrents. Those of us who were quartered on deck got promptly soaked through, and as a rule were horribly seasick, with no conveniences, and packed literally like sardines in a box; the state of affairs may readily be imagined by one who has been to sea, but it is difficult to describe. Seasickness is a dreadful leveler of rank and destroyer of the ordinary amenities of life; every one is indifferent to the wants of others and utterly without sympathy. There were a few facetious fellows, too gross to feel the effects of the rolling of the ship themselves, who took a fiendish delight in dangling pieces of fat pork from the end of a string in the faces of those less gross, and this little pleasantry usually succeeded in producing the desired effect. There were many of us who wished more than once that we had never been born.

At 5 P. M. the first day out we fell in for dinner, struggled up to the galley, and there received a chunk of salt pork and large slice of bread, which we ate standing, bread in one hand, meat in the other. My piece of meat had a large bone in it, and smelt so badly that I threw it overboard to the fishes, and ate the bread alone. As the wind was freshening every minute, and the ship beginning to roll suspiciously, my appetite was not of the best, and later on entirely disappeared. Monday the wind went down and it stopped raining, but we did not get dried out, and as we had no shelter, were much the worse for want of sleep. There is not much romance about this, certainly, but we are beginning to get experience.

This morning, Tuesday, we found ourselves in company with five other vessels, all packed with troops similar to our own, convoyed by a small cutter called the Harriet Lane, a handsome craft carrying a couple of guns, and regular man-of-war crew. She is ready for action and looks quite warlike. Abut nine o'clock we anchored, rations were issued, including hot coffee, the band shook themselves together and played some stirring airs, and as the sun came out just about this time, we soon forgot our little troubles and became thoroughly

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interested in the magnificent view around us. The bay was smooth as glass, all the ships were gay with bunting, and crowds of armed men were mustering on every deck, while their bands were playing, sending their martial strains far over the silvery surface of the placid waters. Surely this is a small but beautiful picture of glorious war that we have dreamed of so much. Some time afterwards a tug boat came puffing along, and reported to the officer commanding the Lane that the rebels were reported in force ashore, intending to dispute our landing. In consequence the Lane steamed in towards shore, guns shotted and run out; when she got pretty close she lowered boats, armed with howitzers and marines, and sent them in to land and reconnoiter the town. We knew Maryland was a questionable state, being about evenly divided in its sympathies, and, consequently, were greatly interested in the outcome of the present affair. If they proved friendly, our chances would be greatly improved; on the contrary, if they opposed our landing, the capital might be in serious danger. After a good deal of delay and manœuvering, the boat's crews landed, finding nobody to oppose them. This was signaled to the Lane, when our ship was immediately ordered to weigh anchor, go in and disembark the regiment. We got aground, and were transferred to the steamer Boston, and then landed at the Naval Academy docks. The Academy we found deserted, the students scattered, and only a few men in charge. We stacked arms, broke ranks, and received rations, coffee, meat (the same old salt pork), and bread, but we did not confine ourselves to this diet; the grounds swarmed with negroes, men and women, who had for sale, in abundance, eggs, pies, butter, and milk; we soon bought them out, and for the first time since leaving home fared sumptuously. We appreciated it immensely, not yet being used to hard living and roughing it, and miss our regular meals prodigiously.

There were no white persons in the camp, nor any white men in town; all had disappeared, the negroes say, to join the rebel army. We remained overnight for want of transportation for the quartermaster's department, and were quartered in some of the many class-rooms. We heard various rumors about the doings of the rebels in this neighborhood, and since dark have seen many blue lights and rockets in the air, no doubt signals to warn their friends of our arrival; we conclude

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rail traffic between here and Washington is destroyed, from the reports of the negroes, and that we shall have to march, instead of going by train, as was expected; and possibly have to fight, if, as is reported, some organized rebel troops are in the neighborhood. Marching in the condition we are in, loaded down with satchels, bundles, etc., is going to be very tiresome. It is nearly thirty miles to the junction, the place we must reach before we can go by rail.

Wednesday morning, 24th. Reveille at daybreak, when we fell in and stood under arms for half an hour, when, finding everything quiet, and no enemy in sight, we broke ranks and prepared breakfast. Authentic reports came in early that the railroad between this place and the junction has been destroyed, and all the bridges burnt. We have orders to march immediately after breakfast, but cannot do so until transportation for officers' baggage, ammunition, etc., has been found; the quartermaster is at work, and has many varieties of wagons already engaged, drawn by mules, oxen, cows, and horses. The camp is still abundantly supplied by the colored folks with eatables, and we have filled our haversacks with boiled eggs, corn bread, and home-made pies. At 6 P. M. of the 25th we fell in, and to the music of the drums and fifes, began our first real march; we stepped out at a brisk pace, full of enthusiasm, thoroughly rested, and ready for anything required of us; reports of the close proximity of the enemy were abundant, which kept us well closed up throughout the day, and after dark, the rockets and blue lights discharged in various directions stimulated us to constant and renewed exertions. These signs of hostilities greatly interested us, and made us think we were already in an enemy's country. About midnight we suddenly came upon a brilliant scene, being a bivouac of the First and Second Rhode Island regiments. There were more than a hundred fires burning, and the picturesque groups sitting around them gave us a delightful little view of campaigning most unexpectedly. The Rhode Islanders cheered us heartily, and as soon as we halted, invited us to share their hot coffee, which we were not slow to do.

We rested here over an hour, the Rhode Islanders preceding us by about an hour; we were greatly fatigued, as the roads were very heavy, being knee-deep in sand, and were loath to move forward again, but it had to be done, and foot-

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sore and weary, valises and bundles in one hand, guns in the other, we started off again, to march the remainder of the thirty miles. Many of the fellows lightened their burdens by throwing away some of their things, their views of the necessities of military life undergoing very serious changes as they encountered the hardships of campaigning. I was sorely tempted to throw away something myself, but held on to the end, although greatly exhausted.

The night was dark but fine, and as soon as we got warmed up again, we stepped out at a lively gait, smoking, telling stories, and helping each other; about two o'clock a couple of rockets were suddenly discharged almost directly in front of us; the regiment was halted, and a company deployed as skirmishers, while the remainder formed in hollow square by the roadside. It was rumored there were a couple of rebel cavalry regiments in the neighborhood, and we supposed they were probably going to attack us. As soon as the square was formed, the men were told to sit down, arms in hands, and there we sat in perfect silence, while the skirmish line advanced to discover the enemy. We talked in whispers, gave each other our home address in case of accident, then quietly awaited results. All of a sudden a strong beautiful tenor voice broke the silence, singing, "Vive l'America." It was Pendergast, a noted professional singer, and was indeed exquisite, rendered unusually so, of course, by the surroundings. It was strange, romantic, and delightful, and I know I shall always remember it most distinctly. After nearly an hour's delay, the company ahead reported the coast clear, so we fell in and resumed the march. One of the funny things about this march was the depressing responses of the natives to our frequent inquiries as to the distance to the junction, the invariable replies being nine miles, and it began to look as though that nine miles was interminable. At last, just about the dawn of day, we reached the little station and village known as the junction, closed up the ranks, stacked arms, and lay right down in the street, and fell fast asleep.

About seven o'clock we were on the alert again, and quickly transformed the nice rail fences into roaring camp-fires, around which we prepared our coffee and ate our breakfast. Afterwards we went foraging, capturing chickens, ducks, pigeons, and whatever was eatable, and had lots of fun; as the gov-

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ernment had not provided us with anything to eat here, we were obliged to help ourselves or fast, and under such circumstances we did not hesitate. The natives protested in vain; hungry soldiers must eat, and if the government cannot provide, the country must do so, and the people will be obliged to charge up their losses to the calamity of war.

We remained all day and quite recovered from our thirty-mile march. About five P. M. a long train of cattle-cars came in from Washington, to which we were promptly transferred, and arrived at our journey's end, Washington, about six o'clock the following morning, marching directly to the navy yard, where quarters were already prepared for us.

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CHAPTER III

DESCRIPTION OF THE NAVY YARD, AND HOW WE PASSED THE TIME THERE. WE CROSS THE POTOMAC AND MARCH TO MEET THE ENEMY

ARRANGEMENTS were made to quarter the regiment in the various sail lofts and store-houses. Double bunks, three tiers high, built to hold two men each, filled the room, with numerous narrow passages running between them. My company was assigned the upper floor of the first store room to the left, on entering, Company A and the band having the ground floor. In one corner of our room was a little partition, separating the company officers. The place was commodious enough, and kept scrupulously clean. I was given an upper front berth, in company with a young fellow from New Jersey named Dodd, and together we passed three months as bedfellows on the best of terms. He was bright, intelligent, and proved a pleasant companion.

This yard is a most delightful spot, particularly at this season of the year. It is entirely enclosed with a high brick wall, having a fine entrance, ornamented with anchors, cannons, and other naval devices. A beautiful, well shaded avenue runs from the entrance to the water, flanked by pretty grass plots; at many of the angles are picturesque arrangements of cannon balls, curious old cannons, etc. Around the top wall are perched little sentry boxes within sight of each other and hailing distance; in them our regiment performs most of its duty, and of a fine moonlight night, the sentries pacing up and down the walls, peering into the dark shadows of the outside world, seemed very romantic. Every time the clock strikes after dark, the sentinels call off the hours, adding in a singing voice, "and *all's* well!" These calls are repeated throughout the entire circuit of the wall; if there is any interruption, the sergeant of the guard is soon on hand to know the reason why. On Friday, May 3d, in the afternoon, we were paraded for review by General McDowell, Inspector General, U. S. A., and after the drill, were mustered into the United

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States service in our company quarters; having now become United States troops, we settled down to regular garrison routine, drilling assiduously, two hours every morning and every afternoon, occasionally firing at targets with ball cartridges. This part of the duty we liked, and averaged very fair shooting, although we were obliged to fire with bayonets fixed, which made the musket too heavy for me to hold steady enough for good shooting. Every evening at five o'clock, we fell in for dress parade on the main avenue, which became the fashion for the aristocrats of the city, and scores of fine ladies drove to the yard every evening, to see the parade and listen to the superb music of Dodworth's band. The regiment, after it received its uniforms, made a fine appearance, drilled with great precision, and had the reputation of being a swell affair; this gave it great importance in the eyes of society people. It is in fact, a regiment mostly of very fine looking young fellows.

Our food is cooked by men employed for that purpose, so we have none but strictly military duties to perform; of course we wash our own clothes, and at first found it rather hard work to get our flannel shirts clean in cold water, but outside of this, and keeping our own quarters well swept, we do no police duty, that being done by marines on duty in the yard. By degrees we became initiated into the mysteries of a soldier's life. Reveille sounds at daybreak, when all hands turn out, dress themselves, and fall in for roll call; this over, we put our quarters in order, then go to the hydrants in the street and perform our morning ablutions, stripped to the waist, dousing ourselves liberally with cold water, subsequently adjusting, with nice accuracy, our fresh paper collars. At seven A. M. we fall in for breakfast in one rank, march to the kitchen, and through a window receive a cup of coffee, and large slice of bread; we have the same for tea, but dinner is varied — salt pork, fresh beef, corned beef in daily rotation, with abundance of bean soup — constitutes this meal. We sit around on the curbstones to eat, and generally a great many fashionable people remain after the parade to see us dispose of our evening meal.

There is plenty of sport, fencing, leaping, running, and forever playing tricks on each other. In the evening we lie in our bunks (having no chairs or benches) and read or write, a candle stuck in the socket of a bayonet, jammed in the side

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of the bunk, furnishing the necessary light. Tattoo at half past eight, and taps at nine, when every light must go out, without exception. If there are any delinquents, a shower of boots, shoes, or other handy material, whizzes around their candle in the twinkling of an eye, accompanied with loud and continuous yells of *"douse the glim."* The great diversion, however, is the correspondence. Everybody at home wants to hear from us, and we like to receive letters, so there is an immense amount of letter writing. Good-natured congressmen frank them for us, so it costs nothing except for stationery. This is generally highly ornamented with warlike and patriotic pictures in various colors, really very curious and interesting. One of our men, a former employee of the Post-Office Department, is detailed as postmaster, and his duty is anything but a sinecure. Very free criticism of affairs military is one of our prerogatives, and the people at home get many weighty opinions on the conduct of the war; as for our ability to furnish any real information, truth obliges me to say we have to seek all our news at present from the New York papers.

One of the pleasant incidents of this rather monotonous life, is the occasional detail of men to serve on board the "Anaconda," a small war steamer that patrols the Potomac; the detail usually amounts to about a dozen men and extraordinary efforts are made to be one of the party. The boat frequently wakes up the rebel batteries about Acquia creek, and along the Virginia shore, but is principally occupied in preventing smuggling across the river. The boys come back enthusiastic over their adventures afloat, and anxious for another detail. To show what the naval people think of us, I copy the following letter addressed to our commanding officer.

UNITED STATES SHIP ANACONDA, June 2d, 1861.

SIR:

I have great pleasure in informing you of the excellent character and conduct of the detachment of the Seventy-First Regiment, Company C, serving on this vessel. They have my warmest thanks for their assistance in working our guns at Acquia creek; as gentlemen, soldiers, or boatmen, they do honor to their regiment. Signed,

N. COLLINS,
Lieutenant, Commanding.

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One afternoon the President sent word that he desired to inspect and review the regiment. The next day he came, attended by several people of distinction, and passed through every company's quarters in the yard; we were all drawn up within our own rooms, and the President passed in front of us, shaking hands with every man. Afterwards we fell in for parade, and passed in review in full marching order. He paid us several compliments, and we cheered him lustily as he rode away. Mr. Lincoln has a strange, weird, and melancholy face, which fascinates you at first sight; he seemed overwhelmed with responsibility, and looked very tired.

On the 20th of May Colonel Vosburg died of an hemorrhage, and was buried with distinguished honors. The President, Secretary Seward, half a dozen batteries, and several regiments of infantry assisting in making a very solemn and distinguished funeral. Lieutenant Colonel Martin succeeded to the command of the regiment. He is a fine, soldierly looking man, and said to be a good officer, but is apparently not much known.

Since our arrival, Washington has become an immense fortress; the streets are crowded with men in an endless variety of uniforms, and all the public buildings are more or less, turned into temporary barracks. The capitol itself is full of men, some of them terrible looking fellows, especially, the New York Fire Zouaves in their red breeches and singular dress. They are certainly a hard looking crowd, and are commanded by young Ellsworth, of fancy drill renown. They are in the rotunda, while several other regiments, are in the wings and basement. The city is being completely surrounded by a complicated and strong system of earth works, upon which heavy details from the regiments, are at work night and day; several immense forts are already fully constructed.

On the 23d of May, our regiment, in company with several others, were put on transports and sent to occupy Alexandria, until this time left in the hands of the enemy. The rebels abandoned the place at our approach, and we took possession without opposition; shortly after we landed, Colonel Ellsworth, commanding the Fire Zouaves, observing a rebel flag flying from the Marshall House, went into the hotel, ran upstairs, and hauled it down; as he was descending, with the flag in his hand, the landlord, one J. W. Jackson, met him

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on the stairs, armed with a shot gun, and shot him dead, Frances E. Brownell, a private in the Fire Zouaves, close at hand, instantly leveled his rifle, and shot the traitor dead, and so the young ambitious colonel was instantly revenged, and the rebel citizens taught a wholesome lesson.

This dramatic event caused great excitement, and the utmost sorrow, as great things were expected of Ellsworth. As soon as possible the colonel's body, wrapped in an American flag, was transferred to the Navy Yard, where it lay in the engine house, and was viewed by thousands of people; so great was the interest in the young man and the tragical event, that the President himself drove down to the yard, soon after the body was deposited there, and seemed greatly affected. Two days afterwards he caused his remains to be transferred to the White House, where they lay in state and were viewed by immense throngs of people. His funeral, like that of Vosburg, was out of all proportion to his rank, but this is the very beginning of hostilities, and colonels seem to be of much importance.

About the 1st of July the troops were brigaded on the Virginia side of the river, and formed into an army, commanded by General McDowell. On the 15th of July we received orders to cross the Potomac the following day, carrying three days' cooked rations; we marched out, about one o'clock from the yard, very cheerfully, and crossed the long bridge into Old Virginia, singing lustily, "Away Down South in Dixie," and went into bivouac near Annandale, a distance of eight or nine miles. Here were gathered together an immense body of men, being organized into an army. Our regiment was brigaded under Colonel Burnside, with the First and Second Rhode Island regiments, and the Second New Hampshire. We had no tents or shelter of any kind, only one blanket to cover us, and what was worse than all, no old soldiers to teach us the simple tricks of campaigning comfortably. In the Navy Yard we slept on the bare boards, but that soon became easy for us; now with no boards, and no shelter when it rains, we shall be in a pretty pickle. I once wondered, I remember, what kind of beds we should have in the army; by degrees, I am finding that out, as well as some other things.

In the evening our enthusiasm burst out anew, when we saw the countless camp fires, extending in every direction as far

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as the eye could reach. Here around us was a veritable army, with banners, opening to our imagination, a glimpse of the glorious pomp, and circumstance of war. Later on, the music of the bands came floating over the gentle summer breeze, while the increasing darkness brought into more distinct relief the shadowy groups of soldiers sitting around the fires, or moving between the long lines of picturesquely stacked arms. At intervals were batteries of artillery, their horses tethered amongst the guns, while in rear of all, just discernible by the white canvas coverings, were wagons enough apparently, to supply the combined armies of the world.

At nine o'clock tattoo was sounded by thousands of drums and fifes, and shortly afterwards the men were mostly asleep. A young fellow named Kline (Dodd having remained in the yard on the sick list) and I slept together, and shared each other's fortunes; we spread my rubber and woolen blankets on the ground, covering ourselves with his blankets, and without other protection from the weather slept our first sleep in the open air, with the new army of Virginia; we lay for a long time gazing at the starry heavens before we slept, our stony pillows not fitting as well as those we had been used to, but at last we slept, and only awoke at the beating of the drums for reveille.

We turned out promptly, feeling pretty stiff, hair saturated with the heavy dew and generally shaky, but after a good wash at a running brook near by, and a bountiful supply of muddy coffee, were as bright and active as ever. This morning we got many particulars of the approaching campaign; it seems we are to move forward to Centreville, where the rebel army is in position; attack, and if possibly, destroy it, and so end the rebellion. We formed column, and marched soon after breakfast, with bands playing, and colors flying, in a happy frame of mind, without a thought of danger or failure. Nothing barred our progress until we approached Fairfax Court House. Here we found the roads blockaded by felled trees, and it required considerable time to remove the obstructions; shortly afterwards our advance guard exchanged shots with the enemy's mounted videttes, and a strong line of skirmishers was thrown out, which soon cleared the way and we entered the town in great spirits, the rebels retiring as we advanced, leaving behind them a good many stores, and their

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flag flying from a pole in front of the court house; it was a blue cross on a red ground, with white stars on the bars. Our men quickly hauled it down and ran up the Stars and Stripes amidst vociferous cheering. The place is a wretchedly dirty, straggling little village, now almost deserted; all the men, and most of the well to do women gone, the best houses generally being deserted. Many of the women stood in the doorways watching us march past, and I am sure, I never saw so many poor, ill fed, dirty looking creatures in my life before. They are what they call poor whites here, and seem hopelessly tired out; they acted ugly, evidently considering us enemies. I fear they had cause subsequently, as many of our men acted like barbarians. We halted, stacked arms, and rested in the main street of the village. As soon as ranks were broken, the men made a dash for the large houses, plundering them right and left; what they could not carry away, in many cases, they destroyed; pianos were demolished, pictures cut from their frames, wardrobes ransacked, and most of the furniture carried out into the street. Soon the men appeared wearing tall hats, women's bonnets, dresses, etc., loaded down with plunder which they proceeded to examine and distribute, sitting on sofas, rocking chairs, etc., in the middle of the dusty street. What was not considered portable, or worth keeping, was smashed and destroyed; in this general sack the deserted houses came in for most attention, few of those having any one in charge being molested, and I did not hear of any personal indignities. It seemed strange to me the men desired mementoes of something we did not have to fight for, and I took no part or interest in the business. This was Fairfax's first taste of war at the hands of the enemy, and it must have been decidedly bitter.

We went into bivouac just in front of the town, with headquarters in the village. It seemed as though we had men enough in the encampment to overrun the whole world. If it were not for the numerous trains of wagons needed to supply us, how quickly we could finish up this war. This second bivouac was in all respects similar to the first.

It is reported that General Beauregard, commanding the rebel army, has taken a position just beyond Centreville, and is awaiting our approach, intending to give battle; also that they are strongly intrenched behind breast works and rifle pits.

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We are told too, that the woods are full of masked batteries, commanding the roads over which we must march, and it looks now as though we should have some severe fighting in a few hours' time. It does not yet seem really like war, and it is hard to believe we shall actually have a battle, I suppose one good action will enable us to realize the requirements necessary to make a good soldier, and prove our usefulness, or otherwise, as nothing else will; I hope we may prove equal to the emergency.

Reveille the next morning sounded at daybreak, and soon afterwards we were enroute for Centreville, distant about eight miles; the day was very hot and there was much straggling, many of the men proving poor walkers; at intervals we halted to give time for the advance guard to properly reconnoiter, and also to rest the men, so that we did not arrive in front of our objective point till 1 P. M.; one trouble was the complete blockade of the road by wagons and artillery, obliging the infantry to take to the fields on either side of them, this causing much delay. I was in good condition, and did not mind the fatigue at all. Arriving at Centreville we found no enemy, but a little squalid, wretched place, situated on rising ground overlooking a good deal of the surrounding country. The column turned out to the right and left, forming a line of battle facing almost west, stacked arms, and lay down to await developments. Three regiments of infantry were shortly afterwards sent ahead to reconnoiter, and about a mile in front commenced exchanging shots at long range with the enemy's pickets; as they advanced, they brought on quite a little fight, in which some of the rebel batteries joined for the first time. We saw the white puffs from the cannon, and watched with breathless interest this first evidence of actual hostilities. Presently an aide came back for reinforcements, and two other regiments were ordered to advance, but had hardly started, when General McDowell coming on the ground, ordered the advance to be discontinued for the present, and the troops withdrawn. We had four men killed outright, and several wounded in this first baptism of fire, which of course, produced great excitement, in the rear, especially when the ambulance with the wounded came in. We knew now there was more to be done than simply marching, and bivouacking, and began to feel a little curious, but still equal to the task,

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and sure of giving a good account of ourselves. We remained in position the rest of the day and night, watching during the evening the long lines of dust far away to the right and front, which is said to indicate the arrival of reinforcements for the enemy.

This morning we hear the rebel army is posted in a commanding position along the Bull Run stream, deep in many places, but having numerous fords. The rebel general, Johnson, has joined from Winchester, which explains the long dusty lines seen last evening. General McDowell, it is said, intends resting our army for a day or two here, in the mean time ascertaining the exact position of the rebels; we are not at all in need of rest, and I don't see why we cannot go right ahead, but I suppose it is none of our business to speculate on the conduct of affairs. The wagons are now separately parked, so is the artillery, and the infantry placed so that the color line instantly becomes a line of battle in case of necessity. If the rebs would only come and attack us, how we should warm them.

July 18th. To-day great droves of beef cattle were driven into camp and slaughtered, and three days' cooked rations prepared, and issued to all the troops; we got enough to completely fill our haversacks, and load us down uncomfortably. Nothing occurred during the day worth mentioning, the band played frequently while we cleaned our muskets, filled our cap pouches and cartridge boxes, and otherwise prepared for the great battle so near at hand. The camp is full of rumors, but nothing trustworthy.

July 19th and 20th.—Nothing worthy of especial mention the last two days; reports say the rebels are seventy thousand strong, with ten thousand additional men near at hand, strongly posted behind the run, with all commanding points well fortified. We have made many reconnoisances and find the enemy's position in front and left too strong for direct attack and so the plan now is to move the bulk of the army, under cover of the thick woods, to the right, and attack in earnest; in the mean time, making demonstrations directly in front, and on the left, with force enough to take advantage of any weakness that may be discovered. All the preliminary arrangements are made, and we are entirely prepared. Saturday night taps sounded as usual at nine o'clock and we all tucked ourselves

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under the blankets and lay down for a good night's sleep; we had hardly got comfortably fixed, when we were ordered to get up and fall in silently. We got up wondering what was the occasion of this nocturnal disturbance, but quietly rolled and slung our blankets, fell into line, and answered to the roll call. We were ready to start by twelve o'clock but those ahead of us did not get out of our way till nearly two o'clock, so we sat down in the ranks and waited our turn. It was a brilliant moonlight night, and we could see the long line of flashing bayonets filing off to the right, looking like an immense silver sea serpent. From Centreville to Fairfax court house, all the troops were in motion, and where an hour before everything was quiet and still, now the ground trembled with the tramp of armed men, and innumerable horses. We stepped out promptly at last, glad to be in motion,; taking the Warrington road through Centreville, we marched some distance, then turned off to the northward, on a wood road, and were hid from view by the dark, gloomy shadows of a pine forest. Everyone knew the object of the movement, and was anxious to get well in rear of the rebel left before daylight, and take him by surprise. For nearly three hours, our march lay through the dark pines; finally about break of day, we emerged into open fields, and saw away off to the front and right the Bull Run and Blue Ridge mountains, with pleasant fields, and shady woods, laying quietly at their feet. It was so still and peaceful that it was hard to believe this beautiful Sunday morning we were going to fight a battle.

We halted now awhile, giving the stragglers a chance to come up, and all of us a much needed rest, as we were very much fatigued, besides being hungry, and longed to make some coffee, but the orders were imperative, no fires! no noise! very shortly, several shots were fired directly in our front, the bugles sounded the assembly and we fell in; the First and Second Rhode Island regiments were deployed in line of battle, and with a regiment of regular cavalry out as flankers, and several companies of infantry deployed as skirmishers in front advanced in the direction of the firing, we following in column, well closed up, a short distance in rear, a battery moving immediately in our front. The stately and well ordered advance to our first battle was most impressive. Not a word was spoken, every man busy with his own emotions and trying to do his duty.

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CHAPTER IV

"Ah me! what perils do environ,
The man that meddles with cold iron."—

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN IN WHICH WE FIGHT AND WIN AND RUN AWAY

IN the order prescribed by the regulations, for a force feeling the enemy preparatory to an attack, we marched forward, passing over the open field and into a piece of full grown timber, apparently the slope of a considerable hill. As we slowly ascended the rising ground, suddenly a loud screeching noise overhead sent more than half the regiment pell mell the other side of a fence that ran along the road side. Here we crouched down flat on our bellies, our hearts in our mouths, just as a shell exploded a little beyond us. It was from the rebel batteries in front, and the first any of us had ever heard, and it certainly did seem a terrible thing, rushing through the air like an immense sky rocket, then bursting into a thousand pieces, carrying death and destruction to everything in its course. The stampede was only momentary, but very funny; the boys jumped back again; in fact, almost as quickly as they had dispersed, and then stood steady in the ranks, watching the advance of the Rhode Islanders. When the latter had emerged into the clearing, beyond the woods, our regiment wheeled to the right, into line of battle, and followed the advancing line. In the meantime, several shells came over the woods, generally passing far to the rear before bursting, doing no harm other than making us a little nervous.

Just as we emerged from the woods, the Rhode Islanders reached the crest of the hill and immediately opened fire, and the rattle of musketry became so heavy we could hear no commands, and the smoke so thick, we could see nothing at all in front; away off to the right, however, we saw little white puffs of smoke, indicating the position of the rebel batteries, which began to drop their shells about us, much to our confusion; while we were peering into the dense smoke in front, wondering how the enemy looked, an order came direct-

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ing us to move forward and go into action. We marched immediately, reached the crest of the hill, and amid the rattle of musketry, the booming of guns, and screeching of shells, lay down and commenced firing. Before we had time to get well at work, along came Griffith's light battery at full gallop, scattering the right of our regiment badly; we got together again as quickly as possible, but were five and six files deep, narrowing the front of the regiment, and rendering about half of us useless. I was in this struggling crowd, and with many others, tried hard to get the line straightened out, but the objection many of the fellows had to take the front rank prevented our doing much of anything, so I crept up to the front, determined at least to get a sight of the enemy, and a shot if possible. I soon reached a position where I could look over the hill, and there sure enough, nearly at the bottom, just in front of a clump of trees, stood a long line of rebel infantry firing away at our men. I took a shot immediately, and then loaded and fired as quickly as I could, very much excited, but now not at all afraid, except of the men in rear who persisted in firing over our heads, although they could see nothing to fire at, and stood no possible chance of hitting anything, except the back of our heads, which was not comfortable to think of. The musket balls whistled around us, and every now and then, one of our fellows dropped his gun and rolled over, shot; however, the noise of the musketry, and booming of the cannon, drowned all cries, and kept up the excitement, so that we thought only of firing and trying to hit somebody. We lay in this position a good while, keeping up a rattling fire, when the order was passed along the line to stand up and fire; the regiment jumped to its feet, just as a wild unearthly yell rung out below, and the rebel line dashed forward, charging directly up the hill at us. We had a beautiful chance now and blazed away into the advancing line without let or hindrance, but still they came on until some of them got within thirty yards of us, and I really thought they were going to reach us and give us a chance to bayonet them, but suddenly they hesitated, then turned back, and ran away. Now we yelled, and together with our boat howitzers, poured a rattling fire into them, killing and wounding a good many; they ran until they reached the woods, then reformed, and actually tried it again, but this second attempt was a mere

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farce. The batteries shelled them until they completely disappeared, leaving us in undisputed possession of the field. Our fighting was done and very soon we were relieved by the Sixty-ninth New York and a New Hampshire regiment, who followed up the enemy, while we fell back to the edge of the woods, stacked arms, and answered to roll call. We had lost seventeen men killed outright, and forty wounded; all the rest were accounted for; we then buried the dead and carried such of the wounded as had not already been cared for back to the field hospital, after which we compared notes and congratulated each other on the success of the fight. There served with us throughout the whole fight a tall, elderly gentleman, wearing plain clothes and a tall silk hat, in the front rank, who loaded and fired away in the most deliberate manner, apparently wholly indifferent to danger; he must have done a good deal of execution, as the excitement did not seem to affect him in the least. They say he is a noted abolitionist, and desired to do his share in the field, as well as in the forum; I am sorry I cannot remember his name. With a regiment of such men as he, what might we not have done?

Soon after we retired, General McDowell rode up, dressed in full uniform, including white kid gloves, and told us we had won a great victory, and that the enemy were in full retreat; we cheered him vociferously, and felt like veritable heroes.

The enemy having disappeared, some of us concluded to walk over the battle field, see how it looked, and pick up something as a souvenir of the fight. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth New York and the splendid line of the marine corps, in their white cross belts, were moving without opposition, away off to the right, apparently intending to follow the enemy to Richmond. Butler and I strolled down the hill side, and were soon amongst the dead and dying rebels, who up to this time had been neglected. What a horrible sight it was! here a man, grasping his musket firmly in his hands, stone dead; several with distorted features, and all of them horribly dirty. Many were terribly wounded, some with legs shot off; others with arms gone, all of them, in fact, so badly wounded that they could not drag themselves away; many of the wretches were slowly bleeding to death, with no one to do anything for them. We stopped many times to give some

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a drink and soon saw enough to satisfy us with the horrors of war; and so picking up some swords, and bayonets, we turned about and retraced our steps. Suddenly a minnie ball whistled past us, making the dust fly just in front, where it lodged; we thought it must be from some of our men mistaking us for rebels, and so hurried along to join our regiment when, nearly at the summit of the hill, a whole volley of musket balls whizzed about us, one of them striking my companion, who dropped to the ground as though he had been killed, and I really thought he was; in looking him over, I found he was shot through the knee and quite unable to stand, or walk; promising to bring him assistance, I started on the run, found the regiment, and with several good fellows quickly returned, picked up our comrade and carried him to the rear, and left him with the surgeons. This turn in affairs greatly puzzled everybody, and the only conclusion arrived at was, that some of our troops had mistaken us for the enemy. About half an hour after this, our attention was attracted to the distant hills and open ground by long lines of infantry extending across the whole face of the battle ground; the sound of distant musketry came floating along, followed by an occasional cannon shot. Presently the lines grew more distinct, finally developing into well defined lines of battle, marching in our direction; everybody was now alert; wondering what was going to happen; at last the glittering bayonets, reflecting the summer sun, were easily distinguished, and there was no longer a doubt but what the rebels had reformed, and with new forces were going to renew the fighting. The musketry increased and several batteries opened in our direction, but there were no indications on our part of making any resistance to the rapidly advancing foe; so far as we could see over the wide extended fields, not a single line of battle on our side was in position; the regiments about us had been gradually withdrawing, until few were left. All the guns had gone, except our two howitzers, and there was no general officer on the ground. As the long line came nearer and nearer, Colonel Martin ordered us to fall in, and with muskets in hand, we stood, simply watching the gradual approach of this overwhelming force, and the disappearance of our troops; wondering what had become of all the masses of men we not long ago thought numerous enough to thrash the world; now

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there was nobody left, and our colonel at length ordered us to counter march to the rear, and follow the crowd. We still supposed there was a new line forming in rear of us, and that in the confusion, our regiment had escaped attention, consequently, at first were not much alarmed, but as we continued going to the rear and saw no signs of fresh dispositions, we came to the conclusion we were running away, following the route we had marched over with so much confidence in the morning; presently we came up with the rear of the troops that had preceded us, but looked in vain for new defensive dispositions. Everywhere was hurry and confusion, the wagons and batteries filled the roads, while the men spread out on either side, gradually losing their formations and fast becoming reckless. There was no rear guard, nor any arrangements for holding the enemy in check, and if they really had appeared, they might have captured us all without difficulty. Now every one was anxious to be first, and so by degrees, the men of various regiments got mixed up together, and thus, finding themselves without officers, accelerated their steps until at last it became a precipitate flight to the rear.

In the course of the afternoon, when the woods were one mass of men, without a semblance of order, a report spread that the Black Horse cavalry were advancing! instantly, every man of us backed up to a tree, and it was really wonderful how almost instantaneously the woods seemed clear of men; with three or four of us around a tree, bayonets fixed, awaiting in fearful suspense, we looked quite formidable, but were in fact, very weak kneed.

After waiting a time, and seeing nothing of the foe, we spread out again, hurrying along to get across the Bull Run stream. By this time the men were throwing away their blankets, knapsacks, and many of them their guns, in order to fly the faster; and when the enemy began shelling the woods we were in, the panic was complete, and all semblance of order was lost; at a bridge where the ambulances were crossing, several shells burst in succession, completing the disaster. Confusion became confounded; men, horses, mules, wagons, ambulances, and batteries were inextricably mixed together, and the mass rushed forward, abandoning everything in their flight; in many cases, the drivers of wagons and ambulances cut loose their teams and galloped to the rear, leaving their

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wagons and contents to block the road, thus cutting off all chance for escape for those in rear of them. On the bridge over the Bull Run were several ambulances, filled with wounded men, so jammed together that none of them could move. Some shells from the enemy's guns dropped in amongst them, killing some of the wounded, scaring away the drivers, and effectually blockading the bridge for good. The panic was complete. The wounded, deserted in the ambulances, yelled for succor in vain; the whole crowd were utterly demoralized. Colonel Martin and the regiment up to this time had kept tolerably well together, but here the general frenzy took possession of us, too, and the cry of "every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost," was the only rule observed.

About the stream, the loss of material was immense; our two boat howitzers were abandoned here, after doing very effective service. There were hundreds of wagons, ambulances, forges, guns, muskets, myriads of blankets, knapsacks and every kind of accoutrement; the ground, in fact, being literally covered with material, the men throwing away indiscriminately all that they had to facilitate their flight. When we arrived at the stream the bridge was completely blockaded, so we took to the water with the crowd, and found it nearly up to our waists; we were almost dying with thirst and stopped to drink and fill our canteens; the water was liquid mud, but more precious to us just then than gold; standing amongst myriads of men and horses, I drank and drank, until I must have swallowed at least a quart; it did refresh us amazingly; we had marched all the previous night; fought all the morning, and had been running away all the afternoon, with nothing at all to eat since the evening before, and as the heat was intense, and the dust horrible, one may imagine our condition.

It did us good to see many batteries boldly ford the run, descending the steep bank and climb the opposite side in a most business like manner. I can truthfully say up to this time none of us had seen or heard of a general officer or aide-de-camp nor any one making any effort to stem the tide of disorder south of the stream.

After crossing the river, the crowd kept on in just the same disorder; but, as they got more fatigued they threw away more of their equipment, and so by degrees, about one-

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half of them threw away their arms, as well as clothing. Amongst the infantry, there was no longer a pretense of formation; the crowd scattered over a wide area of fields and roads, observing only one rule, of keeping in the direction of Washington. As our organization fell to pieces at the run, half a dozen of us agreed for our own safety to stick together at all hazards, retain our arms and accoutrements, and pretend we were soldiers. The country was now open, giving an extended view of the situation as far as we could see; to the right and left, crowds of men, wagons and guns, all mixed together, were hurrying along spread all over the country.

We trudged along wearily enough, at last reaching Centreville, and then sat down to rest and eat, expecting the crowd would do the same, but their fears still urged them forward, and they surged through, and around the village, in one continuous mass of disorder. We rested about an hour, then started ahead again, keeping along with the crowd still as dense as ever. Not long after passing Centreville, the crowd in front suddenly halted as if by magic; right in front, drawn up in battle array, stretched a long dark line of infantry, completely blocking the way; to our disordered imagination there could be but one explanation, the enemy had in some way gotten in our rear, and cut us off; no man dared to advance, and for a time we were motionless, lost in amazement. Presently the men on the extreme right began a movement to slip around the flank, hoping in this way to elude the new danger; but just then several mounted men rode forward, and announced the troops in front as friends, being in fact, a line of New Jersey troops, formed to stem the surging tide of disorder, by offering a shelter, sufficiently strong to restore confidence. What a relief it was! we were now safe from pursuit, and could rest our weary feet. We marched along with the crowd, passed through the new line, and sat down, intending to go no further, utterly exhausted and demoralized. We threw ourselves on the ground, and watched with much anxiety, the efforts made to stop the fugitives. Staff officers, cavalrymen, and infantry, all exerted themselves strenuously to halt the crowd, and form them anew, in rear of the fresh men, but without success; the crowd continued pressing to the rear determined only to stop, under the forts at Washington. We remained till after dark getting a little rest, but

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keeping our eyes on the Jerseymen. About eight o'clock two of the regiments near us were ordered back to Vienna, so we fell in with them, and continued our retreat from this point, in much better company. We marched wearily along, foot sore, and since night set in, extremely nervous. In every piece of woods through which we marched we heard the dreaded sighing of the minnie ball, and saw dark shadowy forms, which took the shape of Black Horse Cavalry. We knew better, but our nerves gave out, I expect, and we could not help ourselves. As everything in life must come to an end sooner or later, so this trying march to Vienna ended also, something after midnight. The Jerseymen turned into a field to the right of the road, formed in close column of division, stacked arms, and lay down and slept. We begged some bread of them; half a loaf each, which we lost no time in eating, then lay down and slept. We had no covering, as our regiment was ordered to remove their blankets before the fight, and never had a chance to get them again, but we slept for all that, and only waked, after a vigorous shaking; about three o'clock in the morning, the Jerseymen were ordered to fall back on account of the advancing enemy, and there was nothing else to be done but go with them. What unwelcome news! My feet were so covered with blisters, and swollen, that at first I could not stand on them, and it seemed out of the question to use them at all, but we had heard of the guerillas, and feared capture, so were bound to move. I tore my pocket handkerchief into strips and bound each toe, separately; the soles, and heels, and in that shape started off; at first I could scarcely stand, but, as my feet warmed up they felt better, and I was able to keep up with the regiment, until we got to within about seven miles of Washington. There we parted with the Jerseymen, and went to a farm house, where after much parleying, we hired a man to carry us to the long bridge, for fifty cents apiece. As soon as the springless wagon was hitched up, we jumped in, and felt that our troubles were all over. In due time we arrived before the tete de pont at the long bridge, paid and dismissed our farmer friend, and started to cross over, but the sentry stopped us and refused to let us cross. The sergeant of the guard was deaf to our entreaties, and we fell back in dismay; presently, someone suggested that, by taking the tow path to the Georgetown bridge, about three

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miles up the river, we could cross, and so, nothing daunted by the pouring rain, we started off and for two hours struggled over the worst road, in the worst weather, imaginable. When we arrived, we were disgustingly covered with red clay mud, from head to foot, and altogether in a pitiful condition; filled with anxiety, we went up to the bridge and found a regiment apparently going over, and so fell in rear of it, but when nearly up to the entrance, it filed off to the right, leaving us in the lurch once more. Nothing remained now but to go up boldly and ask permission to cross, which we did, and were delighted when told to go ahead; we lost no time in passing the guard, and with light hearts, but dreadfully weary feet, trudged along, and were soon across and looking out for some means of getting to the Navy Yard, many miles away. Very soon afterward a couple of gentlemen rushed up to us, grasped us by the hand, and hustled us into a carriage; they said they were New Yorkers and had heard all about the gallant behavior of the Seventy-first, and that they were there for the express purpose of taking care of some of the boys. They were full of sympathy, and took great interest in us, and so we began to think a little better of ourselves. They took us to the Metropolitan Hotel, where they ordered dinner, wine, etc., and made us sit down, wet and muddy as we were, and eat and drink. It was wonderful how we recovered under this generous treatment, and in a couple of hours, were so refreshed that we took leave of our fellow townsmen with many and hearty thanks, and went straight to the Navy Yard, almost falling asleep on the way.

Arriving, I found my companion Dodd occupying our old bunk in tranquil security, not having heard of the misfortune that had befallen the army. He came to the rescue, and like the good fellow he was, never ceased till I was encased in dry clothes, and snugly packed away in my old place, and fast asleep.

July 23d. I awoke after a long, refreshing sleep, very stiff, and feet badly blistered, but, after a cold bath at the hydrant, and a cup of coffee, felt quite myself again.

Many men have returned but not enough to complete the organization, so we were not required to perform any duty. The first thing I did was to clean my musket, and belts, then my clothes, and by noon time had everything in good order;

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then Dodd and I dressed up in our best clothes, and walked to the city, first going to the telegraph office, where we had to wait a long time for our turn, to notify our families at home that we were not killed, wounded, or missing; this done, we spent the day in town, looking up our men, and getting all the news we could of the situation, now considered extremely critical. The forts have been manned, and all the available troops placed in position to defend the capitol.

July 25th. Nearly all the men are back again to-night, and military duty is to be resumed to-morrow, but our three months have expired, and we are ordered back to New York to be mustered out of service. The President has called for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years, or the war. The country is just beginning to realize the magnitude of the undertaking, and the first thing it is going to do is to organize a regular army, which will last at least for three years. Our views of war are somewhat modified by the past three months' experience, but I am determined to return, and under more favorable conditions, try to find that exaltation and glory that I have always associated with arms.

We shall go home and refit for a long period, organize and discipline an army, and when officers and men have learned to adjust themselves to their new positions, and know each other and their duties thoroughly, then commence afresh, and go on to victory, or sustain defeat with dignity. The cause is just as great to-day as it was the day we left New York, and, while we have been temporarily overthrown, there is no cause for despondency. We shall as certainly win in the end, as though we had never seen, or heard, of the disastrous battle of Bull Run.

For myself, I have served in the ranks for the last time; and shall go home and apply at once for a commission in some of the regiments now forming to serve for three years or the war, which will be more to my taste than serving in the ranks.

Two days after the regiment returned to the yard it was ordered home by rail, going by way of South Amboy, and landed at pier 1, North River; from thence it marched up Broadway to the armory on Centre Street. Depositing our arms and accoutrements, we were dismissed till the 30th of July, when the regiment was mustered out of service and paid off, and so ended our first campaign.

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CHAPTER V

"Only this —
Let each man do his best." — *H. 4th.*

IN WHICH I ASSIST IN RECRUITING A COMPANY FOR THE FIFTY-SEVENTH NEW YORK INFANTRY, RECEIVE A COMMISSION, AND START A SECOND TIME FOR WASHINGTON, AND THE SEAT OF WAR

AS soon as I was mustered out of service with the Seventy-first regiment I lost no time in seeking for a commission, fully determined to return to the field, but not as a private soldier. I soon found that commissions were to be obtained only by securing a certain number of men to enlist, and so after applying to various organizations in every state of formation, all with the same results, in connection with an ex-Danish officer, Julius Ericcson, living in Brooklyn, I set to work to raise the requisite number of men to secure the prize. New York and Brooklyn were transformed into immense recruiting camps. In all the public squares and parks hundreds of tents were erected, covered with flags and immense colored bills, on which the advantage of the various branches of the service were fully stated. There were bands of music and scores of public speakers, all engaged by patriotic citizens, to stimulate the military ardor of the other fellow, and get him to enlist for three years. We soon found a great change had come over the spirit of the people since the departure of the militia regiments, in April. Then, everybody wanted to go; now, apparently, most people wanted to stay at home. We put up a wall tent in the New York City Hall Park, and another at the junction of Atlantic and Flatbush Avenues, Brooklyn, in an open lot. The captain and I took turns in attendance in New York, while John Ericcson, the captain's eldest son, who was to go out as orderly sergeant, was put in charge of the Brooklyn tent. We got some immense posters printed, and among other inducements offered by our company was the experience of the future officers, one gained in a foreign service, the other on the field of Bull Run.

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Notwithstanding these seeming advantages, our best efforts, and the prodigious enthusiasm of the times, recruiting proved very slow. I coaxed one man into enlisting, through my knowledge of the Crimean War, one Stuart, a fine six-foot Englishman who had served in the Crimean War and had been a soldier in the British army almost all his life. He took hold with a will, and we put him in charge of the tent as second sergeant. As the recruiting proved so slow at home, it was decided to send me, at the expense of the State, to Oswego, N. Y., and there I promptly repaired; advertised in both the daily papers, setting forth the advantages of a metropolitan regiment. While there I enjoyed the brief distinction of being the only man in town who had been at Bull Run, and in consequence, was feted and honored as an exceptional personage.

With the assistance of a young man named Hamilton, native there, I actually obtained some twenty-nine or thirty men, and was just upon the point of starting with them to New York, when they deserted in a body, and went over to one of the local organizations. Disgusted, I returned immediately, and in a few days afterwards went to Poughkeepsie, and remained there for two weeks, but succeeded in getting only about half a dozen men, mostly from Wappingers Falls. I was taken, while in that place, with a severe attack of fever and ague and was almost shaken to pieces. Considering the ground no longer profitable I returned home, and found we had already got more than the number required by the State, to muster us into its service, with a captain and first lieutenant; and so, on the 23d of September, 1861, we marched our company of recruits to the state arsenal on Elm Street, where they were stripped naked, examined by a surgeon, and all of them passed as able bodied men. Then the mustering officer called the roll, and every man in succession stepped one pace to the front, took the oath of allegiance to the State, and swore to serve as a soldier for three years, or during the war. Immediately afterwards, in compliance with the State law a very perfunctory election of officers took place, in presence of the mustering officer; and Julius Ericcson was declared duly elected captain and I the first lieutenant of the new company. The muster roll was made out, signed by the mustering officer, and we were at last in the service of the

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State; legally held for duty, and under pay. Before leaving the arsenal, the company was furnished with uniforms, underclothing, haversacks, canteens, and blankets, and at once divested themselves of their citizen garb, and emerged from the arsenal, looking something like real soldiers.

The company was ordered to Staten Island, and so we marched directly to the ferry, landing at the lower station, Fort Wadsworth, and went into camp at Chestnut Grove, a private park surrounding a fine deserted mansion, a short distance in rear of the forts. The first night the men were quartered in the lower part of the house, while we occupied the upper part, but the day following, "A" tents were sent over, and under my direction, assisted by Sergeant Stuart, they were put up facing each other on a wide fine street, at the head of which was pitched a tent for the orderly sergeant. The captain desired to remain with his family in town, and so elected to take charge of the recruiting service, leaving the command of the company to me, which exactly suited my taste.

I went to work immediately to drill and discipline the company, and devoted every moment to the work. We drilled in squads, platoons, and company, pitched and struck tents, and the men soon began to look and act like real soldiers. After dark I devoured the army regulations, and the book of tactics, and was proud and happy indeed.

On the 27th of September I appeared before a board of examiners and received the following certificate, after which I donned by new uniform and gilt-hilted sword, and returned to Chestnut Grove, satisfied with all the world.

"STATE OF NEW YORK, DEPARTMENT OF VOLUNTEERS,
DIVISION ARMORY, CORNER WHITE AND ELM STREET.
NEW YORK, September 27, 1861.

We the undersigned, examiners for the State of New York, Department of Volunteers, do hereby certify that we have examined Josiah M. Favill, in the School of the Soldier, and Company; and found him duly qualified to serve as a Company officer.

COL. W. N. TOMPKINS,
HENRY P. MARTIN,
Examiners."

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The second day after our arrival, another company joined us, commanded by James W. Britt, with a Mr. Hale as first lieutenant. Britt remained mostly in the city, so Hale and I found ourselves as a rule, in charge, and worked together very satisfactorily. The men were fed by contract and fared well. The contractor also furnished the officers' mess quite generously without cost to us, which I could not then, nor have since been able to understand. We dined off an improvised table of boards, and generally had several guests, to which the good-natured contractor made not the least objection; we slept on sofas, found in the house, and were altogether very comfortable. As soon as we were able to look about us we found Staten Island had been converted into an immense camp, and in every direction the ground was dotted over with white tents. Near to us was a regiment of Frenchmen, *"Les Enfants perdu,"* most excellently well named. They swarmed over the country at night, kicked up all kinds of rows, and were a terror to their officers, as well as the neighborhood. They had a fine band, which played a good deal of the time, and was greatly appreciated, giving an air of martial reality to the camps about us.

Our principal difficulty was to keep the men in camp. Sentinels patroled the camp throughout the night, but the men would slip away, generally returning much the worse for a carousal. Stuart proved a vertitable treasure. He taught the men all the tricks of an old soldier; how to make themselves comfortable with almost nothing; how to make comfortable beds; how to police the camp, strike and pitch their tents, and a thousand little things only learned by experience. Many people from the city and adjacent country visited the camps; the women especially were greatly interested in the primitive life of the new soldiers.

On October 18th, we received orders to march the following day to New Dorp, about four miles in the interior, there to be assigned to the Fifty-seventh New York Infantry, National Guard Rifles, commanded by Colonel Samuel K. Zook. On the morning of the 19th we broke camp, marched to the railroad, and thence by rail to New Dorp reporting at Camp Lafayette about noon. We found over seven hundred men there, some quartered in rude board barracks, others under canvas. They were dressed in various styles of uni-

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form, being parts of several organizations, which for various reasons had been unable to complete their quotas, and thus could not be mustered into the United States service as regiments. The State accepted the companies, and mustered them and allowed a reasonable time for the completion of the proposed regiments, but if it appeared the full number could not be obtained, then the State arbitrarily formed them into regiments itself, and appointed the field officers, thus hastening the sending forward of men to the front, and transferring the cost to the broader shoulders of Uncle Sam. We marched into the enclosed camp ground and then, with nine other companies, were mustered as a regiment for the first time. As soon as the mustering officer had completed the inspection of the rolls, we took the oath of allegiance to the Government, and were henceforth known as the Fifty-Seventh New York Infantry Volunteers. There being only about eight hundred and fifty men, several of the state officers were rendered supernumerary and discharged.

I was obliged to accept a second lieutenancy, but felt thankful for being retained at all. Companies A, D, E, F, and G were recruited in New York City, B in Utica, C in Kings County, and H, I, and K in Duchess County. The three latter companies contained a number of men from the old regular Fourth infantry, who had been captured, and paroled by the rebel authorities in Texas. They were a well drilled lot of soldiers, and gave the regiment the appearance of regulars from the start, and were invaluable as instructors for the new men. Company F, Captain McKay, had the right; Company I, Captain Saunders, the left, and Company K, Captain La Valley, the colors; my company became E, Britt's D, Kirk's S, Horner's H, Gott's C, Chapman's A, and Troop's B. We were now in the service of the United States for three years, or the war, and settled down to regular military life.

The following morning regimental guard mounting commenced, and the camp was placed under martial law. My company was assigned to tents already pitched, the captain and I having a wall tent together, at the head of the street, Between drill hours, the men ornamented the company streets with pretty borders of oyster shells, etc., and took great pleasure in their new life. Many of the officers, however, showed more anxiety to get to town, than in the practice and study of

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their new profession; a fact which the colonel was not slow to recognize, and took pains to correct, as far as he could. The men were fed as at Chestnut Grove by, a contractor, but the officers were obliged to look out for themselves, and joined a mess at the hotel near by, where most of our evenings were spent when not on duty. The landlord's daughters were extremely popular, and no officer of the Fifty-seventh, I think, will easily forget them. Individually, I found camp life altogether fascinating, and never left it except in case of necessity. I drilled the company, and studied night and day, both tactics and army regulations, looked after every detail, and, as a rule, was in command, the captain generally being in the city.

Several days after the organization of the regiment, I was officer of the guard, and received the first notice from the colonel. At the guard house there were only fifteen old smooth bore muskets, the regiment not being armed; in consequence, about half the guard were without arms. Soon after guard mounting, I received word that the colonel was at the hotel, and would shortly arrive in camp. This threw us all into a flutter of excitement, as the guard must be turned out on the approach of the commanding officer. As we wanted to make a good impression, we fell in for a preliminary effort, giving all the arms we had to the men in the front rank; after going through the regular form we stacked arms and awaited developments. In a few minutes the colonel put in an appearance. The guard fell in, took arms, opened ranks, and as he came up, presented arms and stood steady. The colonel acknowledged the salute, and walked entirely around the guard, examining their dress accoutrements and set up; and upon his inspection being completed, complimented me on its appearance, saying the men looked well, and he was pleased with our performance. Then he added, "Who told you to put all the arms in the front rank?" I said I had no orders for doing so, but thought we made a better appearance than if they were scattered through the ranks. "Yes, you showed good sense," he said, and walked off. We were all much tickled with our success.

In the course of a week, an orderly came to my tent in the afternoon, and said the colonel wished to see me. Very much concerned, I reported to him at once, when to my relief,

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he demanded to know whether I could form the regiment for dress parade? I said yes; he then explained that Fiske, the adjutant, would not be there that evening, and that he had asked me to take his place from my success as an officer of the guard. I was delighted, and felt like a major-general. To be selected out of so great a number of officers, for such a duty, was very wonderful, and I went back and read the regulations over and over again. At the time appointed I formed the regiment easily enough, the drum corps beat off, and without any error I went through the regular formula, and turned the command over to the colonel. After a few manœuvers, the officers were called up, some instructions given, and the regiment dismissed in regular form. On the way from the parade ground the colonel congratulated me on my success, and said he was glad to find I had studied the regulations. He seems to be a most unaffected, amiable, and matter-of-fact man, with an eye that glitters and looks you through and through. On the 5th of November we received arms, Enfield muskets; and sent out invitations to our friends, and those of the regiment, to join us in a celebration on the 7th inst., in honor of the presentation of colors to the regiment, by the City of New York. We made great preparations for this event, including a special railway train from the ferry to camp, and it proved to be a great success. Many distinguished people were present, among them Quartermaster-General Arthur, the personal friend of the colonel. There was a capital lunch, with all the champagne they could drink. I was disappointed in not seeing some of my dear friends present, but finding in the captain's daughter a very beautiful and charming girl about seventeen, a kindred spirit, was soon lost in a desperate flirtation. Late in the afternoon, the whole body of officers, accompanied their guests to the railway station, and sent them off with vociferous cheers. The colors were very handsome: from the city, a large blue silk, gold fringed, and embroidered flag, with the arms of the city, two blue silk guidons also embroidered and fringed, and a plain United States flag, from the Government.

The day after the reception, orders were issued to prepare to start for the seat of war on the 12th, and immediately all became bustle and confusion. This time we were not going on a picnic excursion for three months, but for years,

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if necessary, and it seemed a very serious affair. I went home for a last visit in the afternoon, and remained all night, dressed very finely in full uniform, and enjoyed an informal reception, when I met almost every one I knew.

Early on the morning of the 12th, the regiment paraded for inspection, when everything not allowed by the regulations was thrown out, much to the chagrin of the men. After dinner the regiment marched out of camp, with prolonged and hearty cheers for Camp Lafayette, the landlord and his family, and for every one else who happened to be about, headed for the Staten Island Ferry, whence it was transferred by the steamer Kill von Kull direct to Amboy, New Jersey, where soon after our arrival, a train of baggage and emigrant cars backed down the track of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and the regiment entrained promptly, and was soon en route for the capitol. We received some attention from the crowd, but now war is getting to be a regular business, and new regiments are leaving for the front every day, so we received the applause of only those who chanced to be in the neighborhood at the time. I felt very different to what I did in April. The regiment looked well, was fully armed, clothed and equipped, and officered, for the most part, by as fine a body of gentlemen as ever exchanged a civil for a military life. We were especially fortunate in having many officers thoroughly well up in tactics, and having in the ranks over a hundred old soldiers, who had served in the regular army of either the United States or Great Britain. All who know anything of the service will appreciate the advantage of having these old soldiers to instruct the recruits in the many details that can never be learned theoretically.

At eight A. M. November 13th we reached Philadelphia, the entire regiment leaving the train to partake of coffee and sandwiches in the immense sheds adjacent to the depot, contributed by the noble generosity of the ladies of that city. The coffee was good, and the sandwiches too, served by volunteers in the nicest manner. We learned that not to us alone was their bounty extended, but to every regiment passing through the city on the way to the front. How great an undertaking this was may be imagined, as night and day, one continuous and uninterrupted stream of troops flowed through the city for weeks and months.

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As we marched out of the sheds back to the train, we gave a hearty cheer for our benefactors, and continued our journey, much improved in condition. After sundry mishaps and delay, we arrived late in Washington, on Thursday morning, the 14th, when we marched to Camp Wilder on the Bladensburg turnpike, a couple of miles out of town. Here we were assigned to a provisional brigade commanded by Brigadier-General Casey, of tactics fame, for the purpose of discipline and instruction, and settled down to solid, hard work, drilling by squads, company, battalion, and brigade, every fine day, while study and instruction in tactics, army regulations, military usages and administration took up most of the evenings; few leaves to visit town were granted, and so we made much progress in our new career.

While thus at work we found time to become *au fait* once again with the general situation of the war, which had been completely lost sight of, while organizing the regiment at home. The most conspicuous object that confronted us was the immense number of camps within sight, everywhere were regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all doing just what we were doing. The difference between the first collection of militia, and these troops was remarkable. The first army had that unmistakable summer militia encampment appearance, with its great variety of fancy uniforms, made for show and not for service. Familiarity of officers and men, and an utter lack of military bearing. The streets and hotels of Washington, in the early spring days, were filled with men in uniform, officers and enlisted men promiscuously together, all bent upon having a jolly time.

Everything is now changed to a sober, steady reality; few men or officers are granted leave; all wear the same uniform, and begin to look as though they had never worn anything else. Officers are not permitted, if they desire, to associate with enlisted men in public; not but what many of the enlisted men are the equals of many of the commissioned officers, but that discipline cannot be preserved, if the officer does not hold himself aloof.

Since the expiration of the three months' regiment service, new troops have been pouring into this place daily, until they number now over one hundred and eighty thousand men, with two hundred and forty-eight guns. General McClellan suc-

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ceeded General McDowell, and is in supreme command of the troops and the defences of Washington; and has already reduced this chaotic mass of men into something like an organization. Prior to his assumption of control, the troops occupying the defences of Washington had little or no relation to each other. Commanders of forts refused to obey any orders but those of the commander-in-chief. Colonels were independent, and of the troops holding the line of works surrounding the capitol, there was none to assume general charge. This dangerous state of things exists no longer; regiments are brigaded, and brigades formed into divisions, the tactical unit at present, and so are easily controlled and directed from the general headquarters.

The system of organization now requires all troops freshly arriving, to go into camps of instruction on this side of the river. Here they are inspected, and any deficiency in appointments and equipment made good, their instruction and discipline attended to, and as soon as they are thought to be efficient, they are sent across the Potomac and permanently assigned to brigades in the new army of the Potomac, where instruction in permanent camps, continues night and day, and where they have a chance to become acquainted with the commander, and the other regiments of the brigade.

It is not proposed to move until this army has become thoroughly drilled and disciplined, so whenever it does move, great things may be expected of it. It is a magnificent military school, where we can't help but learn everything worth knowing in the art of war.

Amongst other things, the men of the regiments have to do all their own cooking, which is an entirely new experience for them. Every company details two or more men permanently for this duty, and it is expected they will soon be able to serve the men with palatable and well cooked food. The rations are liberal, and of sufficient variety to secure more than good health; abundance of good food tends to good morals and discipline, and so, from this point of view we are very lucky.

Occasionally some of the officers from the Virginia side come over to see us. They speak with enthusiasm of their canvas quarters and log huts, and say they are fast becoming a splendid army, everybody in the best of spirits, studying

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and working night and day, to make themselves as useful as possible.

The artillery service is receiving especial attention. At Bull Run I understand we had only nine batteries; to-day we have ninety-two batteries ready for service, thanks to the energy of General W. F. Barry, who is chief of artillery. The few engineers of the old army have been supplemented by two New York regiments, the Fifteenth and Twentieth, which as engineer troops are probably equal to any, as there is not a man in the ranks who is not a trained mechanic, and all the officers are engineers. A pontoon train and bridges are under construction, so that we shall be prepared for every emergency. General Stoneman is in command of the cavalry and that branch of the service is quite as active as the others. Most of these regiments come from the West, I notice, but there are a few from New York and Pennsylvania.

I got some idea while on this side of the river of the magnitude of the works, built and building, to protect the capital: the line is thirty-three miles in extent, completely enclosing the city. Many immense forts and enclosed redoubts are on the line, some of them beautifully finished; they are so formidable as a whole, there is little danger that they can ever be taken; the troops have built most of them, and are still at work, so the men are learning the art of fortification, as well as tactics. General Barnard is the chief engineer in charge of fortifications.

The prediction is made here that the army of the Potomac will be ready to take the field by January, but on account of the poor roads in Virginia, it is not likely that a movement will be made until early spring. If this is the case, and the army has the whole winter for instructions we shall be the equal of any regular army known. What a splendid opportunity it will be for McClellan, who is only thirty-four years old, with immortality almost within his grasp: we are led to believe he is a great man, but most of us discount the ridiculous panegyrics that the daily papers are loaded up with every day. Outside of the fact that the general is an excellent organizer, nothing else is known of his abilities in the field, as he has never had any experience on such a scale, and cannot know himself what he will do. That he will have a formidable, well drilled, disciplined, and willing army, is certain. All

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else, the future alone can determine. The general is a graduate of the military academy, was a lieutenant of engineers, and served as such in the Mexican War, 1846-47. He was in the Crimea in 1855, observing the operation of the Siege of Sebastopol, on the part of the United States. More recently, he has been engagel in civil life as a railroad man, until the opening of the rebellion. He is rather small, but solid, and seems to have plenty of good sense. He has the good will of the whole country, and a glorius opportunity for writing his name indelibly on the pages of his country's history.

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CHAPTER VI

LIFE AT CAMP CALIFORNIA

December 7, 1861.

ON the 25th of November General Casey was relieved from the command of the provisional brigade, and Colonel Zook as senior colonel present for duty, assumed command in his stead. Fiske was made temporary assistant adjutant-general, and I was detailed as acting adjutant of the regiment, much to my satisfaction. Hard work was the lot of all of us in this camp, for drills and inspection were continually the order of the day; we are so far advanced now that our evening dress parade is quite worth seeing, and many people from Washington come out every evening to have a look at us. Our battalion drills are the most fascinating, for the colonel is completely *au fait* in the manœuvering of the regiment. I think he knows by heart every word of the book of tactics. We had a grand review of all the troops near us the other day, before Casey left, and I found myself in command of a division, two hundred strong, which was the first time I ever enjoyed so much distinction. What a glorious thing it seemed, to be in command of so many men, bravely marching in front of them, with bands playing, colors flying, and crowds of people admiring and cheering; how proudly we marched, and how thoroughly satisfied with ourselves we were.

We hear little of the enemy, which is strange, and that little we get through the columns of the New York papers mostly. Their lines are close up, in sight of Washington, and have been, since the disastrous Bull Run campaign, Monson's Hill is their advanced post, and is in full view of some of our works, and their flag flies defiantly without molestation. The Potomac is held by the rebels from below Alexandria to the Chesapeake bay. They have batteries all along the river, in many places torpedos planted, and navigation is completely closed, except that an occasional gunboat of ours goes down the river, and stirs them up a little, but no effort is made as

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yet to drive them away. In fact, we are not ready, and although the papers are getting very restless, because of our delay in moving upon the enemy, we shall not do so till we are fully prepared.

Zook's command of the provisional brigade did not last long; on the 27th, we received orders No. 31 from headquarters, Army of the Potomac, directing the regiment to march into Virginia and report to General Sumner, at Camp California, situated between two and three miles from Alexandria, along the Fairfax turnpike, close to the Orange and Alexandria Railroad; the other regiments of the provisional brigade were also ordered over and Zook, as senior officer, took command; the next morning, November 28th, we crossed the long bridge again, just as the Seventy-first did in July last, and like them again, sang, "I wish I was in Dixie." It was not so exhilarating to me, heading again for the Virginia mud and pine forests, as it was to the others probably, who had not been there before, but we made a very gay appearance on the whole, with all the men in fine spirits. After crossing the bridge, we were left to find our way without maps or guides, and as every vestige of a road had long since been obliterated by the general practice of selecting the shortest distance between any two points, irrespective of roads; we soon lost our reckoning. It had been raining almost all day, and towards evening it poured in torrents; the roads were villainous, but at length we reached a place called Benton's tavern, foot sore and weary and here learned that we were away in advance of our destination, and only separated from the enemy by a line of videttes. The men being tired out, and the day almost gone, the colonel decided to bivouac for the night, so we turned into the fields near a brick yard, and by the liberal use of pine brush, made ourselves not comfortable, but something better off than being entirely exposed. At reveille the next morning we were a sorry looking lot, covered with mud, wet, cold, and stiff, every bit of our pride gone, and our gold lace without attraction. Campaigning in November, without tents, is not very comfortable at any time, or under any conditions, but to new soldiers, in rainy weather, the difficulties are immense. I had learned something about bivouacking, in the Bull Run campaign, and found that experience very useful now. After a cup of coffee made from the extract of that

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article, which Fiske luckily had with him, I soon felt as well as usual, but not so the colonel; a victim of rheumatism, he found himself quite unable to walk. About an hour after reveille a mounted orderly from General Sumner's headquarters arrived to conduct us to our camp, and within two hours we arrived at Camp California, just under shelter of the guns of Forth Worth. Staff officers were on hand who showed the colonel where to form line of battle on the road, and march forward to the crest of a series of small hills, a few hundred yards in advance. This being done, the line was dressed, arms stacked, and the troops dismissed, and immediately set to work erecting tents and laying out a camp, the material for which, in the shape of "A" tents and boards for floors, was already on the ground. The location was not very promising for a permanent residence, the two left companies being on low, wet ground, subject to submersion during heavy rains, and separated from the rest of the regiment by quite a stream of water; yet the colonel was unsuccessful in getting permission from Sumner to move them in the least particular, and the two unfortunate companies were obliged to raise their streets, much as the Dutch raised their banks and streets in Holland. Notwithstanding the weather and our inexperience, before night the men were comfortably quartered in "A" tents, and the officers in wall tents, and so our first winter quarters as real soldiers were established.

We formed a brigade under command of Brigadier-General W. H. French, encamped from right to left as follows: the Fifty-second New York, Colonel Frank; Fifty-seventh New York, Colonel Zook; Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Brooke, and Sixty-sixth New York, Colonel Pinckney. In the centre of our regiment's camp stands a fine old tree, and beneath its branches flows a splendid stream of pure, cold water, sufficient for the use of the entire regiment, which proved a great luxury. Brigade headquarters, consisting of five picturesque Sibley tents, is across the road, on a little eminence in the rear of the Fifty-third; an old mill being used as an office, on the north side of a small stream near by, which runs directly in front of our line, affording good facilities for the soldiers' washing day. Division headquarters is in a house immediately on the right of the Fifty-second, the general and staff however, sleeping in tents erected

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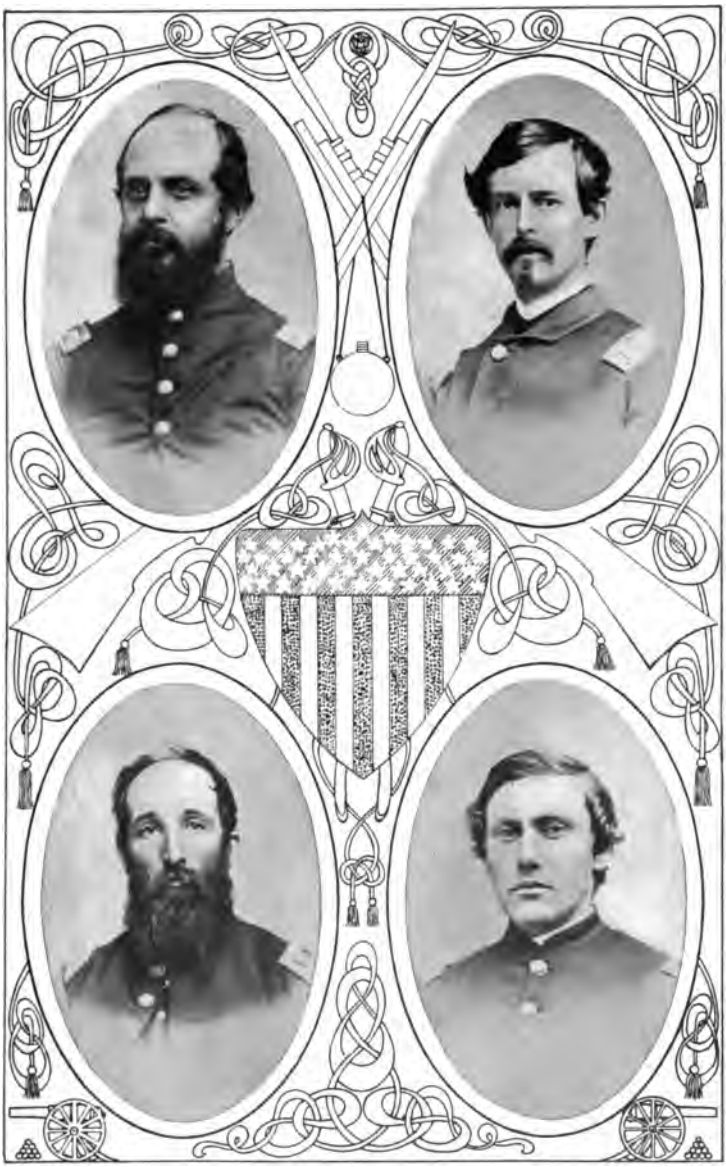

Captain C. B. Curtiss,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

Captain James C. Bronson,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

Captain Pettit,
1st N. Y. Artillery.

Captain James G. Derrickson,
Ordnance Officer, Division Staff.

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in the front yard, General Sumner, having constitutional objections to officers of his command sleeping in houses when tents are to be had.

As soon as the boundaries of the camp were established, sentinels were posted to keep the men in; and no officer, or enlisted man, was allowed outside the limits of the regimental camp without a pass from the colonel. The following day, when General French assumed command, he issued orders prohibiting any officer from going to Alexandria or Washington, without his permission. As a matter of fact, no officer or enlisted man can get into either place without a proper pass, or once in, cannot get out again, and no authority less than the commander of a fort, or brigade, is recognized. A few days after the formation of the brigade, General French appointed our adjutant, Fiske, upon his staff as acting assistant adjutant general, and Colonel Zook detailed me as acting adjutant of the regiment, in his place, and I moved my quarters immediately from the company street into a double wall tent, just in front of the colonel's tent, using the front part for an office, and the rear for private use.

The duties are very arduous, requiring both officers and men to work early and late; the officers are obliged to study, and attend recitations before the colonel several times a week. My duties are immense. The adjutant is expected to know everything, and is obliged to give opinions on every conceivable question, and in consequence, I have to study the army regulations both early and late; naturally I am tolerably familiar with them already, and rapidly becoming an expert. But this is not all; we are flooded with orders from army headquarters, the War Department, division and brigade headquarters, on every conceivable subject, and it is my duty to read these important orders to the regiment after dress parade, and to remember their contents, and see that they are carried out; truly the life of an adjutant in this camp is one of extreme hard work and anxiety, but it has its pleasures, too.

As we are to remain here all winter, drilling and training, the regiment is exerting itself to make things comfortable; our beds are formed of poles laid on crotches, driven into the ground, then strewn with cedar branches, over which are spread our blankets, and so, raised from the ground, we are extremely comfortable. In almost every officer's tent is a

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little sheet iron stove, answering the double purpose of heating the tent and cooking the food; they work well enough in nice weather, but when wanted most, when it is cold and the wind blows, they are a regular fraud, the smoke invariably coming out at the door, instead of going out of the chimney. We have patent folding tables, chairs, and mess boxes, in endless variety.

One of the most important matters in campaigning, to ensure the comfort of an officer, is a capable man servant; he ought to be a soldier first, then agreeable, good looking, sober and honest, competent to wash, mend, and keep in order your entire wardrobe, cook, in case of an emergency, keep your arms and accoutrements in good condition, and above and beyond all, good natured, and full of resources. A man fitting this description luckily fell to my lot immediately after I was appointed acting adjutant; he belonged to Company F, Captain McKay, and his name was Seth Raymond; his superior was not to be found in the army, and as he became my second self I will describe his appearance. He was five feet eight inches in height, straight as an arrow, and formed like an Apollo; a fine head, and extraordinary face, straight, prominent nose, gray, expressive eyes, high forehead, and squarish chin; he wore a fine, stiff moustache, and hair closely cropped, both tinged with gray, not on account of age, but previous condition. He wore the regulation uniform, except the cap, in place of which he always wore a red fez, with long blue silken tassels; he was never without spotless white gaiters, that confined his trousers over his shoes, and was every inch a soldier, in his walk, dress, and actions. He first came to me as adjutant's clerk, being a beautiful writer, but begged to be taken as servant instead, and as I liked him from the first, we struck a bargain, and henceforth he was always known as my man.

At first, the regimental officers messed separately, generally two or more clubbing together for this purpose, eating in their tents. I commenced by messing alone, Seth doing the cooking on the little stove that heated the tent, but the result was a dead failure; I sat and watched the operation of frying a miserable slice of beef, or pork, inhaling the fumes and smoke, until by the time it was ready, my appetite was entirely gone; shortly after I was appointed adjutant, the colonel came

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to the rescue, and invited me to join his mess; here was a regular cook, a master of his art, a complete mess chest, large enough for a dozen, and we lived like Christians.

The change was most agreeable. Besides the variety and excellency of the food, the meals were served regularly, so that whereas formerly eating was a burden, now it became a genuine pleasure, bringing with it a pleasant social intercourse that added greatly to the pleasure of camp life. The colonel, Major Parisen, Quartermaster McKibbon, Doctor McKim, and myself, constituted the mess. At the end of every month the cook produced his list of expenditures, which was divided equally, averaging about thirty dollars apiece.

The colonel was exceedingly agreeable, and Parisen, and McKim too, very jovial, and so we became a very happy family in a short time. We now settled down to business in earnest. General Sumner is one of the greatest martinets in the army, known in the old army as the bull in the china shop, and General French, our brigade commander, was before his promotion a major of artillery, enjoying the reputation of a great tactician, so that we have capable instructors, and are sure to make rapid progress in soldiering. Every morning we have squad, platoon, and company drills; in the afternoon, battalion, or brigade drills; bayonet exercise, skirmish drill, and firing at targets sometimes. Of course we have a dress parade every evening, which is very pretty, every regiment of the brigade being in line at the same time. Just before the regiment is dismissed I step to the front, and after giving the command, attention to orders, read aloud, so that the whole regiment can hear, the various orders which have accumulated during the day. It is surprising how much business is involved in running a regiment properly. The first thing in the morning is the morning report, showing the complete state of the regiment, number present, absent, sick, or otherwise, and give particulars in each case; this must be taken in person by the adjutant to brigade headquarters at nine o'clock; from these reports, the adjutant of the brigade consolidates the figures, and sends them to division headquarters, so that by half past nine o'clock General Sumner always knows the exact state of his command. Then we have various other reports to make; to the Secretary of War, the Quartermaster Depart-

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ment, Ordnance Department, etc., so that all my time when not drilling with the regiment is occupied superintending this kind of work. I have an excellent clerk, permanently detailed, who does most of the writing, and so with the assistance of the very capable sergeant-mayor Brewster, we manage to keep the business of the office well in hand. After dress parade, our time is our own, as a rule, and generally we go for a ride amongst the various camps; of course we are only one division amongst many; the hills and country, as far as the eye can reach being everywhere dotted with white tents, all occupied by troops, hard at work, just as we are. Owing to our two distinguished commanding officers, Sumner and French, we enjoy the special reputation of excellency in discipline, and judging from what I can see, I think justly so.

Our first division general orders gave the daily routine: Reveille at 5 A. M., half an hour later, regiments assemble on the color line, fully armed and equipped, roll call by sergeants, all company officers required to be present, after which all officers to report to the adjutant the number of men and officers present at roll call. Reveille sounds long before daylight, and so we call the roll by means of lighted candles, stuck in the muzzles of the sergeants' guns; upon a cold, windy snowy morning, this early parade is much more picturesque than comfortable. After roll call the companies are marched back to their company streets, and dismissed, the officers usually turning in again, to finish their night's sleep.

It seems to most of us that this early roll call is responsible for lots of the sickness there is in camp; typhoid, malaria, and measles are the prevailing troubles, and many men have already fallen victims. Sumner thinks, however, it is a military necessity, and so we are obliged to keep it up.

On the tenth of December the colonel received a letter from the adjutant general of the state, stating that I had been appointed first lieutenant and adjutant of the regiment and would be commissioned as such just as soon as he would furnish the date of Fiske's appointment as assistant adjutant general of volunteers. I feel very proud of this appointment, and of the colonel's good opinion. It is only about three months since I joined the regiment, unknown to every officer in it, and now enjoy the distinction of holding the most sought for subaltern position in it.

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What a delightful prospect ahead, to think of riding, instead of marching. My feet are not good enough for tramping, and after every march I have been partially disabled; from this time hence, I hope to ride, but as we have not been paid yet, I shall have to wait awhile before I can buy a horse; in the meantime McKibben, our good natured quartermaster, is furnishing me with an animal that requires infinite skill to ride; he is a constitutional kicker, and don't like any one on his back, so I have the opportunity of exercising an animal that requires a good deal of skill to manage, all of which will be useful to me I hope.

On Christmas day the camp was *en fete;* in the morning, we had a full dress review and inspection; and were then dismissed for the day, only the guard being on duty. Most of the officers went to Alexandria; the others dispersed amongst their friends in other commands, every one in search of amusement. I remained in camp to dinner, and had a very good one, with enough of liquid refreshment to properly digest it. In the afternoon, the major and I rode out towards Edsals Hill, some five miles distance on the railroad, where our division picket line was established; up to this time our regiment had not been on picket duty, and were eager to get out to the front, to have a possible glimpse of the enemy; it is now under orders for this duty, for a tour of four days, and so we rode out to examine the ground beforehand. The road was bad, and the country desolate and impoverished, but the ride did us good, and we returned to camp in the best of spirits.

The following morning the regiment turned out, six hundred strong, fully equipped, blankets rolled, and supplied with forty rounds of ammunition, and four days' cooked rations; marching immediately after breakfast for the picket line, Parisen in command. I rode for the first time at the head of the regiment, and found it a very great improvement to trudging on foot. When we arrived on the ground the regiment formed in line, and details were made for reserves and picket post when we proceeded to relieve the withdrawing regiment, which was drawn up in line to receive us; taking our instructions from the old guard, we soon prepared the details, and I was ordered to go out and relieve the pickets, which proved most fascinating; for the first time, we formed

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the fringe of the army, and were to be its eyes and ears. All in front of us was an unknown region, with rare opportunities for adventure, and the men as well as officers, seemed delighted at the change; after relieving all the posts, drawing a plan, and marking the picket posts down on it, I returned to the reserve headquarters, meeting on the way the major, at an old log house, chatting away with an old woman and a pretty young girl. They told us all about the country; that the Johnnies picketed the same position, some time ago; visited them every day asking similar questions, and equally interested in getting news of our doings; they were reticent, and did not tell us anything of consequence, but the girl enjoyed being talked to and we were nothing loth to accommodate her. Notwithstanding it rained the first day and night very heavily, we managed to keep moderately dry; the men in little brush shelters, packed so closely, and stood up at such an acute angle that the rain ran down, without going through. We used a dilapidated old log cabin for headquarters, which, as it had a large fire place, was quite comfortable. In the evening, all hands sat around the blazing fire, told stories, and smoked our pipes; later on, arranging our saddles for pillows on the floor, we lay down, and slept tolerably well; being on grand guard duty, of course we did not take off our clothes, or arms, and on this account did not sleep very soundly. The following morning we started on a scouting expedition as far as Burk's Station. We got together all the officers and men we could mount, with two full companies of infantry, under La Valley; the weather had become clear, cold, and bright, and we started about ten o'clock, in fine form, the officers riding ahead, pretty well deployed, the infantry following, along the railroad track; we had a glorious gallop, keeping our eyes open for the sight of a gray back. When we approached a house we completely encircled it, cocked our pistols, and rode up together; then two or three dismounted, and went in whilst the others kept watch; in this way we visited every house within our line of march, in order to satisfy ourselves there was no one there belonging to the other side; our interviews with the feminine housekeepers, who were not the least afraid, were sometimes very amusing; they had no hesitation in pitching into us, and calling us all sorts of hard names, but we took it good naturedly, and quite enjoyed

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their frankness; they told us, among other things, that the rebels frequently came out on just such expeditions as we were on and with similar objects in view, and some of them, were good enough to wish we might meet them and get captured. In fact we wanted to meet some of them, and have a little skirmish, but went quite up to the station without meeting any one whatever. There we found a couple of large houses, and a deserted camp of log huts, accomodations for a brigade. While looking over these splendidly built huts, we got a glimpse of the rebels pickets, several men and a couple of small fires being in sight. The men were greatly pleased at seeing a real enemy, but did not molest them. In one of the large houses we found a very old, blind gentleman, and two young women, his daughters; he mistook us for rebels, and made himself very agreeable, bringing out milk and pies, and inviting us to help ourselves. By the time his good things were despatched, La Valley with his blue coated infantry came up, and gave us away. The old man was greatly chagrined, but did not say anything. After quite a stay to rest the men and horses, we bid our host good bye, promising to call again soon. Leaving La Valley to return by the road, we put spurs to our horses, and enjoyed a magnificent gallop across the country, reaching the picket reserve on Edson Hill about dusk, much pleased with our first experience of scouting. At the end of the four days, we were in turn relieved, and marched back to camp.

January 20, 1862.

The papers north are all anxiety to have McClellan march upon the enemy, and so we shall probably have to turn out of this pleasant camp before long. Already preparations for campaigning are being made, by clearing out a lot of superfluous stuff that the men have loaded themselves down with; it is wonderful what a lot of accumulations soon gather in a camp, and how difficult it is to get rid of it. In order to be ready for moving, I bought a horse the other day from Bell's friend, Lieutenant Bailey, quartermaster Lincoln Cavalry; a dapple gray, fifteen hands, six years old, very handsome, and a good goer. I tried him at their camp, and fell in love with him at once; Bailey mounted him, and showed off his jumping; he cleared the kitchen, ditches, and everything else in range in beautiful style, and looked like a deer. I paid one

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hundred and fifty dollars for him and bought also a saddle, bridle, halter, holster, and everything quite complete and necessary for the campaign. Seth took charge of him and thinks him the finest horse in the army. He is a fine goer, carries his head superbly, and I shall take great pride in riding him. A few days after I bought him, I was ordered to report to brigade headquarters and to my surprise, Fiske notified me that he was going home on sick leave, and that the general, at his suggestion, was going to detail me as acting adjutant-general of the brigade till he got back. Up to this time, I had never spoken to a real general, and looked upon French as a fearful and wonderful being. He is magnificent in phisique; and the beau ideal of an old soldier, stepping as though he owned the earth; always followed by an orderly, either on foot, or horseback, ready to answer his slightest call. He is a splendid horseman, and everything about him is magnificent. He has a peculiar habit of winking with both eyes, which seems extremely curious, and until you get used to it, you are troubled to keep from laughing, which would be a dreadful thing. To this modern Hector, I was presented by Fiske. He received me very pleasantly, asked several questions, and then requested me to move over in the morning with my belongings, and assume the duties of adjutant general. I returned to regimental headquarters as proud as d'Artagnan and reported to the colonel the result of my interview. The colonel was proud of his adjutant being selected in preference to any other, and congratulated me on having been called upon for this duty. Seth is mighty conceited about the change from regiment to brigade headquarters, and feels the promotion quite as much as I; he looks more dignified than ever, and says confidenctly, that it is only a question of time when we shall go on the staff of the commander-in-chief.

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Major-General E. V. Sumner, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER VII

CAMP CALIFORNIA AND MANASSAS CAMPAIGN

ON the 25th of January Major Potter reported to pay us for the first time, and we were all greatly delighted. So far, none of us had ever received a cent for his services, and most of us were penniless; we made it very pleasant for the major at headquarters and he proved himself a jolly good fellow. It was now possible to square up all our accounts, settle our indebtedness, and lay in a stock of necessaries for the approaching campaign. The winter, up to this time, has been cold and disagreeable, with considerable snow, and very much rain; as a result we have a good deal of typhoid malaria and measles. I have been down with a serious quinsy throat and pulled through with difficulty, Doctors McKim and Grant, our brigade surgeons, doing their utmost to bring me along. I am all over it now, and as strong as ever. We have got rid of the lieutenant colonel of the Fifty-seventh, who never served with us for some reason unknown. He resigned on the First of February and Major Parisen has succeeded to his rank, Captain Chapman, of company A, becomes major.

The road between the camp and Alexandria, over which come all the supplies, takes the cake for pure unadulterated badness. It frequently requires twelve mules to pull a wagon through some of the bad places, and I have really felt sometimes that horse and rider were about to end their career in an inglorious sea of mud. Alexandria is the Mecca for all officers and men who can possibly obtain a pass. It is a dilapidated old town, but now the streets are thronged with soldiers and army wagons, and almost every house with prostitutes. The shops are kept by Jews and almost everything for sale is for officers' use. Here are immense magazines of stores of every description, and the traffic between the troops is incessant. To me it is a most forlorn looking spot, and I am always glad to get away from it.

Since the weather has improved somewhat, the scenes about us have become more exhilarating; the air is full of martial music, troops are constantly in motion, cavalry regi-

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ments coming in, or going out to the front, batteries at drill, and the ubiquitous infantryman everywhere, while the endless villages of little canvas houses cover the country in all directions, as far as the eye can reach. The panorama is, in fact, one to warm a soldier's heart, and make a civilian die of envy. Almost every afternoon we take long rides, and have become acquainted with officers in all directions; frequently we go out to the debatable ground, and enjoy the freedom of the open country, tinged with the slightest danger to sharpen our wits. On one of these occasions a very funny incident occurred. Major Parisen, myself, and half a dozen other mounted officers were having a gallop which ended in a race; as we flew over the ground, the road suddenly turned down quite a steep hill, but our speed was such that it was impossible to check it; at the foot of the hill were a dozen or more cavalrymen, their horses backed up together, facing outwards, and every man with his revolver cocked and leveled at us; as we rushed down the hillside we were making a great noise and laughter, or I expect they would have fired at us, thinking we were charging them; we were agreeably surprised to find we all belonged to the same army; if it had been otherwise our frolic might have ended disastrously.

On one of these excursions we stopped at a large, deserted mansion, dismounted and went over the house. In one of the rooms I read, written on a pane of glass with a diamond, "Left dear old home June 25, 1861, to be occupied by soldiers. Jennie" Poor Jennie; I am afraid she will be a stranger to her ancestral halls for many weary months.

The general has got a new aide-de-camp, Plume, from one of the New Jersey regiments, and Willie, the general's son, has been commissioned second lieutenant in my regiment, and appointed aide-de-camp and now sports a uniform. On the Sixteenth of February we received an order to detail a lot of men for service on the western gunboats; twenty-eight men responded to the circular for able-bodied boatmen, and the following day they were shipped to their new field of duty. Lately we have been drilling every afternoon by brigade, marching out into some large fields, a mile or two in advance of the camp. The general is superb on the drill ground, and handles the brigade with consummate skill. He keeps his staff flying over the ground in all directions, and to see us go one

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would think the welfare of the army depended upon us getting there. Occasionally he goes himself like a whirlwind across the field, followed by all his retinue, and looks like a true son of Mars. We think these drills superb; the men get pretty well tired out, but all of us have learned much, and now it is easy to perform the most intricate movements. Since Willie's appointment he has quartered with me, and I like to have him in the tent. He is a singular genius, thin, tall, palefaced, almost wholly without education; having been born and brought up on the plains, he knows nothing of books, but is perfectly at home in everything belonging to a horse, and can ride anything with or without a saddle, and can do many difficult feats that we have never seen before; he aquired this skill in riding Indian horses and mustangs on the plains when a small boy.

On the eighth of March the camp was filled with rumors of the withdrawal of the enemy from Centreville and Manassas, and everything was in a state of excitement. The next morning the rumors were confirmed, and we received orders to prepare at once to march. Three days' cooked rations, sixty rounds of amunition, with blankets rolled, knapsacks, and all superflous clothing to be left behind, in charge of a sergeant and guard detailed for the purpose; these were the instructions transmitted to every regimental commander, and the camps were in a confused state of preparation all day long. Very early on the morning of the tenth the regiments of the brigade formed on their color lines, and after a good deal of delay, filed out on the main road, and headed in the direction of the enemy, the general leading the way in fine shape. We marched all day, arriving near Fairfax court house towards evening, and bivouacked for the night. The following morning the march was continued by Sangster Station to Union Mills, where we learned definitely that the rebel army had fallen back on Gordonsville, abandoning their winter quarters and works of Manassas. There was some hesitation about the future movements of the army for a while, but finally our division was ordered forward, and on the 13th we marched to within two miles of Manassas Junction, and occupied the rebel huts on the extensive plains. During the evening General Stoneman, in command of a brigade of cavalry, came on the field, and announced to the general his intention of making

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a reconnoisance early in the morning, to find out exactly what had become of the rebel army. He asked the general to detail a regiment of infantry to support his command, and the Fifty-seventh, Colonel Zook, was at once ordered to report to him for that purpose. It commenced raining shortly after we left Camp California and continued, almost without interruption, to this time.

From the number of log houses, field reports, newspapers, and private papers found in them, we are satisfied the enemy's strength has been greatly overestimated. These plains, so called, are an immense area of perfectly level fields, without a single tree or sign of any living thing about them. The station is in ruins, hospitals and houses all leveled to the ground. A few giant chimneys stand black and gaunt alone, as monuments of the ruin about us. Most of the piles of debris were still smoking, and the desolate, bleak surroundings reminded me of the picture of Smolensk, on the retreat of the Great Napoleon. The deluge of rain, added to the sombreness of the situation, induced many melancholy reflections.

French is in command with two batteries of artillery and a regiment of cavalry added to our regular brigade, the remainder of the army being somewhere in the rear.

On the 14th the cavalry, accompanied by the Fifty-seventh, started along the Orange and Alexandria railroad to Cedar Run. They had a brush with the enemy's pickets in the evening near Cedar Run, driving them off the ground. On the 15th the infantry advanced to Catlett's Station, where they exchanged shots for the first time with the rebs. Two men were lost by the temporary bridges giving way, and I suppose they were picked up by the rebel cavalry.

General Stoneman, finding out what every one believed, that the rebel army had wholly disappeared from our front, returned to camp, and the following day left us. He was very complimentary to Zook, and gave him the following note, written on the field note book of his adjutant.

Headquarters cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, March 16, 1862.

Colonel Zook, Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers: Allow me to return you and the officers of your fine regiment, my sincere thanks for the very handsome manner in which each and all performed the severe duty imposed upon them,

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and more particularly that portion employed upon scouts and advance guard. I shall take the first occasion to express my sentiments to the general commanding. Please express my sentiments to your command and much oblige.

Yours Very Truly,
Genl. Geo. Stoneman,
Chief of cavalry, commanding.

I occupied the rebel adjutant general's office, which was a large, long, log house, with a good fireplace in one end of it, shingle roof, and board door. The roof leaked a good deal, but otherwise the place was very comfortable. We found it strewn with reports, letters, and returns, and picked up a good deal of information from them. When General Stoneman arrived, he had with him two of McClellan's aides, the Count de Paris and Duke de Chartres; upon his return to camp, general French quartered the Count de Paris and General Stoneman with him, and turned over the Duke de Chartres to me, but before describing our guest I must mention my ride over the plains. Stoneman sent an orderly in advance to General French, asking him to provide a drove of beeves, for the supply of his brigade, upon their arrival in camp. The general directed me to take an orderly and ride over to the commissary station some three or four miles in the rear, and direct him to provide the cattle. It was about four o'clock, and the rain poured down in torrents, flooding the level ground so that it took on more the appearance of a sea than dry land; there being no road nor anything whatever to indicate the route, we pointed in the proper direction at starting, and wrapped in rubber coats and leggings put spurs to our horses, and dashed into the sea of mud and water at the top of our horses' speed, and only drew rein at the hospitable tent of the commissary. Here we gave the necessary orders, fortified the inner man with copious libations of commissary, and buttoned up to the chin, headed back for the camp. It was nearly dark by this time, the wind dead ahead, and the rain coming down in perfect sheets. Nothing more melancholy or depressing than the appearance of things here can possibly be imagined. Near the commissary's quarters were the blackened remains of the burnt rebel stores, the guant skeleton chimneys, and the vast expanse of space now overshadowed by night. We started at a full gallop, but the wind and rain beat so dreadfully in our

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faces our coats were torn open, the horses swerved from their course, and we lost our bearings, so we gave our horses their heads, and at 7 P. M. they carried us into camp soaked to the skin, and pretty well used up. When I dismounted and went into the office, I found most of the brigade staff officers there, and sitting in front of the fire place, his feet up on the rounds of a camp chair, a small, delicate looking man, holding in front of him the daintiest little embroidered handkerchief, making a desperate effort to dry it. The size and style of the handkerchief, the uncomfortable looking position, and general wretchedness of the man, made me laugh outright, in which the rest of the crowd immediately joined. The duke, for it was he, did not catch on at first, and looked much astonished; but finally laughed too, and it ended in a regular fit of laughter; he certainly cut a ridiculous figure, the water running down his breeches, his hair bedraggled, the very picture of despair. After a good supper, we all became hilarious and had a jolly time, in which the duke joined. When we turned in, we took the large office table, pulled it in the centre of the room, where the roof was the tightest, and giving the duke the center, as many others piled on to it as it would hold, and all were soon asleep.

The morning after the return of the cavalry, the weather cleared up and became magnificent, and the fields were soon fit for manœuvering. Nobody seemed to know what was going to happen, but from the fact that most of the army is far in rear of us, we concluded the enemy was retreating, and, it is suspected, towards Fredericksburg. General French, the second day after the storm, ordered a brigade drill with batteries, and the two squadrons of cavalry, and it proved a great and brilliant success, and was continued every day until we withdrew. We found a great deal of amusement wandering over the deserted rebel huts. Several dead bodies were found unburied, and many curious and interesting mementos. They were very comfortable here, but from the number of graves around what were the hospitals, think it must have been an unhealthy spot.

On the 18th, the brigade was ordered to fall back two miles, but the following morning advanced again to its old position. We hear the army is falling back to Alexandria, and being sent to some other part of the country, so expect

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shortly to retire ourselves. General McClellan seems to have been very much surprised by the enemy's falling back from this point, and apparently has not yet determined what to do. To-day we received orders from headquarters announcing the remodeling of the organization of the Army of the Potomac. Up to this time the division has been the tactical unit, now it is to be a corps. The order is dated March 13, 1862, and divides the army into four corps; our corps is the second, and General Sumner is promoted to the command of it, and General Richardson to the division which is composed of three brigades: Brigadier-General O. O. Howard the first brigade, General Meagher the Irish brigade, and General French the third brigade. With our division are batteries B, First New York, Captain Pettit, G, First New York, Captain Frank, A, Captain Hogan, and batteries A and C, 4th United States artillery, Captain Hazzard, and Lieutenant Thomas. The present for duty in the division is said to be about eight thousand men.

March 19th. We hear to-night that the army is embarking at Alexandria for Yorktown, on the peninsula, and that operations against Richmond are to be carried on from that direction. Our command is to remain here until the rest of the army get out of the way. We are told that the change of base was decided upon on the 13th, at Fairfax Station, at a council of war, composed of corps commanders, and that the advance to Manassas was only made in response to the President's urgent demands that the army open the campaign.

On the 25th, we marched to Warrenton Junction, meeting with no resistance, the cavalry alone doing a little skirmishing. Blenker's division of Germans marched with us, and appeared to be a bad lot of fellows, without order or discipline; they spread all over the country, capturing everything within their reach. They loaded themselves down with pigs, chickens, turkeys, and whatever else suited their taste, deliberately shooting the pigs, sheep, etc., keeping up a regular fusilade. The officers seemed to have no control over their men. We have never seen anything like this before, and it reminds me forcibly of the Spanish and Portuguese troops during Wellington's campaign in the peninsula. Foreign organizations, exclusively as such, seem to be a mistake in our army especially if they are to be under no better control than this division of Blenker's. This advance to Warrenton has been a regular

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romance, brilliant weather, enemy running away, plenty to eat, and as we are now accustomed to sleeping in the open air, we all feel well, and enjoyed it immensely. We remained in and about Warrenton until the 1st of April, having our headquarters at a fine large mansion house, still occupied by the ladies of the family. We spent the evenings in the parlor, with the young women, who entertained us with rebel songs and music. They were very rebellious, but quite delighted with the attention they received from so many of us; besides we stocked their larder, supplied them with coffee, tea, sugar, placed guards over their barns and stock, and in many other important respects, greatly benefited them. Nearly all the inhabitants had fled, those remaining being exclusively women and superannuated men. These Southern men, although heaping most outrageous abuse upon the Northern armies, seem to have no fear for their wives and daughters, whom they leave behind in charge of their property with apparent confidence, which proves that they do not really believe what they say about us. A little politeness on the part of these women invariably brings safety to their fences, horses, and barns, and a full supply of coffee, sugar, and tea, which in the confederacy are already an expensive luxury.

On April 1st, we received instructions to return to our old winter quarters, Camp California, and about noon broke camp and marched to the rear, reaching Manassas the following day. We were just getting ready to march again when a long train of cattle cars arrived, and we put the troops on board forthwith. This was the first time we had traveled by cars since our arrival in Washington, and we took very kindly to this comfortable form of locomotion. We were soon on board and arrived at the camp about five P. M., found everything had been more or less disturbed, but were delighted to get back again to what seemed more like home to us now than any other place.

The campaign just ended, although without results, (which is not the fault of the troops) has been most severe on both officers and men. It lasted just twenty-four days, during which time we were without a change of clothing of any kind, and without camp equipage, sleeping in the open air, except while in Manassas, and exposed to an unusual amount of rainy weather; notwithstanding the exposure, the command,

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upon the whole, is in better condition physically than when it started out. The first luxury I enjoyed was a bath and general good scrubbing; my old half barrel was quickly filled with water, and with Seth as master of ceremonies, I soon got rid of the twenty-four days' accumulation. Our underwear had to be thrown away as unfit for further use, and the rest of our clothing hung up for ventilation. Arrayed in clean clothes and clean skin, we speedily resumed our former smart appearance.

The day following we received orders to prepare for active service immediately. Officers' baggage was limited to a small valise, and the men required to leave everything behind but the regulation kit. Brigade headquarters were limited to one wagon and three wall tents; all the rest of the accumulated baggage and impedimenta were to be boxed and sent in charge of the regimental quartermaster to Alexandria, there to be stored in care of the quartermaster's department until further orders. Our twenty-four days' campaign had at least taught the men one important lesson, namely, to limit to the minimum their loads. The regulations required two pairs of socks, drawers, and undershirt, and one pair extra shoes and trousers. The men very cheerfully complied with the order, eliminating all their winter accumulation. In the evening the brigade was inspected by different officers of our staff, and every man's knapsack carefully investigated. The following morning, April 3d, the brigade formed on the old color line, and immediately afterwards withdrew. As the column countermarched gracefully by the right flank and withdrew to the main road, cheer after cheer rang out from lusty throats, in honor of the dear old spot we never expected to see again.

Colonel Zook's official report of the reconnoissance to Cedar Run, under command of General Stoneman:

MANASSAS JUNCTION, March 18, 1862.

LIEUTENANT J. M. FAVILL, A. A. A. General,

SIR: On the 14th instant, about 9:30 A. M., this regiment marched with a brigade of cavalry, all under the command of Brigadier-General George Stoneman, via the Orange and Alexandria railroad to Cedar Run. The march was rendered somewhat tedious and difficult by having nothing better than the ruins of burnt bridges upon which to cross, at Broad and Kettle runs.

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At 6:30 P. M., we arrived at a point about a mile and a half east of Cedar Run, where the enemy had driven back a small force of the Sixth cavalry. General Stoneman, here ordered me to send two companies to drive in their pickets. I ordered out Company A, Captain Chapman, on the south side of the road, and H., Captain Horner, on the north, under the command of Major Parisen. Advancing as skirmishers, they drove the enemy before them in the dark to the west end of the run. Here a portion of Captain Chapman's company, becoming exposed by the light of some burning cars on the road, received a few shots from the enemy, which were promptly returned, but with what effect is not known, further than that the enemy retreated beyond the hills.

About midnight Lieutenant Reid, of Company F, with twenty men, returned to the regiment. He had been sent forward with Lieutenant Brower, from the vicinity of Bristoe Station, in the morning. He reported having seen the enemy's scouts, at a distance, several times during the day. In the morning General Stoneman ordered the whole regiment forward to Catlett's Station. Two Companies, B, and I, under Throop and Lieutenant Mott, being deployed in advance as skirmishers, continued their march to the run. Shortly after Major Parisen was sent to asume command of them; they had arrived but a short time, when small parties of the enemy appeared on the opposite bank.

The orders of the general prohibited firing except in reply to fire, but little time, however, was lost in consequence, for they soon commenced firing upon both companies. Their fire was promptly returned, two or three of their saddles being emptied. The general's object having been accomplished, the regiment retired, the skirmishers were drawn in as a rear guard, and the whole command marched to camp. The return march was severe on account of incessant rain and bad condition of the roads. The difficulty in recrossing Broad and Kettle Runs was increased by the rapid rise of the water. At the former the ruins were swept away whilst two men yet remained to cross. There was no alternative but to leave them behind, but both have since come in.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. K. Zook,

Colonel Commanding Fifty-seventh N. Y.

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CHAPTER VIII

WE EMBARK AT ALEXANDRIA AND SAIL FOR FORTRESS MONROE, DISEMBARK AT SHIP POINT, SIEGE OF YORKTOWN AND ADVANCE TO WILLIAMSBURG

UPON arriving at Alexandria we marched directly on board the transports, which were awaiting us, but lay at the dock until early the next morning, April 4th, when the steamer cast off her lines, and headed down the broad and beautiful Potomac. This was my second experience on board transports, and I could not help contrasting the difference in the situation, between a commissioned officer, and private soldier, wholly to the advantage of the former.

The general and staff, had of course first choice of quarters, then the various officers in order of their rank. This is a situation where rank is especially useful, but there were accommodations for all, and everybody was satisfied. The sail to Fort Monroe was a delightful experience, especially to those of us who were fond of the sea the weather was perfect, the ship roomy, and the company the best in the world. We sat or walked on the quarterdeck, smoked our pipes, talked over the prospects of the coming campaign, and listened to the music of the band.

April 6th. Arrived towards evening off Fortress Monroe, and came to an anchor amidst an immense fleet of transports loaded down with troops. The following morning, the 7th, we weighed anchor, and with the fleet, steamed to Ship Point, on the northern side of the Peninsula, between the York and James rivers, ran in shore under easy headway until the vessels grounded, then let go the anchors, and prepared to land.

There were no docks, nor any preparations made for landing in the regular way, and I was quite interested as to how the thing could be done; the vessel being at least a hundred yards from shore, and, as our horses were on board, to an ordinary mind it did not seem an easy undertaking, but the steamer's people soon made a sort of floating foot path with boards, supported by empty barrels anchored at intervals,

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which extended from the vessel to where the water was about two feet deep. The men were ordered to disembark over this indifferent pathway, and on reaching the end of the boards, jumped right into two feet of water and waded ashore. When the men were all off, the horses were stripped of their saddles, and bridles, backed to the edge of the deck, and shoved overboard, much to their disgust, but the plan worked famously, and on our boat there were no mishaps of any kind. Alongside of us were a number of vessels loaded with cattle, and they too, were unceremoniously dumped overboard in swarms, causing immense fun, many of the steers making very pointed objections to the operation; once overboard, they swam in a bee line for the shore, and were there collected and corralled.

This place is a low sandy point, covered with scrub pines, and intersected with many creeks, which the men soon discovered to be filled with delicious oysters. There are only two houses in the neighborhood, apparently inaccessible without a boat to cross the creeks. Soon after we landed the brigade was ordered inland about a mile, and there bivouacked for the night.

April 8th. This morning nearly all the brigade was detailed on fatigue duty to build docks, bridges and roads; thousands of men are at work on the docks, as no artillery or stores can be landed until this is done. I rode over the country in the afternoon, finding it barren and deserted; saw two houses which were occupied by women only. Not a man here outside of our own army.

April 9th. Captain Fiske returned to-day from sick leave, and resumed his duties of adjutant general. The general, in relieving me, complimented me gracefully on the performance of my duties, and told me not to forget to call upon him. I returned to the regiment, and resumed the duties of regimental adjutant. Neither Seth nor I much relished the change, but made the best of it.

This day the army was supplied, or at least our division, with shelter tents, the tent d'abri, of the French soldier, which is the greatest boon thus far granted the enlisted men. It is so very important, and necessary to health as well as comfort, that I wonder we have not had them sooner. Up to this time, the only shelter from the elements the men have had was such as pine or cedar branches afforded, and in conse-

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quence of the great amount of rain that has fallen they have all had a hard time of it, many giving way, and going back to the hospitals. Now they will always have their tents with them, ready for immediate use. They are simply small pieces of canvas seven feet by five, made to button together, every man carrying one piece. The operation of spreading them for use is very simple; you take two sticks cut with crotches about three feet long, stick them into the ground, seven feet apart, and upon these lay a light ridge pole, then two men button their pieces together, throw it over the ridge pole, pull it tight and fasten it down to the ground with pegs, little loops being made in the shelter tent for that purpose, and the tent is complete. When this is done, spread a rubber blanket over the ground, carefully turning up the edges against the sides of the tent to keep the water out in case of rain; make up the bed of blankets with knapsacks for pillows, and you may then creep in, and sleep as comfortably and securely, in ordinary weather, as in a full sized tent. When the march is resumed, the piece of tent is folded with the blankets, and all the rest abandoned.

We received orders still further reducing officers' baggage, Regimental, field, and staff are not to have any wagons, but must put up with pack horses; brigade headquarters get one wagon only, which will make General French wink worse than ever. The trains have been and still are much too large, and the order is important, and will add to the efficiency of the army. At present it takes about a third of the army to look out for wagon trains, and they monopolize the roads completely.

Over ten thousand men are at work building corduroy roads, the native roads being utterly impassable for artillery or wagons. They seem to be in many places nothing but quicksand, and the wagons go down almost out of sight; the country is flat and without drainage, so the water stands in small lakes sometimes over a foot deep. These corduroy roads are substantial, but beastly things to ride over, the horses frequently getting their hoofs caught between the poles. Fatigue duty at present is about all the army has to do. The first duty I did with the regiment was to detail the bulk of it to work on the docks at Cheesman's Bay, which are already in such shape that vessels can land troops upon them, and by

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working night and day we hope to have them ready for horses and stores by to-morrow. I rode down to the dock in the evening to see how matters stood, and found the bay covered with almost every variety of vessel and transport under the sun. At least a dozen bands were playing, and our deserted sand beds and quiet waters of a day or two ago transformed into the bustle and confusion of an immense commercial port.

We hear to-day that the rebels have taken position at Yorktown, and are fortifying a line across the peninsula upon the identical ground once occupied by Cornwallis and the British Army in 1781, and our first duty will be the siege of Yorktown; and this is why so much dock building and corduroy road work is being done, as Ship Point is to be the base of supplies during the siege. We also got the glorious news of the battle of Corinth, and capture of Island No. 15, which put us in fine spirits, and made us anxious to deal a blow in this quarter. We are just beginning to hammer the confederacy now with our new weapons, and I think the country will not be disappointed in the result.

April 11th. After much rain, the weather has become fine, and to-day is perfect. All our energies are bent upon road building, while the troops still arriving are mostly sent to the front, to invest historic Yorktown. I have been unwell during the last two days, but got through with a good deal of work; made field returns, and quarterly returns of deceased soldiers; in the evening felt something better.

April 12th. Another delightful morning: Continuous streams of troops still arriving and marching to the front. Stores and guns too, are landing now, and the siege train is getting ready for its terrible work.

Detailed four hundred and fifty men for fatigue duty in the trenches before Yorktown, with Captain La Valley to command them. They greatly enjoyed the change from road building to making forts, all hoping to get a view of the enemy. Enjoyed myself immensely to-day, having entirely recovered my health. In the afternoon, Major Parisen and I rode out to see the country, and on our way stopped at one of the two houses in the neighborhood. We found an old lady and a young one, who were both glad to have some one to talk to. The girl told us her lover was in the rebel army, as was every other young man belonging in that part of the country,

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and she hoped they would soon drive us all away. She seemed to have no doubt of their ability to do this, thinking them much better soldiers than we are. We gathered from what they said, that they have had communication with some of the rebels, their friends, since we landed, which would be an easy matter in this thickly wooded country at night.

April 13th. Sunday morning. Awoke from an unusually refreshing sleep, jumped into the bath tub (another half barrel) and had a glorious wash, then dressed and went outside to enjoy the magnificent spring morning and sniff the balmy breeze. The weather is so fine now, it makes one impatient of this slow siege, but I suppose we can't hurry matters any more than we are doing. In the afternoon, the major and I rode out for an airing again; the gray in splendid condition, full of life and anxious to jump every fence and ditch we came across. He is a magnificent little horse; never tires, and is without a fault. I got a great bargain in him, surely.

Heavy fatigue party under Captain Gott returned, and joined the regiment tonight.

April 14th. Another fine morning. After an hour of orderly room work, I took a long walk with Doctor McKim to the beach, where we were greatly interested in the disembarkation of troops, horses and big guns. We also met several officers, from whom we got a good deal of gossip; amongst other things it is said that if McClellan had pushed forward the troops as soon as they were landed, he might easily have taken Yorktown, and saved the tedious and expensive operations of a regular siege. He is much criticised for his lack of dash and enterprise, and there are many who doubt already his ability as a general commanding.

It seems the enemy have established an irregular line extending from the York to the James river, their left resting on Yorktown, and right on Mulberry Island, in rear of the river Warwick, which takes its rise about three miles from Yorktown and flows thence into the James. This rather small stream has been made a formidable barrier by means of dams, thus raising the water and making it unfordable. Its banks are swampy woods, impassable for guns and wagons, and so constitutes a formidable defensive work. Yorktown is on high rolling ground and capable of making a good defense with the works already built. It is strongly supported

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as well as commanded by heavy forts at Gloucester on the opposite shore of the York river, whose guns, we are told, are powerful enough to prevent all the fleets of the United States from passing up the river. General Magruder, the rebel commander, had less than twenty thousand men when we first landed. As we had at least fifty to seventy-five thousand men the second day of our arrival, it is easy to see we could have entirely overwhelmed them if McClellan had been more enterprising.

The army is posted as follows: Heintzlemen on the right, Sumner in the center, and Keys on the left. General Fitz John Porter is director of the siege, General Barry, chief of artillery, and General Barnard, chief of engineers. Lines of investment have been laid out, and much work done. Heavy mortars, some of them throwing a shell two feet in diameter; siege Parrot guns and big howitzers are being mounted in batteries and will soon be ready to open fire. Our division, is in reserve and occupied almost exclusively in building docks and roads, but the work is very nearly finished, and then we shall take our turn in the works.

April 15th. This afternoon, Major Parisen and I rode over to the mouth of the inlet which is about two hundred yards wide, shallow, and full of oysters; on the other side stood a large white house, and when we rode up there appeared to be several women walking about it. Being in search of adventure, we dismounted, gave our horses to the orderly, and bailed out an old boat we discovered sunk on the beach. Finding it all right, we paddled across and walked up to the house. Three women, two young and one old, received us at the door and gave us a hearty welcome. They were dreadfully nervous, fearing our men would raid their house and murder them. They were almost beside themselves with fear, telling us they had heard such dreadful tales of the Yankee soldiers, and that they went to bed every night, expecting to have their throats cut and house burned down before morning. We quieted their fears, in exhibiting ourselves as specimens of the terrible Yankee, and soon talked them into a better state of mind. We staid over an hour; the girls were very sociable; then promising to come again, rowed back in our muddy scow, taking with us a live duck and pail of milk, for which we duly paid, in Uncle Sam's currency.

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The major carried the duck and I the milk; both of us became disgusted with our burdens; the duck quacked and flapped its wings, scaring the horses out of their wits; the major's horse got away from the orderly and ran into the woods, and it took more than half an hour to recapture him; the milk would not stay in the pail, and by the time we got home, there was little of it left, but we had lots of fun and intend repeating our visit. In the evening, the major called on General French, and explained to him the exposed situation of the women, resulting in the general's permission to establish a guard there for their protection.

April 15th. Weather dull and looked like rain in the morning, but towards noon the clouds disappeared and the sun shone beautifully. Regiment still building roads and docks. At twelve o'clock, received orders to recall all fatigue parties and be prepared to march at a moment's notice. As the guard placed yesterday at the house across the creek where the ladies lived had to be withdrawn, the major and I thought we might as well do it ourselves, and so took a gallop to the creek and rowed ourselves over again. The women were dreadfully sorry to lose the guard and entertained us very pleasantly, urging us to call again, if we ever came back, which we promised to do. The rowing, or rather paddling, of that old boat gave me a lot of pleasure. I was almost brought up on a boat and love the water dearly. At two P. M. we received orders to strike tents and move to the front. We marched about five miles, coming in sight of the Yorktown works, then turned into a field to the right, stacked arms, and awaited further orders. Just before dark, we were directed to pitch tents and form a regular camp. The regimental headquarters tent was soon up, and by eight o'clock we sat down around a pleasant camp fire and ate our supper of roast duck, the spoils of our creek adventure. The evening closed with much hilarity.

April 16th. Had a fine night's sleep, due to the luxury of a soft bed Seth made for me, out of pine needles stripped from the branches; glorious morning; in fact, the weather is enchanting, although yet early spring. After breakfast, sat in the open air in my shirt sleeves at the desk, making various reports and official documents. At two P. M. the regiment was inspected in full marching order and subsequently en-

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gaged in battalion drill. Before the drill was over an aide rode up and directed the colonel to strike tents and be ready to march at a moment's notice; within half an hour we were en route, with the rest of the brigade directly towards the front. We were greatly astonished to find the ground we marched over deserted, the immense number of troops that were in front of us having disappeared. We marched into the batteries and earthworks, stacked arms, and pitched tents just in rear of the works. A few shells came over from the rebel guns, but did not hurt us; one, however, burst so close that my horse reared and plunged and started to run away, directly toward the enemy's lines. Luckily, I soon had him under control. We all turned in at eight o'clock, expecting lively times at daylight.

April 17th. Awakened early by heavy cannonading in the front. All hands turned out and stood under arms, but contrary to expectations, were not ordered to attack. The rebel shells flew thick and fast over our heads, landing amongst the troops in rear, who were busy with their breakfast. About eight o'clock the firing ceased, the sun came out, and the day grew very warm; at ten o'clock the colonel ordered a battalion drill within full view of the rebels, and at four P. M. an inspection, followed by a splendid dress parade under the very noses of the enemy. Before moving up to the works, the only way to obtain water was by digging holes four or five feet deep in the sandy soil. Of course, the water was simply surface drainage, and many of the men were badly affected by it, more than fifty being sent to the hospital. Here we found some good natural springs of pure cold water, which is a great luxury indeed. Camp full of rumors of an impending assault, but nothing definite.

April 18th. At twelve o'clock last night we were suddenly routed out by a heavy cannonading and musketry, apparently in our front. As we always sleep here fully accoutred, we had nothing to do but grasp our arms and rush for the color line. Stood in line about an hour, watching the beautiful effect of the shell fire in the dark night, and then dismissed the regiment, but got little sleep, as the firing continued, apparently, without any object. We learned subsequently that the pickets had been engaged in our front, and that quite a little engagement had taken place on the left, where the officer

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commanding has made a reconnoisance. During the afternoon a string of ambulances came in, bringing about one hundred wounded men and passed to the rear. In the evening we gathered some particulars of the last two or three days' operations about the movement of the troops. The reconnoisance was made by General Smith, commanding a division of Key's corps, at a place known as dam No. 1, on the Warwick river, between Lees and Wigans mills. The dam, defended by a rebel battery of two guns and a line of rifle pits, was attacked by Brook's Vermont brigade, under cover of the fire of a battery of artillery. After the battery had shelled the works, the brigade made a rush for the dam, driving back the rebel pickets, and captured and occupied their rifle pits. Smith found but few troops to oppose him, and in one of the small redouts nothing but wooden guns. Later on, several companies of the Third Vermont crossed the river below the dam and carried the works there with ease, driving the enemy pell mell before them. Expecting to be reenforced, they held on to this position till the enemy moved down upon them in force, obliging them to retire across the river under a heavy and destructive fire, losing nearly one hundred men in the retreat. The heavy cannonading we heard yesterday in that quarter was Smith's guns. There are a host of unpleasant rumors afloat which we have no means of verifying, and, therefore, I shall not mention them, but the affair was undoubtedly badly managed. The greatest need of our army seems to be general officers that know something, to lead it, but, of course, we can't believe all we hear. After tattoo, received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to move forward into the advanced trenches to-morrow.

April 19th. Delightful breeze this morning which, on account of the extreme heat for this season, is most enjoyable. There is a good deal of firing in front where the men are at work, but that is now the regular routine. Had a slim breakfast; supplies giving out, no more soft bread; hard tack, salt pork, coffee, and canned fruit make up our daily bill of fare, which tells upon our physiognomy. Most of us are growing lean.

Hear many rumors again to-day. In our front the batteries are making rapid progress and expect to open in less than two weeks; from the rear the news is not so satisfactory:

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it seems the hospital service at Ship Point is sadly inadequate to the needs of the army, at least that is the report. There are only two surgeons to care for four hundred men, no beds or covering, and a great want of proper remedies and appliances. In the meantime, the men are lying on the floor and dying in great numbers. It seems most of the trouble is caused by red tape, the supplies being on hand, but the officer who controls them not to be found. This sounds much like the affairs of the British before Sebastopol, but I am satisfied this state of affairs will be quickly changed, as soon as it is known how matters stand. Sergeant Morse, of the Fifty-seventh, died there this morning. One of the principal causes of our limited larder is absence of the sutler, who has not shown up since we left Alexandria. We are absolutely without money, not having been paid since the 25th of January, and in consequence are obliged to live upon plain soldiers' fare, bought from the commissary on tick. We hear, as we have many times before, that the paymaster will soon arrive, but hope deferred has made our hearts very sick.

April 20th, Sunday morning. It is just one year ago today since I marched down Broadway as one of the Seventy-first regiment, enlisted for three months to put down the rebellion, and here it is stronger and more defiant than ever. How rapidly the year has passed, and how little we have done. So far as producing any results this army has done nothing to speak of, but is ready and powerful enough to deal some stunning blows and will if its commander has the pluck to use it. Many of my notions have been rudely shattered. The old army officer who loomed up so mighty as a man of war, has lost much of his prestige; red tapeism, slowness, desire for a comfortable berth, and above and beyond all, jealousy in such monstrous form, that like vice, to be hated, is but to be seen. During the morning it rained hard; nevertheless, we had the regular inspection and at five o'clock a dress parade, Captain McKay in command. Received some interesting letters from home.

April 21st and 22d. It rained nearly all the past two days, so we have been unable to do anything outside of office work. No new developments, but the work of mounting guns and advancing parallels goes on, rain or shine. Towards evening, the weather cleared, and the brigade paraded for inspection.

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April 23d. I was at brigade headquarters this morning and had a friendly talk with the general. He thinks the siege will be long and troublesome and is not very happy over the notion of spending half the summer here. In the afternoon, received a series of maps showing the enemy's position, and our line of investment, with instructions to make ourselves familiar with the situation. They are very nicely done, from surveys and drawings made by the engineer corps. After dress parade, joined a large party of mounted officers for a view of the town and had a fine gallop, but did not see much.

April 24th. A very sudden snap of cold weather came upon us last night, the thermometer going down to 34. It was so cold and uncomfortable in my tent that I got up and took a run in the open air to get up my circulation. Battalion drill in the forenoon, then office work until quite late. Nothing unusual from the front, the earthworks are steadily growing larger and parallels advancing nearer and nearer to their goal. The men have acquired great dexterity in the use of the shovel and pick-axe and can do twice as much now as they could at first, in a given time.

April 30th. On the 25th it rained and was very cold and disagreeable; received authoritative information of the speedy arrival of the paymaster, so distributed blank muster rolls to company commanders, with orders to have them filled out promptly. At noon time the whole regiment was detailed for fatigue duty in the trenches, field and staff remaining in camp. The regiment returned to camp this morning, and was immediately mustered for pay. Captain McKay, who was in command, reported very favorably on the conduct of the men who worked well and paid little attention to the shells the enemy fired at them. They looked very muddy and tired and were glad to get back again. Major Potter, the paymaster, arrived last night and put up with us. He is a good looking man who enjoys being in the field immensely and joined in the sport last evening with enthusiasm. He brought along a patent camp cot, which took about an hour to set up and afforded us a lot of fun. We initiated the major in the matter of army drinks (field drinks) and found him a man of excellent taste. He paid the regiment off very quickly during the day.

May 1st. Weather still bad, preventing any but necessary

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outdoor operations. Received the glorious news of the capture of New Orleans. The men cheered prodigiously, which could easily be heard in the rebel lines and must have been depressing for their side.

May 2d. Last night at eleven P. M., after we were all sound asleep, an orderly came from brigade headquarters with written orders, directing the regiment to be in marching order by twelve o'clock, formed on the color line. I jumped out of bed, ran to the company commanders, hustled them out, and had the regiment formed at the appointed hour. We saw the other troops of the division parading on their color line, and expected something serious was about to occur, but it did not. We stood in line till about seven o'clock and were then dismissed and ordered to pitch tents again, and get breakfast. Upon investigation, we learned the whole movement was a fancy of General Sumner, who desired to see how quickly he could get his command ready for action. He found out, and we lost a night's sleep.

May 3d. Weather fine and warm again. The colonel and I rode over to Sumner's headquarters and had a chat with Captain Taylor, the assistant adjutant-general. He is a very pleasant fellow, a swell, a nephew of ex-President Taylor. He told us he thought the bombardment would open the day after to-morrow all along the line, and that the water battery which opened on the first had done much injury to the docks and town and was a great success. He told us also of the landing below Gloucester, on the opposite side of the river, of Franklin's division. It seems they have been on board transports since the 20th of April and only landed yesterday. The delay, he says, was due to lack of facilities for landing, the engineer corps having more than they can possibly attend to, but there must be some mistake about this, as we landed without engineers, and amongst these regiments there are scores of men familiar with every phase of engineering, and wood choppers, boatmen, and carpenters can be had by simply asking for them in any number. A little less style and more business would be very useful just now to the country. The landing of this division ought to insure the capture of the works on that shore and help our gunboats and vessels immensely. Enjoyed the visit and also the ride home. In the evening sat outside out tents watching the flashes from the

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enemy's guns, which were unusually active. To bed late, but not to sleep much, on account of the heavy firing.

May 4th, Sunday morning. I was just about taking my bath when an aide rode up and ordered us to fall in immediately in full marching order, tents and all, as Yorktown had been evacuated. I ran out, ordered the regiment to fall in, and announced the welcome news. The enemy evacuated the town last night, under cover of the heavy cannonading which kept us awake. They had no doubt learned that our batteries were about to open the bombardment and concluded to take time by the forelock and clear out. By nine o'clock we were in motion, marching over our works and up to the glacis in front of Yorktown. Here we stacked arms and awaited orders, close to the deep ditch of a great work. From this position we could see the country for miles and got a good idea of the place. It is naturally a strong position, and if it could not be turned, which I think rather an easy matter, would be very difficult to take. While we were waiting it began to rain again, and in almost no time the roads, fields, and slopes were knee deep in mud. Towards noon, we heard the distant firing of musketry between Stoneman's advance and the rebel rear guard. Smith's division of infantry is with Stoneman, in close pursuit, and it is hoped may capture some of the retreating force. About one o'clock we were ordered to fall in, and advance as rapidly as possible to the support of Smith and Stoneman. Our brigade stepped out in splendid style, notwithstanding the wretched weather and slippery roads. We passed through the town, out on the Williamsburg road, marching without interruption till long after dark, losing many of our men by the wayside. The colonel rode in front and I in rear, to keep the regiment closed up, but when it became dark it was impossible to see anything. Still we plodded along by this time up to our knees in mud. About midnight every man had disappeared around me, and to my surprise there was no longer a regiment in front. Much astonished I rode ahead, thinking I had fallen behind, and presently came up with Captain Gott and about twenty-five men, halted by the road side. He reported the regiment lost, but knowing I was in the rear, had concluded to wait until I came along. Telling him to follow, I rode ahead, and soon fell in with another party, which proved to be the colonel

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and a few men of the leading companies, waiting for the rest of the regiment to come up. The colonel was greatly astonished when he found the men had disappeared and concluded to turn into the field to the right and bivouac for the night, posting a guard to collect the stragglers as they came along. It is impossible to give an idea of the terrible state of the roads. Smith's wagons were passing over it, many of which were broken down or stuck fast in holes, blocking the way, and causing infinite trouble. The roads being clay, were so sticky that a man could hardly draw his feet out when once they were in. The result was complete exhaustion, causing the men to drop out one by one along the roadside, utterly disheartened, and so we lost the greater part of our men. Those of the regiment who were with us, and those who subsequently came up, struggled manfully to get up their shelter tents, which was no easy matter. Several succeeded, however, as they always do, and before long had crawled in and were soon asleep. I sat on my horse a long time watching the men at work, wondering what I had better do. The headquarters baggage was not up, and consequently we had no shelter of any kind. The ground was knee deep in mud, and I hesitated to dismount, although so sleepy I could hardly keep awake. To add to the difficulty, Seth was lost, and there was no one to take my horse or make a shelter. I finally concluded to dismount anyway and hitched my horse to a tree, along the roadside; while I was making him fast Seth came up, and to my great delight took charge. In the meantime I stood in the mud, not knowing what to do when McKay called out "There's the adjutant stuck in the mud." He called me to him and pointing out his little shelter tent, invited me to share it with him. He had made a comfortable bed of rails under which the water ran away, and we were both as snug and secure from the rain as though we had been in a regular tent; what a godsend it was, and how grateful I felt to the captain. After a heavy nightcap from my canteen, we were soon asleep.

May 5th. The drums beat reveille at daybreak, when about four hundred men fell in, the bulk of them having straggled in during the night. They were in a sorry plight, wet through and covered with mud from head to foot. As soon as the roll was called, the men were ordered to prepare

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breakfast, and immediately afterwards marched forward with the rest of the brigade. I was ordered to remain behind, collect the stragglers as they came along, and when all were up, march them forward to join the colonel in decent order. So when everybody had gone, I posted a man in the road to intercept the men as they came along, and then rode over to a farm house to get something to eat for my horse, as he had not been fed since the previous morning. By ten o'clock, nearly two hundred men having reported, pretty much all that were missing, we marched out in good order and joined the colonel about two o'clock. The regiments of our brigade were in bivouac, resting from their heavy march, enjoying the sunshine which was fast drying up the fields and roads. They gave us a hearty welcome as we came on the ground, and the colonel seemed glad to get the regiment together again. Lieutenant Broome, acting quartermaster in place of McKibbin, sick in hospital, soon afterwards came up in charge of the wagons with full supplies, and so we were all in good humor again. Stoneman with his cavalry caught up with Stuart's cavalry at the half-way house yesterday and skirmished with them as far as the rebel line of earthworks at Williamsburg, where quite a little fight took place, our men finally withdrawing to await the arrival of the infantry. Hooker and Smith, each in command of his respective division, hurried to the support of the cavalry; Hooker by the route we followed, Smith by a road from Dam No. 1, running by Lee's mills, which brought him up on our left. Kearny, Couch and Casey followed, we coming last. General Sumner, who is second in command, was sent to the front to assume command, by direction of General McClellan, who remained in Yorktown, we are told, for the purpose of shipping Franklin's division and Porter's corps up the York river to West Point to intercept the enemy's retreat. As soon as Hooker came upon the field he opened the engagement with his own division, without orders from Sumner and without any knowledge of Smith's whereabouts and succeeded at first in driving the enemy back and capturing some earthworks, but shortly afterwards, when the rebels brought up reinforcements, he was driven back in considerable disorder, losing two of his batteries. About noon of the 5th, he was badly beaten, but luckily for him, Kearny came up just in time,

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recovering the abandoned batteries and all the ground lost by Hooker during the morning, when darkness put an end to the fighting. In the meantime, Sumner arranged for a general combined attack. There were several unoccupied redoubts that the enemy had built here, and Hancock was sent with his own and another brigade and a battery to occupy them. Hancock took possession, garrisoned the redoubts, and throwing out a line of skirmishers found and took possession of several other works in front of him. The rebels were so fully occupied with the attack made by Hooker that they had entirely neglected their left, and when they found the redoubts in our hands were greatly astonished. A strong infantry force came up to drive Hancock out, forming just at the edge of the woods. Hancock's command opened upon them when within range and supported by the fire of the redoubts soon threw them into disorder, finally charging them in splendid style, and capturing about four hundred. Amongst the wounded was General Early and several other officers. About four hundred men were killed outright. At night the situation was about the same as at the opening, Hancock holding what he had occupied without resistance, at first, and Kearny occupying the ground Hooker had been driven from early in the day; on the whole it was a failure on our part to make any decided impression, as we ought to have done. About five o'clock in the evening McClellan came on the ground and was loudly cheered. He was disappointed with the management of affairs and came up to arrange for a combined movement the next morning, but during the night the enemy abandoned Williamsburg and got away. We were immediately ordered back to Yorktown to take transports for West Point. It is reported that our loss is over two thousand men killed, wounded, and missing, and five guns, a mighty poor showing for the first attempt of this army. Thus ended the siege of Yorktown without our division firing a shot; every one is criticising every one else, of course. Heintzleman and Sumner are at loggerheads, and all the general officers are united only in disparaging each other. They are so dreadfully jealous that a combined and earnest attack seems almost impossible. The truth is that none of them has had any experience with large bodies of men and must learn by actual experience, as well as the private

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soldier; until they have done this, we are not likely to have any great success.

May 6th. Glorious morning, roads hard again, and every vestige of Virginia mud has disappeared. Reveille at daylight, and after breakfast tents were struck, and the march back to Yorktown commenced. The country between Williamsburg and Yorktown is picturesque and interesting. There are many quaint and curious old colonial houses, dating back to revolutionary times, mostly deserted, and all in a dilapitated condition. In fact, wherever we have been so far, the general appearance of things is in sad contrast to those at home. Virginia, or what we have seen of it, seems to be a hundred years behind the age, poor, badly cultivated, and thinly populated. Arrived at Yorktown at four P. M. and bivouacked in close column of division near to the shore. As soon as the tents were pitched and guards established, leave was given to all off duty to go in swimming. Of course, every one went and enjoyed themselves immensely, it being the first swim the men have had since their enlistment. The shore is formed of beautiful white sand and shelves out so gradually that one can walk out for three or four hundred yards without getting into deep water. It was a lively scene, as we saw it from the high bank, nearly ten thousand men, splashing and swimming in the sea at one time. After dinner, when the men were all in camp, we made up a party of officers and enjoyed a swim ourselves.

May 7th. There being no transportation for our command at present, we are quietly taking our ease, awaiting the quartermaster's pleasure. Captains McKay and Curtiss, Doctor Dean and I rode out this morning to take a look at Yorktown and its fortifications. We found the town full of officers and soldiers, and wretchedly filthy. The works are well built and armed. We counted a lot of the cannon left behind by the rebels, amounting to about fifty; amongst them were a lot of old pieces, 32 and 42-inch ship carronades, dating back about one hundred years, but there were several modern eight-inch Columbiads, and four nine-inch Dahlgrens, which were too heavy, I suppose, to carry away. On the glacis our troops found a lot of loaded shells buried in the ground, with percussion fuses so arranged that a man stepping on one of them caused it to explode. These villainous con-

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trivances were thickly planted all over the glacis, quite out of sight, and would have caused great loss and confusion if we had ever charged over them. The shells are mostly eight-inch ones and were expected to have done a lot of damage. We congratulated ourselves on the good taste the enemy showed in surrendering without a fight; artillery men were at work digging them up while we were looking on. In the streets were any quantity of pigs, narrow-visaged, black, vicious looking fellows, browsing about the gutters, and a few ugly, dirty, common women, who lived in shanties forming the dirty, straggling streets. It is, and must always have been, a poor spot, and yet beautifully situated with every facility for a large commerce. It is now to be transformed into a military depot and has already daily steam communication with Fortress Monroe. The wide river is full of vessels and gunboats, and thousands of men are at work building docks. Every hour in the day troops are embarking and being forwarded to West Point, which makes the docks a lively place. We were told to-day that the enemy's rear guard evacuated Yorktown at 2:30 A. M. on the fourth, the bulk of their army having been withdrawn during the night of the third. Thus the rebels had made up their minds long before to evacuate the town when things became serious, and had been for over two weeks busily engaged sending away everything of value.

Franklin's division sailed from here only yesterday, so the chance of its cutting off Magruder's retreat to Richmond is rather slim.

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Brigadier-General Richardson.

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CHAPTER IX

CAMP AT YORKTOWN, AND EMBARKATION FOR THE PAMUNKY; ADVANCE TO THE CHICKAHOMINY, AND BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS

May 9, 1862.

THE weather still continues remarkably fine, and the roads and fields are filled with dust, reminding one of summer. The colonel is taking advantage of it by drilling the regiment incessantly in battalion manoeuvers, and now that all the officers are so well taught, the most complicated formations are executed without the slightest hitch.

The forwarding of troops to West Point goes along very slowly for want of boats, which shows McClellan did not anticipate an evacuation or speedy capture, as in either event we should be sure to need transports. There is no news from the front, and nothing doing in camp outside of routine duties. Made up the official record and various returns and received and distributed quite a mail; of late the mails have been most irregular, frequently going astray, sometimes getting entirely lost.

May 10th. Heard this morning of the arrival of our advance at West Point. The troops had a small fight with a few rebels, but nothing to speak of; detailed companies F and G for a two days' tour of building wharves; shortly after they left camp we were ordered to strike tents, and move forward to the ground vacated last evening by the Irish brigade. When we got there, we were obliged to detail half the regiment to police the ground before we could occupy it, the Irishmen having left it in such a villainous condition. The present site is close to the town, almost overlooking the docks; in the evening the colonel invited me to go in swimming with him. We drove down to the beach in a two-wheeled ambulance. Upon reaching a spot the colonel thought suitable, I got out and undressed, the colonel remaining inside to try the English plan, driving out far enough into the water, so that he could jump out, and swim without

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wading. When he got undressed and walked to the rear to plunge in, the old affair suddenly tilted up, and away went colonel and clothes, pell mell into the water! When he came to the surface and saw me laughing and the driver hiding his face, he swore like the army in Flanders, and pitched into the driver right and left; pretty soon, however, he began to laugh, too, but declared he would never bathe in a two-wheeled ambulance again. I sent the man back to camp to get him some dry clothes, so he was not very much put out after all.

May 11th. High wind all day long, driving clouds of sand before it, making it impossible to move outside with comfort. It being Sunday morning, we held the usual inspection, notwithstanding the bad weather. While the inspection was going on we received orders to prepare three days' cooked rations, and be ready to embark early in the morning; the remainder of the day was occupied in preparing the rations and packing up.

May 13th. By seven o'clock yesterday morning, the regiment was on board the steamer Louisa, and heading up the York river. The colonel had no orders, excepting those to go on board, and only found out his destination from the captain of the boat, who said he was to go to West Point. We were the last regiment to leave, and are glad to get away. Arriving at West Point towards evening, we steamed about four miles up the Pamunkey, a very narrow but deep stream, when the boat stopped and anchored about dark; in the morning the colonel sent me ashore to find out where we were expected to land. Broom volunteered to go along, and so together getting into a boat, we were rowed ashore, and soon ascertained that our division was in camp about two miles further up the river, so we returned to the ship. The captain weighed anchor and steamed slowly ahead, until opposite a wharf, where we disembarked, and marched to the ground reserved for us. The whole division lay here encamped in an enormous corn field, surrounded on three sides by dense pine woods; a delightful situation, but without water, in consequence of which the men had to dig holes and collect the surface water, which was very warm and poor. In the evening held a reception at our headquarters, and had a jolly time, congratulating each other on being within so

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short a distance of the rebel capital, and once more united; the flowing bowl passed merrily, every one in the best of spirits.

May 14th. Weather magnificent. Providence, this time, is surely on our side, and why we do not take advantage of the splendid roads and close quickly on the rebel army, I cannot understand, nor do I find any one who can; the enemy could not have a more accommodating foe than we, since we give them all the time they want for preparation, and advertise everything we do. The great campaigns of history were not conducted on this plan, and one cannot help thinking our general a little slow; luckily, the rebs are about as slow, or something very disagreeable might happen. This part of the country is better cultivated, and more interesting than any we have seen before; there are more large houses, and the soil seems better, but nowhere yet have I seen a grass field. Most of the houses are occupied by women, and in such cases they are quite safe, but where they are abandoned, the soldier makes himself free with whatever suits his fancy. The colonel inspected the regiment during the morning, and in his opinion, it never looked so well before. It turned out just six hundred muskets, every man fully equipped, well armed, and clothed; the men's boots and brasses shone like burnished steel, and every one felt and looked his very best. General French was enthusiastic in his praise, and said no regiment of the old army ever made a better appearance. We ought to be as good as any, of course, having worked, and drilled, and studied, every day for almost a year, and have with us more than a hundred men, who served many years in the old army before enlisting in the Fifty-seventh; moreover, the colonel is a thorough soldier, maintaining the strictest discipline, and is absolutely perfect in drill and tactics.

May 15th. At eleven o'clock last night, after all had turned in, and most of us were asleep, an orderly routed me out with written orders to have breakfast, and be ready to march at four o'clock in the morning. I ordered reveille at 2 A. M., and at that hour the regiment turned out and prepared breakfast; we had plenty of time, and so took it leisurely, forming on the color line, in full marching order, just at four o'clock. The brigade did not move until five o'clock, but after once started, did some fine work, never halting

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till twelve noon, and then only for an hour. We fell in again, continuing the march till four P. M., then filed off into a dense pine woods, and bivouacked for the night. The first part of the day's march was capital, the weather fine, and the road hard and dry, but about two o'clock in the afternoon, it commenced raining, and at the time we went into bivouac, it poured down in torrents. It is a singular coincidence that when active operations begin, it invariably rains; on the advance to Manassas; the day after landing at Yorktown, and on the day we commenced the pursuit of the rebels to Williamsburg; not to mention the memorable retreat after the battle of Bull Run. If there were any kind of roads in this country, it would not matter so much, but they are all clay, and the center of the road is universally the lowest part of it, in consequence, an hour's rain makes them impassable for artillery or wagons, and laborious and difficult for infantry. We are a mile from Cumberland Landing, on the Pamunkey, and within two miles of the enemy, who are concentrated and awaiting our approach. After a supper of hard tack and coffee, the men turned in, pretty well exhausted by the march and bad roads; headquarters followed suit, and by nine o'clock all were asleep.

May 16th. This morning was simply perfect; early the air was resonant with the music of birds, and later on with the music of numerous bands. What would an army be without music? Music puts us in good humor, braces our nerves, and makes us cheerful and contented, whatever our surroundings may chance to be. It would be a dreary service indeed without music, and I don't believe the men could be kept together without it. The country we marched over yesterday was covered everywhere with pines, few cultivated fields or houses, apparently a desert waste. Our quarters are just under cover of some large pines, with open ground in front; on every side, as far as the eye can reach, are vast camps of men, horses, guns, and wagons; orderlies and aides ride everywhere; batteries are moving into position, flags flutter in the breeze, and picturesque groups of men and horses are indefinitely multiplied; in fact, on all sides we see the glorious pomp and circumstance of war, and in dead earnest too, for are we not separated from the foe by only two small miles? Who would not be a soldier in time of war?

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Why we should remain inactive all day long so near the enemy I can't find out, unless it is to give him a chance to intrench; it is very clear we are not going to surprise anybody. In the meantime, we have been occupying ourselves in the study of natural history, particularly with the pine tick, an insect abounding in these parts; it has a spiral proboscis by which it screws itself fast to the fleshy part of one's body, without attracting attention or causing any pain, and then quietly proceeds to gorge itself with blood, until it swells to the size of a large coffee berry, and looks almost exactly like one in color and shape. It is at this stage that you begin to feel an itching, and looking for the cause, find half a dozen or more of these ugly black-looking berries sticking on your legs; naturally, you yank them off without hesitancy, but are astonished to find the itching increases, and the inflammation and swelling continues spreading. Upon a close inspection, one finds that on pulling the creature off, his proboscis was left behind, imbedded deeply in the flesh, and this is the cause, or seems to be, of all the trouble. The remedy is to boldly cut out the offending head; there is, however, a scientific method of removing them, when first discovered, and that is, simply to unscrew them; seizing them carefully between the thumb and forefinger, you gently turn to the left, and are surprised to find they come out easily, and completely, exactly like a screw.

May 18th. About noon we struck tents and marched four miles, towards the Chickahominy, this time bivouacking in the open field; the woods were too hot and close, and the pine ticks have ceased to be interesting; plenty of good springs about here with just a taste of civilization.

May 19th. The division moved this morning to St. James Church; when the column was formed, the colonel ordered me back to the White House, to tell Broom to fetch up the regimental wagons. I rather liked the idea of riding back, although the road was lonesome and a little risky for a man alone; about half way, I met the colonel's brother traveling in search of the regiment, half scared to death through fear of being captured. He was delighted to see me, and so we dismounted, and over a beverage he detailed all the news and gossip from the rear; amongst other things, he says that our forces in the valley are being roughly han-

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dled, and that at Washington there is quite a scare. Jackson has been detached from Lee's army, and is making things lively there. What a shame it is McClellan does not pitch into them here promptly, and take advantage of Jackson's absence. After a comfortable chat we parted company, and I rode along, meeting no one, until close to the White House, where I passed an immense drove of cattle, and apparently an endless string of wagons; by good luck, I ran across Quartermaster Demarest, of the Sixty-sixth, in charge of the brigade train, and asked him to send our wagons up to the regiment, which he promised to do. After taking a look at the immense piles of stores, and prodigious number of wagons, I rode back, overtaking Doctor McDermot, of the Sixty-sixth, on his way to join the regiment, which belongs to our brigade, and so we rode together. He is a rollicking, jovial, drinking, Charles O'Malley style of surgeon, and made the journey back most agreeable. We lost our way once, and had a narrow escape from running into the enemy's mounted pickets, whom we saw uncomfortably close, but arrived in camp safely, about four o'clock.

The regiment is encamped around St. James Church, situated about a mile north of the Chickahominy. It is a very ancient and interesting little church, built of brick brought from England, in shape a parallelogram, having a small belfry at one end and a heavy porch and entrance at the other. There are many simple tablets on the walls, commemorating the virtues of some of the early settlers in these parts, and under the floor and in the church yard, many vaults and tombstones. Upon one of these I read the date 1725, which is quite old for this country. Some of the natives here claim Washington was married in this church, and frequently attended worship in it; I do not know whether this is true or not; now the poor old church is doing duty as a stable for cavalry horses, the pews having been taken out and piled up on the ground. Of course, they are gradually disappearing and will soon be all burned up.

May 20th. The entire corps is encamped upon nine separate hills, facing the Chickahominy. All about us are, or rather were (for they are fast disappearing), waving fields of corn and wheat, evidences of better cultivation than we have seen before. The corn makes fine feed for our horses,

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and is about the only useful thing we have found in this state so far. Regimental headquarters are pleasantly situated in a piece of woods just in front of the regiment. We swing our hammocks between the trees, and sleep in them to keep clear of snakes, which abound near this swampy river. We are closed up now very near to the enemy, and expect a battle at any moment; get little news, and know almost nothing of the situation.

May 21st. The regiment drilled to-day for the first time since we left Yorktown; the colonel put us through many movements, completely tiring the men out. Towards evening while enjoying our *otium cum dig,* after the fatigue of the drill, and laying out plans for the evening sport, orders came to strike tents and march at once. By five o'clock we were en route, and to our surprise and disgust, marched till twelve o'clock, over circuitous, poor wood roads, mostly running through dark pine woods. At midnight we debouched into an opening, at the junction of two railroads and bivouacked for the rest of the night. Just as we were preparing our bivouac, an order came for the regiment to go out on picket duty, in front of the division, so we fell in again, and marched out about a mile in front, and established a line of pickets just inside the cavalry videttes; reserves were posted at convenient distances, and then selecting an immense tree, on the side of a hill, near a house, for headquarters, we posted a sentry, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and went to sleep. At daylight our people built a fire, and the cook served a good breakfast. The colonel and I rode out immediately afterwards, inspected the whole line, and made a sketch of the country, dotting down the picket line upon it. At the foot of the tree, our headquarters, there is the finest spring I ever saw; the water is as clear as crystal, and cold as ice, so cold in fact, one cannot wash in it; it bubbles out in great volumes; rushing down the hill, emptying into a fine brook, in which I counted six trout. When the colonel and I came in from the inspection of the lines, he proposed we go down to the spring and take a bath, I got undressed first, and jumped in and was almost frozen, so the colonel concluded not to try it, contenting himself with a good sponging. In the course of the day the colonel, McKim and I called at the house and looked over it, and also the gar-

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den, which is a very fine one. All the white people were gone, leaving the place in charge of negroes; they told us the cavalrymen had been there and carried off almost everything of value, but we thought the house had been very little disturbed. It belongs to a doctor, and is luxuriously furnished throughout. There is an excellent library, containing many standard works, and lots of Latin and Greek books. The beds in some of the rooms were covered with silk and satin covers, and hung with silk curtains. Many of the cabinets had been broken open, but perhaps the niggers had been at them themselves. In the garden, were beds of asparagus, onions, lettuce and peas; plenty of currant and gooseberry bushes, and delightful beds of flowers. We stationed a guard at the house, to keep the men away. One of the colored women gave us some fresh milk, and on our return home, the doctor made it into a punch. At two P. M. a terrific thunder shower came up, soaking us to the skin before we could find shelter. It lightened terrifically, making it mighty dangerous to be near the lines of stacked muskets. It soon cleared off, however, and was very hot afterwards. Just before turning in for a little sleep, we received orders to be ready to march at eight o'clock in the morning. There is a mile stone at the railroad junction, which says fourteen miles to Richmond, so we cannot make many more marches without coming in front of the forts.

May 23rd. At seven o'clock I rode out and withdrew the picket line under Jones, and when the brigade came along, we fell in to form the advance. It is by all odds the best position in a large army; one has first chance at everything, and there is a great fascination in leading an advancing army through an unknown, hostile country, especially when the armies are close together; although so near to Richmond at the start, we managed to make a long and tiresome march, roads dusty, and the day hot; about noon filed off the road into a field to the left, and went into bivouac. The pioneers put my office tent up and I went to work making out sundry reports. We are close to the Chickahominy now, and the rebels are within four miles of us, entrenched on the other side. On the 20th, Casey's division, of the fourth army corps, crossed the river at Bottom bridge, and to-day the remainder of the corps is crossing. Franklin's corps is on our right, with Porter's in reserve; our second corps has the centre, and

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Keys the left; Stoneman and the cavalry are on the extreme right, about New Bridge; all facing the left bank of the river. We commenced bridging the river as soon as we got our tents up, and I suppose as soon as it is done, we shall cross over and attack. In the afternoon I packed up a large box of records, regimental books, and also the two silk guidons, and turned it over to the quartermaster to send to Washington for safe keeping; this diary goes with it, for no man can guess what the next few days may bring forth. Other preparations all indicate the near approach of the deadly struggle for supremacy. Three days' rations are ordered to be prepared, and constantly maintained; sixty rounds of ammunition were served to each man at parade to-night, and all unnecessary camp equipage turned in to be sent away. One can easily see that something of great importance is near at hand by the quiet demeanor of the troops; they are evidently doing a good deal of thinking.

May 24th. Rained hard most of the day, putting a stop to all military work. In the afternoon Captain McKay and I made an inventory of the effects of poor McKibben, our late jovial quartermaster, who died of a fever contracted at Ship Point, on the 17th ult. We all regret him very much, for his amiable disposition, and excellent abilities. Broom will now be commissioned in his place; he has been acting as such since McKibben was taken sick. Wrote home (as did almost every man in camp I think), and told them how close we are to the enemy, and what they may expect very soon. Camp dull and cheerless to-night, all anxious for the rain to stop, so that we may continue the forward movement.

Sunday, 25th. Fine clear day; regiment inspected at nine A. M., made a good appearance; in the evening at dress parade, I read a lot of orders, the accumulation of a week. After the parade, we reorganized the regiment into its original ten companies; since landing at Ship Point, it has been consolidated into eight companies, as a matter of convenience for fatigue duty. Weather turned cold last night.

May 26th. Rained all day long, again making operations difficult and disagreeable. A meeting of the officers of the regiment was held, the colonel presiding, during the afternoon, when the following resolution was prepared, and read by Lieutenant C. B. Curtiss:

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"Whereas, it has seemed good to the All Wise Dispenser of human events to remove from our midst our late brother in arms, and friend, Lieutenant James McKibbin, quartermaster of the regiment, and acting quartermaster of the brigade. Resolved, That we deeply deplore the sad event that has withdrawn from the stormy scenes in which his usefulness was conspicuous, one, who by his assiduous attention to his military duties, and whose engaging social virtues cause us to mourn him equally as a faithful soldier and an honored friend. Resolved, That fully assured it requires a more elevated spirit and a higher patriotism, to yield calmly to death among friends, than to rush forth to meet him when he comes with the shock of arms, we cannot count his death less glorious than that of the soldier who dies on the battle field; for he too, died for his country. Resolved, That in their bereavement, we tender to the family of the deceased our unaffected sympathies, with the assurance that our sorrow, if it be not so deep, is not less sincere than theirs. Especially, with her, who was the sharer of his life, and the children, whom he left behind do we sorrow, humbly trusting that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, may give the strength and consolation it is beyond the capacity of the human heart to impart. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased."

May 27th. Rained hard until noon; the river is rising, and the low grounds are all under water. On the 25th, the fourth corps marched forward to Seven Pines, on the main turnpike road, and is intrenching. The third corps crossed the river, and is in support of the fourth. Hooker's division has gone to the White Oak Swamp bridge, and Kearny's to Savage Station, on the York river railroad; this leaves Franklin, Sumner and Porter north of the river, with most of the cavalry. General headquarters are established at Gaines' Mill, and all is ready now for the great battle, as soon as the roads dry up. We hear to-night that McDowell's army is not coming to join us, on account of the serious turn in affairs in the valley, which if true, is unfortunate for us; but we must have enough men in this fine army to win, if properly led. Courage Messieurs! who's afraid!

May 28th. To-day has been very hot; during the night we turned out suddenly and stood in line of battle for an

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hour, then turned in again. This evening, we hear Porter has been demonstrating all day in the region of Hanover court house, and has burnt the bridges over the South Anna, and Pamunkey rivers, to prevent the enemy getting into our rear; and drove a strong rebel force several miles to the rear, capturing seven hundred men. We got up quite an illumination after dark, in honor of the event. After hearing this good news, the colonel and I rode over to General Richardson's quarters, to learn more about it. General Richardson talked freely with the colonel, and said we should get into a big fight within a few days, beyond a doubt. He says Porter did well, although bothered by rain in the morning, and bad roads almost everywhere. Some of the regiments got lost for a while, a very easy thing to do in this interminable woody country. After a stubborn fight, our men got them on the run, and gave them a lively shaking up. The railroad, as far as Ashland, was destroyed when the troops returned to their original camp, with the prisoners taken during the day. Richardson is a dark, slim man, with stooping shoulders, and a most pronounced nasal voice. He looks like a farmer more than a soldier, and is utterly devoid of style; but has good common sense, a rare commodity apparently, and is very popular with his command. He is a West Pointer, notwithstanding his lack of style, and served in the old regular army. He made me think he smelt something disagreeable all the time, by the way he moved the muscles of his face. He is a typical Yankee.

May 29th. Weather fair, and ground drying up. Had a fine battalion drill during the morning, all hands on parade; about noon, a body of prisoners over six hundred strong marched through our camp, to the rear; they were captured yesterday by Porter, and are a dirty, unhappy looking set of fellows, more like tramps than soldiers. Wrote to the lieutenant colonel, who is unluckily at home sick. Detailed Captain Jones, with Company H, for duty at Dispatch station. H is an excellent company, and Jones a good reliable officer. I also detailed Company K, Captain La Valley, by order of the colonel, in the afternoon, to guard the rebel prisoners, from corps headquarters to the White House. It turned out seventy-six muskets strong, and looked splendidly. What a contrast they made to the forlorn prisoners, but still these men have

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an ugly look, and one would scarcely like to meet them alone after dark, they give us an idea of guerrillas in their slouch hats, and gaunt, half starved figures. I noticed they took very kindly to the grub, which our men generously gave them.

May 30th. The New York Herald came in camp to-day, containing full accounts of the disastrous overthrow of our army in the valley, and the panic it has created in Washington. It seems the militia have been called upon, just as they were in 1861, to go to the defense of the capital. In the evening, Doctor McKim, Captain McKay, and I rode along the corps front from one end to the other, to get an idea of the position. Everything seems to be in splendid condition, but what a dreadful thing it is to think of all this force lined up for the express purpose of destroying our fellow creatures! War is certainly a dreadful calamity. On our way back, stopped at brigade headquarters to get the news. On the 24th, Key's corps, Nagle's brigade, of Casey's division in front, made a reconnoisance from the old camp near Bottom Bridge, and advanced beyond Savage's Station. There they struck a heavy force of rebel cavalry, infantry, and artillery. After a short fight, the rebels retreated and Nagle's brigade bivouacked on the battle field; on the 27th the whole force moved forward again, Nagle's brigade still in advance, finally halting, and establishing a picket line within five miles of Richmond. Half a mile in rear of Nagle, Wessel's and Palmer's brigades are posted in reserve, while Couch's division occupies a line running just in front of Seven Pines, on the Williamsburg road; and Fair Oaks, on the Richmond and York river railroad. All these troops, belong to the Fourth corps, and are commanded by Keys. Yesterday, the rebels, tired of our inactivity, began the initiative, by engaging our pickets with skirmishers; the fight lasted all day, involving the whole line. At daylight again this morning, they opened, and Casey had to send Peck's brigade to enable Nagle to hold his position, although well intrenched. From what is known, we conclude the enemy are preparing for a formidable attack. It seems very curious, that notwithstanding the known proximity of the rebel army, and the fact that we came here for the express purpose of attacking and fighting it, we are held back, and all our movements are hesitating, slow, and timid. Only two corps have crossed the river thus far,

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which in case of a sudden attack, may find themselves in a very awkward position. Why these corps should be posted so far in advance, separated by a treacherous river from their support, does not seem clear to the average man, especially as there is no apparent reason why we should not close right up, and pitch in.

Before we got back to camp, the sky became overcast, dark masses of clouds rolled threateningly overhead, and presently the lightning flashed around us in a vivid and terrible manner. Heavy peals of thunder followed and then the rain came down in sheets; in less than five minutes the fields and camps were flooded, and the roads filled with water, rushing down to join the river.

After a good supper in a tight tent, some of us spent the evening with the colonel, talking over the events of the day in front, and the possible effect of the tremendous rain upon the river separating our forces. The Chickahominy drains the high country for many miles, and owing to its sinuosities and shallowness, easily overflows its banks, and becomes unfordable. Many of the negroes hereabouts tell us it spreads out, sometimes overflowing the bridges and cutting off all communication for days with either side. Knowing these facts, it seems extraordinary we were not all moved over together. The colonel thinks it poor generalship, and is getting anxious to be transferred to the western armies, which he thinks are better handled than ours. We all agreed we were on the eve of a great battle, and that in a few hours, probably, we shall be called upon to prove our mettle. About nine o'clock, we drank a punch and turned in, to go to sleep, the rain still falling and the camp most uncomfortable.

May 31st. At last comes the order for us to cross the river, and go to the assistance of the troops on that side, who are being attacked by overwhelming numbers, and are in imminent danger of being destroyed, and driven into the swollen Chickahominy. I have just time to make this hurried memorandum. While at breakfast, we heard a gun fired, immediately followed by continuous volleys of musketry, indicating much more than the renewal of the skirmish of yesterday.

The river is immensely swollen, overflowing its banks some hundreds of yards; the bridges are under water, and some of them are reported carried away, so we may not be able

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to get across, and if the troops on the other side are not thrashed before we can get to their assistance, it will only be because the rebels don't know how to take advantage of their opportunity; and this is what some people call generalship! At two o'clock, an aide-de-camp dashed up to Sumners' headquarters, and a few seconds later, the order came to fall in; there is one thing certain, if anybody can get across, it will be Sumner. He, at least, has an eye single to the work on hand, and will succeed, or drown his corps in the attempt.

June 3rd. Thank heaven I am still alive, and have gone through the stirring events of the past four days with credit, and am entirely unharmed; the only loss being my sword hilt, which was truck by a bullet and shattered to pieces, and so here I am again, at my old diary; criticising and having a good time all by myself. No one actually engaged in battle knows much about the details of the fight as a whole, at the time; if he can remember distinctly what happened under his own eye, he does well. The general details must be learnt after the fight. Of course certain officers, as staff and general officers, have greater facilities for observation than regimental officers, but in this particular fight, no one could see twenty yards ahead of him, and so it was all guess work. My account, therefore, of the battle, will not be complete, but to show what the regiment really did, I shall insert the official report of three of the prominent captains, besides giving an account of what I saw myself.

At a quarter past two P. M. of the thirty-first, our division filed out of camp, and marched rapidly to the Grape Vine bridge, frequently breaking into the double quick; arriving there we found the stream swollen to a mighty flood, rushing swiftly down the river. There were no signs of banks, or crossings, all being overflowed, the water coming far up over the meadows on either side. The bridge over which we expected to cross, was completely undermined, and wholly impracticable, and so to get across we must ford the stream. The general gave the order, and our brigade led the way fearlessly stepping into the seething waters and feeling their way across. The current was so strong that it was all the men could do to hold their feet, particularly in the middle of the stream, where the water reached their hips, and made it necessary for them to hold their arms and ammunition, high

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above their heads; every now and then, a misstep sent some unfortunate, over head and ears, but when the head of the column reached the opposite shore, and one continuous line was formed, matters were simplified. The river bottom proved tolerably even, and all went well until the southern shore was almost reached. Here we found a series of deep ditches, running parallel to the river, intended ordinarily, to drain the marshy banks, but now entirely hidden from view by the rising waters; we could only locate them by somebody suddenly dropping out of sight, occasionally whole ranks at a time; as the current was very swift, the danger was considerable, not to mention the discomfort. File after file bobbed under water, as they reached these hidden ditches, and were sometimes extricated with difficulty. My gallant old friend, Captain Kirk, stepping out at the head of his company, slipped into one of them, and although six feet tall, went entirely out of sight. His men soon yanked him out, and I gave him a pull at my canteen, which he always appreciates. I rode along famously, with legs well drawn up on the saddle, encouraging the men to step out, guiding them as well as possible, and occasionally laughing at their mishaps, inwardly rejoicing I was not as they, on foot, when Horrors! I was floundering in the water, paddling away for dear life to keep myself from drowning, while floating down the current. My horse had stepped into one of these execrable ditches, and stumbled head over heels. Some of the fellows pulled me out, while others caught my horse, laughing; thinking it a great joke, as I did myself, after I got the water out of my mouth, and boots; but it was beastly uncomfortable on horseback, with boots and pockets full of water, and if I had not had so much to do, should probably have been very wretched. It took the brigade nearly two hours to get across, and form on the right bank. When the last man was over, the head of the column marched off to the sound of the enemy's guns, now playing a lively tune, apparently only a short distance ahead of us. Just before starting out, an aide-de-camp from the front told us that Casey's division had been routed and almost annihilated, losing their camp equipage; Couch's division driven back, and the devil to pay generally. We spurted, and did our best to get up before dark, but the roads were so bad, and the men so handicapped by their wet clothes, that we did not reach the

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battlefield until after dark, when the action for the day was over. Just before reaching Fair Oaks, we passed over a piece of scrub oak, strewn with dead and wounded men, and heard from the dark recesses of the woods the cries of wounded men calling for help. We hurried forward, coming out near a railroad track, marched across a large open field, and formed in line of battle, facing southward. This field had been the battle ground, stubbornly held till after dark by our men. There were many dead and wounded scattered about, and several parties of hospital attendants were searching the field for wounded, carrying lanterns, which looked like will-o-the-wisps, flitting here, and there, over the vast dark space.

The Sixty-sixth regiment was posted on our right, and the Fifty-third on the left. After completing the formation, we received orders to lie down with arms in our hands, and to make no fires nor noise. There were, of course, many stragglers, owing to the bad state of the road, and the rapid march, so after the line was formed, the colonel directed me to ride back, and pilot them up, especially Doctor McKim, with the led horses, who was still in the rear. I started back over the route we came up on, and soon after entering the scrub oak, lost track of the road and became hopelessly lost in the dark woods; while riding among the bushes, quite unable to see anything, I heard some one talking, just in front of me, and immediately hailed them. There was no reply, but the sound of rattling leaves, and breaking branches, gradually receding, indicated some one getting away. I knew the woods had been fought over, during the evening, and so concluded they were Johnnies, lost like myself, but who preferred to remain unknown. I drew my sword, and rode along, making as much noise as possible. Presently I heard the crackling boughs quite close to me again, and soon afterwards some one talking in whispers, followed by the sharp click of a musket. I began to think I had run directly into the rascals, and getting a little scared, concluded to try a strategem, and yelled out at the top of my voice, "This way, Fifty-seventh, follow me!" "All right, old fellow, we are coming," rang out the cheery voice of Doctor McKim, and to my great relief he rode up, followed by a number of men, and all the pack horses. The pleasure of meeting was mutual. He said they had been fooling around the woods for over an hour, quite unable

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to extricate themselves and were delighted when they recognized my voice. Some time after we joined the regiment, directly in front of us, and not more than three hundred yards away, a whole string of camp fires were suddenly lighted. Whoever they were, they had no idea of our presence, as they stacked arms, and proceeded to make themselves at home. As the fires grew brighter, we could see the dusky forms of a rebel brigade, thrown into strong relief by the dark pine woods behind them busily at work preparing supper; our first impulse was to give them a volley, which we could easily have done, and probably killed a lot of them, but it would have disturbed the whole army, and besides we were not absolutely certain they were not our own men, so the colonel called for volunteers, and in response, a sergeant and six men stepped out to reconnoiter, and if possible, capture some of them on the quiet, the regiment, meantime, holding itself ready to give them a broadside, in case of alarm. In less than half an hour, the little party returned, bringing in three villainous looking fellows, wearing immense bowie knives, slouched hats, and butternut clothes. We first took away their knives, and then asked them all the questions we could think of. They belonged to a brigade of Texans that had just arrived from Richmond, and were entirely unconscious of our proximity. The prisoners were supposed to be on picket duty in front, but had stacked their arms, and laid down for a rest, when our little party pounced upon them, and gobbled them up, without a word being spoken. After we had exhausted their stock of information and given them some coffee, we sent them under guard to corps headquarters. This excitement over, we lay down in our wet clothes, on the muddy ground, protected only by our rubber blankets, and were soon asleep, the last sleep of many a man in the brigade. About four o'clock, just before daybreak, the colonel directed me to run along the ranks and wake up the officers, and have them form their men noiselessly, and stand under arms. We remained in line until break of day. The Texans had already gone. About daylight, the whole brigade faced to the left, and marched across the field, over the railroad and into the woods, in the direction of Seven Pines; making a connection with Birney's division of Heintzelman's corps; the column halted, just as the right

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of the Fifty-seventh crossed the railroad; faced to the front, and stood in line of battle. The Sixty-sixth was on the right, in the open field, supported by Pettit's and French's batteries. The Fifty-third, Pennsylvania Volunteers, on our left, and the Fifty-second next. About a hundred yards in rear of us, Howard's brigade was formed, and in rear of Howard, the Irish brigade, forming a strong front in this particular position. Those of us who were mounted found it very difficult to get about, on account of the thick underbrush, but the colonel thought it better to remain on horseback. Standing on the railroad, on the right of our regiment, shortly afterwards, I saw a large body of rebs, hustling across the railroad, into the woods in front of us, evidently getting ready for the attack; we watched them for quite a while; finally Pettit opened on them with his guns, and soon drove them out of sight. The colonel, Captain McKay, and I took position in the center of the regiment, close to the men, and sat on horseback, straining our eyes to see the first approach of the enemy; after a few minutes' anxious watching, we heard the voices of rebel officers, forming their troops in front of us for the attack, and also the crackling of boughs, and noise made by the men in forming; we peered long and anxiously into the dark, heavy woods, hoping to see them before opening fire, when suddenly, without any warning, a heavy musketry fire opened all along the enemy's line. The noise was tremendous; and the bullets whistled about our ears like hailstones, tearing branches, twigs, and leaves from the trees. The horses reared and plunged, and the center and left of the regiment were thrown into some confusion, but most of the men stood their ground, and opened fire. I rode along the line towards the right close behind the men, encouraging them to keep closed up, and blaze away. Captains McKay and Kirk were at once conspicuous for activity, and in a few minutes, the line was straightened out, and delivering an effective fire. I noticed the enemy's aim was high, and cautioned the men to aim low. The firing rolled in long continuous volume, now slacking, now increasing, until it seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose, and all the guns in the world were going off at once. With all the frightful racket, I did not fail to notice how few men were being hit, and told the men to take advantage of the little danger, and fire

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to some purpose. The enemy did not advance, and in the course of half an hour or so, which, of course, seemed twice as long, slackened their fire, and apparently withdrew; our wounded were removed, and the line reformed, or rather, straightened out, and then the colonel ordered the men to lie down and open fire the instant they saw anything in front. General French set the example of dismounting, and so we followed suit, sending our horses out of the woods where they were rather a hindrance than otherwise. It was not long before a deafening volley was fired into us again, at apparently a greater distance than the first attack. Sergeant Stuart, the color bearer, and Lieutenant Folger and several men were killed by this volley, the rebels firing much lower than before. They advanced after the first volley, and came within thirty yards of us, when they received a magnificent fire, steady, effective, and determined; our fellows had no idea of giving way this time, and stood their ground; the trees were riddled, and a heavy shower of branches and leaves continuously fell upon our heads. The air, in fact, seemed full of bullets, and yet so few were hurt we began to think they could not hit us. While the second attack was at its height, McKay and I were on the right, and noticed that the rebel line did not extend as far as ours, which I reported to the colonel, who immediately directed us to wheel the two right companies inward, and sweep the line in front, taking the enemy in flank. We quickly made the movement, French watching us. The moment the men opened fire, the rebels broke and ran, getting away as fast as they could; General Richardson came up just at this time, and immediately ordered the whole brigade out of the woods, so the batteries could sweep it clear with canister and shell; we filed out in quick time, forming behind the guns, which opened at once, filling the woods with bursting shells and showers of iron hail. It was a dreadful thing for the wounded men, who were unable to move, but seemed to be a necessary evil. Very soon the woods took fire, and many men who were not killed outright were burnt to death. The general did not seem to think of this, however, and was concerned only in clearing the woods of rebs; the artillery fire lasted about half an hour, and was then discontinued, and Howard's brigade moved down the railroad, while Meagher's Irish brigade

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came forward and occupied the line held by us during the fight. The Sixty-sixth of our brigade, which had not been in the engagement so far, deployed in front of the Irishmen, and swept down at right angles to their line, searching the woods without finding a sign of an enemy. Howard moved down the track to the very end of the big field, then halted, faced the woods, and marched forward to take in flank anything that was still in front. Just as he crossed the track, he received a heavy volley; instead of opening fire he ordered the whole brigade to charge, and amid deafening cheers dashed forward into the woods, sweeping everything before him as far as Seven Pines. In this operation, Howard lost an arm, but gained great praise, his movements being the first of a purely aggressive character, made during the day. Howard's sweeping advance closed the battle at Fair Oaks: the lines were reformed by the troops in front, at the bottom of the great field, and the enemy retired, leaving us in possession.

We were greatly surprised not to be ordered to advance, for there seemed to be no reason why we should not have assumed the aggressive, and at least tried to win a great victory.

Many amusing things, and some sad ones, occurred. General French was with us most of the time, on the railroad track. For over an hour he attached Captain Kirk to his person, with a guard of ten men. In the course of the morning, while passing over the railroad to the right of our regiment, he fell into a deep hole full of water, and could not get out, much to the amusement of Captain McKay, who yelled out to the men, "The general will be drowned; come and pull him out!" The absurdity of getting drowned in a battle on dry land, made a great laugh, which caused the general's face to grow redder than ever. He was pulled out, covered with mud, and as mad as a March hare. Our regiment lost twenty men killed, and fifty wounded. Lieutenant Folger, the only commissioned officer killed, was a fine looking young fellow, belonging to the left, Company I, and was killed while gallantly performing his duty. One of our best soldiers, the gallant color bearer, Henry L. Stuart, the English Crimean soldier, whom I enlisted in the City Hall Park, was shot directly through the forehead; when the colonel

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ordered the regiment to lie down, he thought the colors ought not to be lowered, and insisted upon standing up, and so was killed in the second attack. He was a fine soldier, and in battle proved as cool and fearless as on parade; his death is a great loss to the regiment. The battle was now over, and the enemy driven from the field, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. No attempt was made to follow up the victory, except that on the left we recovered all the ground lost the previous day, together with the camp equipage, and a good deal of rebel material besides. The enemy's plan had failed in any case; and instead of driving us into the Chickahominy, they had been driven almost into Richmond, losing all their early advantages, besides getting a moderate thrashing, so on the whole, we congratulated ourselves on a substantial victory.

General McClellan and staff rode up as the guns were shelling the woods, his first appearance, and was received with tremendous cheering. He remained only a few minutes on the field.

About two P. M., our regiment took position in rear of Meagher's line, subsequently moving off to the support of Hazzard's battery, and remained in that position all night. Towards evening we stacked arms, built fires, and prepared the first meal we had had since our breakfast on Saturday morning. During the evening it began raining, and later on, poured down in torrents.

The following morning, June 2d, the engineers staked out a line of earthworks, reaching from Gaines' mill on the right, past Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, and away down to White Oak Swamp bridge. All the men that could be furnished with tools were set to work, digging ditches, felling trees, and building parapets. The picket line was established about two hundred yards in front, and about the same distance from the enemy. They opened fire upon each other early in the morning, and have kept it up incessantly ever since; during the day the rebels disguised some sharpshooters by trimming them up with boughs and small branches of trees, and sent them into the tops of large trees where, unobserved by us at first, they picked off every man who came within their range. Our fellows at length saw something moving in the top of a big tree and fired at it, and were astonished to see a man drop to the ground.

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The rebels are fortifying their position, too, not more than six hundred yards distant; we can hear their axes, night and day, felling timber, and the pickets report them hard at work, throwing up breastworks.

I have been busy all day long preparing the official report of the action with the colonel, and have had a lot of trouble to get things straightened out. The fact is, it was a poor fight for commanding officers, and when General Richardson refused to be complimented by General Sumner for what he had done, on the ground that he had done nothing, and the men everything, he explained the whole situation. The fighting done by our brigade was in the woods exclusively, under the control of regimental officers, and neither General Richardson nor General French knew much about it.

The woods were so thick, nothing could be seen twenty yards ahead of us, and I am quite certain the bulk of the men never saw the enemy at all in front of them. There was, however, plenty of work for regimental officers, and they performed it satisfactorily, and deserve credit. Colonel Zook was alert keeping a firm control of the regiment, and remained all the time in the center, sending me from flank to flank, as well as McKay, and Kirk, who acted as field officers. La Valley on the left, Chapman, Britt, and almost all the officers, showed plenty of gumption, and did their duty bravely. Lieutenant James G. Derrickson, the adjutant of the Sixty-sixth, was ubiquitous, riding gallantly into the woods, when his regiment deployed in front of Meagher, keeping entire control of himself, and aiding greatly in the manœuvering of his regiment. Only actual experience in war can make men competent officers. No amount of technical training will do it, as we have already discovered, some of our idols going to pieces at the very first shock.

Two of our officers were directed to send in their resignations this morning. I had to notify them, and felt very sorry for them, especially for the lieutenant who, I think, eventually would have turned out as well as any of us. I shall now give the report of the captains commanding the right, left, and color companies which will explain what I have omitted, and give a fair idea of what actually occurred by the very best authorities.

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LIEUTENANT J. M. FAVILL,

Adjutant Fifty-seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers.

SIR: Having attached myself to the right wing of the regiment (in the absence on detached duty of the greater part of my company), I narrate what fell under my observation. At about seven A. M., we were ordered with the other regiments of the brigade, to take up a position in a wood, skirting the Richmond and York railroad. The right of the Fifty-seventh rested immediately on the railway, facing towards Richmond; on our right was the Sixty-sixth, New York; in the open field, and on our left, the Fifty-third, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Fifty-second, New York. The brigade had barely formed into line, when fire was opened by the enemy; this was replied to by the three regiments to the left of the railroad, taking up the action from the left, beyond the turnpike, to Bottom Bridge. The right wing of the regiment, at the first fire from a concealed foe, slightly wavered, one company somewhere near the center taking up a position on the track; by the efforts of Captain McKay, yourself, and Lieutenant Ried, commanding the right company, and a quiet explanation to the men, the regimental line was immediately reformed, and firing was commenced, until the colonel's orders, repeated along the line, to cease firing were received. It was necessary to stop the fire, for the wood was so dense at our place that it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, and it was better to err on the right side. By command, the men then lay down, and such action, I believe, spared us a heavy loss. Shortly after this, by command of General French, the Sixty-sixth was thrown obliquely across the woods, from the railroad partially masking our right wing. The action at this spot appeared to me to last about two hours, the enemy being readily repulsed, as I have heard, with heavy loss, from the rapid fire from our brigade. After the action had lasted some half hour or so, with the colonel's permission, I attached myself with a small guard, ten men, to Brigadier-General French, with whom I remained an hour, after which, I rejoined my regiment, and accompanied it about one P. M. to a position further to the left and rear. As to remarks I have little to say, except that I believe the men did their duty fairly well, in the nasty position we

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were in, and would have done anything more they might have been called upon to do.

The officers I have named exerted themselves, especially Captain McKay, acting field officer. I also consider that Lieutenant Paul M. Pou, attached to the right company, did his duty.

Respectfully,

W. A. KIRK,
Captain Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers.

CAMP NEAR FAIR OAKS, VA., June 3, 1862.

ADJUTANT J. M. FAVILL,
Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers.

SIR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the participation of my Company, A, in the affair of the first. The brigade having filed into the woods, and taken up the position assigned, in about thirty minutes from the time we entered the woods, the enemy suddenly opened a brisk fire upon us; as the impression was prevalent that the woods in which we were had been cleared of the enemy, my men were taken somewhat by surprise, and began to give way, firing as they retired. I, however, rallied them without much difficulty, about twenty feet in rear of our first alignment. The enemy soon ceased firing opposite us, and the regiment was moved further to the right. Here, the enemy opened fire on us again, their aim being uncomfortably accurate; as our front was partially masked by one of our own regiments, we were unable to return the fire, and the men were ordered to lie down. Having sustained this for some considerable time, we received orders to take position on the railroad, and file out of the woods, which we did in good order. The casualties in my company have already been reported. I regret to have to report that two men, Private W—— and Sergeant S——, broke at the first fire, and did not return till after the action was over. With these exceptions, I can speak in terms of commendation of the conduct of the company generally.

Very respectfully,

A. B. CHAPMAN,
Captain Company A, Fifty-seventh New York.

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CAMP ON THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR FAIR OAKS, June 3, 1862.
LIEUTENANT J. M. FAVILL,
Adjutant Fifty-seventh New York Infantry.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit the following statement, in relation to the battle of the first instant, for the information of the colonel commanding. The regiment entered the woods in which the engagement took place, left in front. My company, K, was the leading company, and formed about twenty paces from the right of the Fifty-third, Pennsylvania Volunteers; the first fire of the enemy was received by my company, while the men were resting, and were neither in the ranks, nor even facing towards the enemy. My company took shelter behind a large log, and lying on the ground, returned the enemy's fire, and then slowly retired, loading, but still facing the enemy. I fell back about thirty paces behind a clump of large trees, and called on my men to rally around me. They fired once more, and formed of themselves, less than ten paces from where they received the first fire of the enemy; they fired again, and as soon as they had loaded, I gave the order, "Cease firing," and aligned the company. The enemy in my front, had ceased firing, but the right of the Fifty-third was still engaged. The right company of that regiment broke and fell back behind my company, and fired over and through my men, one shot taking effect on one of my men, who fell dead in my rank of file closers. With the help of Lieutenant Curtis, and two of my sergeants, I rallied the men of that regiment who were behind my men, and compelled them to return to their company, which they did, and, subsequently, behaved very well, keeping up a brisk fire. My company, receiving a few shots from the front, I opened fire again. Two men reported having seen several men in front firing at us. Thomas Ridings, private, said to the man in front of him that he had shot one of them, and immediately fell dead, shot through the head.

The right company of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, being moved to the right, was now nearly in front of my company, I sent Sergeant Alcoke to report the fact to the colonel, who thereupon moved the regiment further to the right. Shortly after, the order was given to lie down and not fire, as the Sixty-sixth was in front of us. This order had hardly been given, when a terrific fire was opened on the

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right of the Fifty-third and my company, and, I supposed, on the whole line of our regiment, which would have suffered very severely, if it had been standing up; the shots were so low that they barely passed over us, one ball grazing the neck and shoulder of Sergeant Brower. Shortly afterwards the order to march out was given, and we followed the regiment, marching in four ranks, in good order. I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of my company, and particularly with the coolness and efficiency of Lieutenant Curtis, and of my non-commissioned officers. I can assure the colonel that under more favorable circumstances, much can be expected of the men under my command, and that they desire nothing more than to follow wherever and whenever, they are led against the enemy.

Very respectfully,
A. J. La Vallée,
Captain Fifty-seventh New York Volunteers.

The following is the official regimental report of the action, finally adopted after numerous corrections and changes, at the dictation of the brigade commander:

Headquarters Fifty-seventh Regiment,
New York Volunteers,
French's Brigade, Richadson's Division.
Fair Oaks, June 3, 1862.

Sir: In accordance with orders received from General French, the regiment marched at half-past one P. M., Saturday, May 31st, with the other regiments of the brigade, to support Casey's division and the troops on the other side of the Chickahominy, then engaged with the enemy.

The Chickahominy being much swollen, and the shores lined with deep ditches, rendered it very difficult and dangerous to ford; we succeeded, however, in a short time, in crossing directly west of Tyler's, and advanced as rapidly as the bad state of the roads would permit, coming up too late to take any part in the action of that day.

I received orders from General French to form my command in line of battle nearly parallel to the railroad and on the left of the Sixty-sixth New York, within two hundred yards of thick woods, on our right and front, which were

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occupied by the enemy during the night. After forming, the men were ordered to sleep upon their arms in line. At 3:30 A. M., June 1st, I received orders to form my regiment, and at 5:30 A. M. follow on the right of the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, into the woods, which were very dense. We halted, about thirty yards the other side the railroad, and formed in line of battle. In about half an hour, the enemy opened a very heavy fire upon the whole line, at about forty yards distance, which was instantly returned in the coolest manner, causing the enemy to fall back, whereupon we advanced at the "charge," driving him entirely from his position, killing and wounding a large number, among the number several officers.

After the enemy were driven back, having no orders to follow any distance, I halted the regiment, and stood at shoulder arms; to our astonishment, and before we discovered him, the enemy had approached our line under cover of the thicket, and opened again a terrific fire upon us; killing two, and wounding eleven, Color Sergeant Henry L. Stuart being one of the killed. We immediately returned this second fire with vigor, and again drove him back. At this moment, General French came up from the left of the line, and seeing our position, and that of the enemy, ordered me to move to the front and right, throwing out two companies fifty yards in front, and faced towards the left, flanking our entire line. Captain McKay was charged with the execution of this movement. As soon as the disposition was made, we saw the enemy advancing in our front in great force, evidently intending to turn our right. We at once opened a rapid and continuous fire from the front, and, by the two flanking companies, which completely surprised him, causing him to break, and fly in great disorder, after making a desperate effort to break our line.

This movement cleared that part of the woods, and, in my opinion, contributed materially in deciding the action. Directly after this affair, I was ordered by General Richardson to take my command out of the woods, in order that the batteries might shell them, so we moved across the railroad, into the field we occupied the night previous, forming line of battle facing south, our right resting in the direction of the railroad station. In this position, two men of the right com-

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panies were wounded by the enemy's sharpshooters. At 1 P. M., in accordance with General French's order, I marched my regiment into the woods, in support of General Meagher, remaining in that position an hour and a half, then moved to the left, to support Hazzard's battery, Fourth artillery, and remained there all night.

My staff were very efficient, Doctor Dean removing the wounded under heavy fire, and Doctor McKim discharging his duties at the hospital very creditably. I feel it my duty to call attention to Captain W. A. Kirk, who was present without his company, which was detailed on fatigue duty and afforded great assistance to the regiment.

Both officers and men behaved in the most admirable manner, and I am gratified to express my entire satisfaction with the behavior of all.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL K. ZOOK,
Colonel Commanding.

The report of third brigade, first division, second corps, General French, claims a charge made by us, led by the general in person, and is altogether a great improvement upon the above, but my respect for truth will not permit of any further exaggerations, and so we leave those above us to continue the ornamentation, feeling confident that by the time the War Department receives the report of the general commanding the army, there will be nothing wanting to show how admirably everything was done.

Busy all day long with the official report, returns of killed, wounded, and missing, arms lost, destroyed, injured, etc. The aggregate losses of the division are about two thousand men, and for the entire army five thousand or thereabout; this shows our division was prominent in the fighting at any rate.

June 4th. Yesterday and to-day very hot, reminding us forcibly that summer has come. On account of the continued rain it is very unpleasant. The pickets keep up a continuous fire night and day, and do a good deal of execution; it is a very dangerous duty, particularly for officers, who are picked off by sharpshooters, in preference to the men. Towards evening, we received orders to fall in, and hold ourselves ready for action, the enemy having been seen forming

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columns of attack; nothing, however, materialized, so we stacked arms, and lay down in rear of them. About 7 P. M. it rained hard, flooding the ground we lay on, but we were obliged to remain throughout the night, the general refusing to let us budge.

June 5th. Early this morning the colonel sent me to General Richardson's headquarters to report the wretched position the regiment was in and get permission, if possiblle, to move it. I rode over the battlefield of the thirty-first and first on my way, and found it in many places knee deep in water; the dead had been buried by digging little ditches around them, and throwing the earth over the bodies; when it rained, it washed the earth away, particularly at each end of the mound, leaving the feet or head exposed in a most horrible manner. I saw scores of such cases, most of whom were rebels, but that did not make the picture any the less horrible. The general gave permission to change the regiment's position. I heard at division headquarters that the wounded have not yet been all collected; several were brought in to-day, who have been lying three days and nights on the drenched battlefield, in the woods; some of them were burnt, as well as wounded. Detailed Company B to complete the burial of the rebel dead about our front; in the course of two hours they picked up ninety-one men, and buried them in one long ditch.

June 6th. The regiment moved forward to-day, over the large field we bivouacked on the night before the battle, and went into position on the very spot where the Texas rangers started their fires, which astonished us so much the night of our arrival. Have not removed our clothes, or accoutrements since the thirtieth day of May; the men sleep fully equipped, with arms by their side, ready for instant action; twice last night we turned out, and stood under arms for over an hour; picket firing heavy, with an occasional fort joining in the racket.

June 7th. To-day the last of the dead were buried, and the general appearance of things much improved. Our division hospital is in and about a large house on the hill, in rear. The doctors have had more than they could do, and are pretty well used up. I went over there to-day to see McKim, and found him up to his ears in work. Below the house, just outside the door, I saw a heap of arms, feet, legs,

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hands, etc.; the pile was beastly odoriferous, and most suggestive. The doctor said they had been unable, so far, to get anybody to bury it.

June 8th. Moved forward this morning, close up to the new works, and detailed two-thirds of the regiment to work upon them. They are making gabions, sand bags, abatis, etc., for the redoubts, which are something altogether out of the ordinary run of field works; our bivouac is within easy range of the rebel pickets and sharpshooters. Bullets are incessantly flying over us, or amongst us; once in a while, a shell or round shot comes buzzing along, but generally, passes us far out of sight, doing no harm. Last night we were in line of battle half the night, and are getting worn out, as well as disgusted, with so much hard work; we cannot understand why we should entrench ourselves so powerfully, when we came here for the purpose of attacking. Our commander-in-chief is very timid, certainly, and the prospects for a further advance upon Richmond seem extremely slender.

June 9th and 10th. Still in the same position, regiment working upon the breastworks and redoubts, which are almost completed. Food is scant, and limited as to variety; the mess has little besides salt pork, hard tack, and a few cans of preserved peaches; breakfast, dinner, and tea are all alike. Luckily, the *eau de vie,* the commissary in the vernacular, and the coffee, comes down to us in endless streams, so we shall not utterly collapse.

June 11th. The regiment was relieved to-day from fatigue duty, and retired to a position out of range of the enemy's guns, in the second line; our tents (officers') came up, too, and for the first time in twelve days we have shelter from the weather; we have laid out night and day in rubber coats, never undressing, and without any protection whatever, other than our rubber blankets. G—. and B—. left the regiment to-day, their resignations having been accepted on account of their conduct in the late battle. Nobody seemed to sympathize with them, but I felt sorry, particularly for B—. Last night an alarm was sounded, and in accordance with standing orders we rushed to the color line, fell in, and stood under arms half an hour; about 1 P. M. there was a total eclipse of the moon, which we had the pleasure of observing from the color line. The daily routine now is not particu-

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larly interesting. Officers and men are always armed and equipped, never removing their belts. At three this morning I got up and routed out the company officers, then formed the regiment on the color line, where we remained for two hours. No drums, bugles, or bands are allowed to play, so we are obliged to go amongst the men to wake them up, and give the orders; an adjutant's duty just now is more arduous than ornamental. Many reports of possible movements, but nothing intelligent. McClellan seems to be afraid.

June 12th. Struck tents early this morning, and marched nearly a mile to the rear; laid out a regular camp, and removed our accoutrements, so we shall have leisure to make ourselves decent and comfortable. I took a bath in a tub, being the first chance since the 31st. It has stopped raining, and the roads and fields are in good order again.

June 13th. There was much excitement just before daylight this morning, the rebels opening a tremendous cannonade on Sumner's headquarters, creating a general stampede in that direction. All the troops fell in and remained in line, till the firing ceased; our big guns in the new redoubts and forts replied and made a terrific row. It was all wasted ammunition, I suppose; no losses on our side, at any rate. Weather very hot, so we sent to the woods for pine boughs, and had them placed in front of our tents; to keep the sun off. Seth made some fine seats of inverted cracker boxes, and we can now sit outside under the shade of the pines, and get the air. How many men are killed every day on the picket line, from the fire of the sharpshooters? It does no good, and has not the most remote effect upon the ultimate result, is barbarous, and ought to be stopped. Got a furlough for Quartermaster Sergeant Smith to-day, and made out field returns. In the evening we lay under our fine shade trees, and sampled some Rhine wine brought up by the sutler; found it good; got hold of a Richmond paper to-day, containing an account of the fight of the thirty-first and first, from the rebel point of view. They admit there was great confusion on the night of the first, and that they fully expected us to follow them up. It was a serious mistake we did not do so; they must have been demoralized by the great change in affairs on the first; on the thirty-first they had considerable success, capturing Casey's camp and stores, two or

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three batteries, and drove back all the reserves brought up to oppose them, until night stopped the fighting. The following morning everything was reversed; they lost all they had gained the previous day, leaving their camp equipage and dead and wounded in our hands, and lost heavily all along the line; nothing prevented a great disaster to the Confederacy on the first but the timidity of McClellan; officers and men were ready and anxious to advance, and would, if allowed to have done so, followed the enemy directly into their works. Colonel Bailey, the chief of artillery of Key's corps, was killed on the first. I knew him when he first joined the army, after graduating from West Point. He was a splendid specimen of the genus homo, and married to one of the most beautiful women I ever saw, one of Major Patten's daughters, of Fort Ontario, Oswego. He was a fine officer, and his death is a great loss to the service.

June 14th. Very hot; to-day about noon, the corps was reviewed by General McClellan and the Spanish general, Prim; all the troops not in the works were massed in close column of division in rear of their respective fronts, and made a fine appearance; the men cheered the general and his guest vociferously, and the rebels paid their respects by firing a good many shots at us, their balls whistling over our heads, rather inconveniently. The water here is wretchedly poor, and now that the weather is hot, and the men drink a good deal, the sick list is rapidly increasing. No military news of importance.

June 15th. Weather hot and uncomfortable. Had a regimental inspection in the morning, found the men fully equipped. Company G joined us to-day from Dispatch Station, where it has been on duty since our arrival on the Pamunkey. At 6 P. M. General French sent for all the regimental commanders and told them there was a report that the rebels intended making an attack on the works to-night; they are to wear white bands in their hats, to distinguish them, and hope to capture the army of the Potomac asleep. The orders are to inspect the arms and load the pieces, issue extra ammunition, and remain all night on the color line, sleeping on our arms. I hope the report may prove true, and that they will come, but none of us believe it possible.

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June 16th. The rumor of a night attack proved utterly groundless, nothing out of the usual happened. We slept in our blankets in line of battle, and slept pretty well, too. When an alarm is sounded now, all hands rush to the color line, nobody waiting for orders. This makes it easier for me, and saves time. Food still poor for officers on account of the non-appearance of the sutlers. The men get fresh beef twice a week; bean soup, salt pork, dessicated vegetables, and occasionally canned peaches. In appearance, we are almost as dark as Indians, the regulation fatigue cap being the worst possible protection for the face. All the officers wear soldiers' trousers and blouses, the latter simply ornamented with gilt buttons and shoulder straps. We buy these things from the quartermaster, paying cost price for them. Our full dress hat is the slouch soft hat, with gold cord and acorn tassles; gold wreath in front encircling for infantry, a bugle; artillery, crossed cannons; cavalry, crossed sabres; and staff and general officers, U. S. We have long ago done away with the gold sword knot, and now use a strong leather one, which is serviceable. Seth I find the greatest of all treasures. He is indefatigable in his attention to my comfort; and never neglects anything belonging to me; books, horses, swords, buckles, and clothes are always in order; and when I want to be amused, he is ever ready to talk interestingly upon a great variety of subjects, and knows when to stop and when to go ahead.

June 17th. Weather very threatening to-day. About 3 P. M. it became almost dark, but immediately afterwards cleared up without rain or wind; very curious. The firing on the picket line, always continuous; to-day it has been unusually severe, resulting in the death of a great many men, without advantage to either side. Colonel Zook was detailed this morning for twenty-four hours as general officer of the day in charge of picket lines. He took off his shoulder straps and wore ordinary soldier clothes in accordance with orders, as every officer exposing himself is sure to be shot. The works are finished in our front, and are strong and handsome and can never be taken by direct attack, that is certain. Everybody is joking now about "on to Richmond." These works don't look much like advancing, and from that point of view are a mistake. I forget whether I ever mentioned the best

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of all, camp beds. We never think now of using any other, and it is worth noting, even at the risk of doing so twice. Seth gets a barrel from the commissary department, takes off the hoops and loosens the staves; then he drives four crotches into the ground about five feet apart lengthways, and two feet across; places two long poles parallel to each other, resting on the crotches, and lays the barrel staves across them, when the bed is complete. We have two in our tents, covered with red blankets, which look very fine. Inverted cracker boxes, placed on sticks driven in the ground, make the best of tables, and are always to be had for the asking. Received letters and newspapers from home; how much pleasure it gives one to hear from civilization. Here there is nothing but pine trees and sand, not even a ditch or spring to relieve the dull monotony; where there is no water I soon grow dull and stupid. Made out to-day a record of the Fifty-seventh, from the date of its organization, for the War Department. Towards evening the enemy opened all his guns, and a lively bombardment followed; our guns replied, and the row was tremendous. The skirmish line increased its fire so earnestly, we thought certainly this time something was up; at 9 o'clock P. M. we were ordered to fall in, and soon afterwards marched to the works and stacked arms, just in rear of the breastworks manned by Burn's brigade. The air was alive above us with shells, screeching and howling in their rapid flight. They all went over us and think did no harm to anybody. Remained all night, and at 6 A. M. returned to camp and went to sleep.

June 18th. At three o'clock this afternoon, the picket line was advanced to a crest, a short distance in front, which was desirable on account of the shelter it afforded the rebel sharpshooters. Of course, it brought on a contest immediately; all the redoubts fired their big guns, and pandemonium broke loose. We fell in and hurried down to the works, but by that time our troops had gained the desired position, and the fighting ceased. We marched back to camp and were just dismissing the parade when a furious fire opened all along the line, and we were hurried back again to the front. The enemy came on this time in long lines of battle, extending over a mile along the works; they drove in the pickets and reserves, and came within sight of our works for the first time. They did not remain long, however. All the guns

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opened fire, and instantly one continued blaze enveloped forts and redoubts, torrents of leaden hail, and bursting shells were hurled against them; their line soon halted, then broke and ran for shelter, without making a second effort to reach us. They lost a heap of men in this effort, and gained nothing whatever. We remained all night under arms. The slashing in front of the earthworks is very intricate and formidable. All the trees immediately in front were felled, so that they fell away from the works; then the tops and branches were slashed, and tied, and twisted, so that, if we were not shooting, it would take an hour's time to climb through them; when one imagines a steady line of good soldiers, behind a bullet-proof rampart shooting at every man advancing, it is not difficult to imagine the strength of our position. Of course, the line is so constructed that every part is covered by a flanking fire of both musketry and artillery.

June 19th. Returned from the works at 8 A. M. this morning, tired out, but in good spirits, as we indulged in a good deal of sport when the firing slacked. Had a good dinner, the sutler having finally found his way to camp. Lieutenant-Colonel Parisen returned from sick leave to-day, looking very well. We were all pleased to have him back with us.

McCall's division, of Pennsylvania reserves, from McDowell's army, joined to-day, and were placed in position near Mechanicsville.

June 20th. For the first time since the battle we slept all night without being turned out; what a pleasant thing it is to be able to sleep enough; want of sleep uses one up more than anything else. It is twenty-two days now since we slept without removing our clothes or accoutrements; if we don't get enough of full regimentals, it will be because we are insatiable. Notwithstanding the severe duty the men look well and are spruce and outwardly, at least, clean; boots are blacked and accoutrements kept perfectly clean, but our clothes are getting shabby and have changed color sadly; these blues are very uncertain. Rode over to Sumner's headquarters this evening and heard various accounts of the late battle. Much fine writing, with gross exaggeration of trifles, and general disregard for accuracy. The little movement of our two flank companies has blossomed out into a splendid charge, led by General French in person, and his example is

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highly spoken of. "Vitian regit fortuna, non sapientia." How much many of our generals owe to the ubiquitous reporter. May their shadow never grow less. If the history of past ages is as much tainted as the history we are now making, then, alas, poor Yorick!

June 21st. Weather broiling hot, and water as poor as can be; the sick list growing longer all the time, whole regiments of men going to the hospitals. At 4 P. M. fell in for a brigade drill, the first drill we have had this side of the Chickahominy; made a good appearance and performed promptly and correctly several complicated movements; we all enjoyed the excitement and display. Drill dismissed at 6:30 P. M. In the evening rode from one end to the other of the corps line; turned in early.

June 22d. Sunday morning. Splendid weather; were routed out twice during the night, but nothing more than the ordinary firing occurred. Had a fine bath in the half barrel; dressed in full uniform and took breakfast at nine o'clock with the colonel and the lieutenant-colonel; at ten o'clock held regimental inspection, and the remainder of the day remained quietly in camp. In the evening, McKim, Broom, and I rode over to the camp of the Lincoln cavalry and renewed our acquaintance with Quartermaster Bailey, from whom I bought the gray. The cavalry officers tell us they have had glorious sport, scouting, raiding, and exploring the country on our right flank. They passed to the rear of the enemy the other day and created quite an alarm. They think the rebels are up to something and will soon make a move. It seems certain they will not otherwise hear from us, so that the rumor may be true. If we can't fight now, we never can, as it would be impossible to have troops in better condition.

June 23d. Hot during the day, nothing important to note. In the course of the night it rained and blew terrifically. I was awakened by the tent blowing down on top of me and was obliged to crawl out and run to the guard house for assistance. Puffy, the quartermaster, who tents with me crawled out too, on the other side, swearing like a Dutch trooper. After a considerable struggle we succeeded in getting it up again and making the pegs hold; the difficulty is the ground is all sand and when it rains hard the pegs will not hold,

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and, consequently, the tent must come down. We got a famous bath by the operation.

June 24th. Almost every man in the regiment got a thorough drenching last night; their arms, too. The colonel ordered fires lighted to dry the blankets and clothing, and on the color line at break of day every ball cartridge was withdrawn and the men ordered to clean their muskets. After breakfast the regiment fell in, and arms were carefully inspected, then reloaded. It is extraordinary how little the men require looking after in regard to their muskets! There are few men who do not keep them in perfect order all the time.

June 25th. The wind blew terrifically all day long. Early detailed six companies for picket duty. Shortly after they left camp the firing along the lines grew fast and furious, and at eight o'clock, we, with the other regiments of the brigade, were ordered to Seven Pines, to man the works in front of Heintzleman's corps. We took position on the site of the original camp of Casey's division, now transformed into a formidable fortress. Heintzleman moved forward through a heavy piece of timber to a clearing in front and met with determined opposition. All the forts and redoubts belched forth their murderous fire over the heads of the advancing columns, and thus assisted, they drove the enemy before them and got within four miles of Richmond. If they had remained there, and we had all marched forward, it would have amounted to something, but towards evening the whole force returned, and reoccupied their works, and we returned to our own camp. There was an immense expenditure of powder and shot, but little good resulted from it.

June 26th. Magnificent day, with little or nothing doing until towards evening; then came a magnificent display of actual war. If the scene had been expressly prepared for our delectation it could not have been done in a more magnificent manner. Away to the right, the Chickahominy curves southerly, flowing at the foot of high, rolling hills, fringed at their base with heavy masses of dark pines, their slopes and crest open and covered with the white canvas villages of Porter's corps. From our position, which is on lower ground, we look upwards, and have the entire position in full view, which is certainly at all times picturesquely beautiful. About four

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o'clock we were attracted by heavy cannonading, which gradually increased until every gun was brought into action. We mounted our horses and rode towards the river, and by the aid of our glasses watched the battle. At first there was little to be seen but by degrees the enemy's forces came into full view; whole lines of batteries advancing in eschelon and firing with great rapidity; the slopes were soon enveloped in a mass of smoking clouds, through which the flashes from the guns only was visible. For a long time the deep mouthed cannon played its part alone, and we concluded it was nothing more than a great artillery duel. Along towards six o'clock, however, the long, continuous roll of infantry fire told us of a serious attack. We strained our eyes to catch a glimpse between the curling clouds of white-wreathed smoke, but could see nothing except the lightning-like streaks of flame, which issued from the muzzles of the guns, this indicating to us, however, the progress of the fight, and to our chagrin we noted the gradual withdrawal of Porter's lines and corresponding advance of the enemy's. Darkness at length suspended operations, and we returned to our quarters. In our own front nothing unusual happened, but we are all convinced the enemy has at last concluded to go for us. If they only would have selected our front, how happy we should be. It is absolutely certain they would be defeated, and nothing would give us more pleasure; we can hold our works against the whole Confederacy combined. At a late hour we turned in, after taking a whiskey sour, fully expecting to be called upon during the night. Last night we were out every half hour.

June 27th. Contrary to expectations, the night was unusually quiet. We only fell in twice and remained in line less than hour, all told. At daybreak, however, a general fusilade opened all along the line, and the troops were kept under arms till seven o'clock. Then came a general lull, during which we got our breakfast. Heard from the right later on that Porter had been obliged to contract his lines and expected a renewal of the attack. What seems remarkable is that we are not sent over there to assist him in holding the position.

About 2 P. M. the enemy renewed the attack on Porter's corps, while we stood under arms and watched the whole

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affair. This time no skirmish line commenced the fight, but immense lines of infantry, under cover of scores of guns, marched directly to the attack, followed by several other lines in succession. It was a fine sight for us, but as the rebel line of fire gradually advanced and ours retired, we grew nervous and wondered whether we were to stand by and see them thrashed, without being called to their assistance. Every little while a fusilade broke out on our front, but did not amount to much. Colonel Zook, who was field officer of the day, came in and reported most of the enemy's force in front had disappeared. He crept out in advance of the picket line, and saw a whole lot of niggers parading, beating drums, and making a great noise; with true military instinct he concluded the enemy in front had gone to join in the attack on Porter and immediately rode in to General Sumner and demanded permission to lead an attack, asserting his ability to convince the general at once of the truth of his discovery. General Sumner was afraid to act on his own responsibility, but sent an aide to General McClellan to report the colonel's conclusion, and that was the last we heard about the matter. Zook was greatly chagrined and amazed at the want of activity on Sumner's part, feeling certain we could have got into Richmond or into the rear of Lee's army. Nothing was done, however, to distract the rebels' attention, and they were allowed to continue the fight with their whole army against our one corps. In the meantime, the battle progressed with great fury; the fighting was stubborn, our men falling back slowly and reluctantly, fighting every inch of the ground; the hills soon became entirely enveloped in thick smoke, the flashes only visible from the big guns, so we could only judge of the result by the sound of the musketry; this sufficiently indicated the gradual advance of the rebels and increased our anxiety. At three o'clock, Meagher's Irish brigade, of our division, was ordered across to Porter's assistance and a little later we received similar orders. We started immediately and marched directly for the pontoon bridge at the bend of the river; here there was some delay, waiting for orders. About six o'clock we crossed over and ascended the steep hill on the north side, which was crowded with a disorderly mass of wounded men and skulkers, all making their way to the rear. Rush's regiment of lancers was riding furiously

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and aimlessly about the road, adding to the excitement. As the immediate rear of a battle is always a disorderly place, we did not think much of it and marched briskly forward to the heights above, and there formed in line of battle. Everything about us was in disorder; troops to right and left were hurrying away, and there was no doubt but that Porter's corps was thrashed. After standing in line a while, we were ordered to move forward and select the best position we could find. There was no one to lead the way, and General French was not to be found, so we went ahead, passing a deserted field battery and a splendid siege battery, whose horses had been killed and the guns abandoned; at a loss what to do we moved down the side of the hill towards the rebels' line, which was not, however, in sight, and finding a good ridge halted and lay down in a field of very tall grass. It was quite dusk by this time, and the action was over; the rebel batteries, however, fired at us with solid shot and made it slightly uncomfortable. The colonel threw out a skirmish line a short distance in front and directed me to ride back and find French and explain our position and get instructions. I rode back over the field now deserted, or occupied only by dead men and horses and abandoned guns, a most melancholy sight. I searched a long time without finding a solitary man; apparently, our brigade was alone in front, all the other troops having gone to the rear. I passed through an orchard, near which the siege guns were deserted, and after wandering about for some time, stumbled on General French, sitting beneath an apple tree, and told him where we were and asked for instruction. He said he did not know what was on our right or left, but that there must be somebody, and I must go back and try and make connections, if it had not already been done. He further directed Zook to hold the line at all hazards until relieved; then he added, confidentially, that he expected we should be withdrawn during the night, so there was no necessity for any particular formation. Billy was with the general, who was not very well. On my way back, I rode past the field hospital, where strewn around a house were hundreds and hundreds of wounded men, crying and groaning, while in the house, by the aid of candles and lamps, the surgeons were working away, stripped to their shirt sleeves. This time I passed many lines of troops, all marching to the rear, which

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satisfied me we were going to abandon the position before daylight. I had much trouble in finding the brigade, and as the enemy still sent their round shot skipping around the field, it was anything but a comfortable ride; finally, I came out in the right place and explained the situation to the colonel, who suspected what had happened. While we lay in the long grass, keeping a sharp lookout, Doctor Dean came straggling in from the front, with thirty men, who proved to belong to the Sixth Alabama regiment. He had strayed outside the picket line and ran into a squad of men who asked him where the Sixth Alabama lay. He told them to follow him, which they did, coming directly into our line. They were highly disgusted; not disguising their chagrin at being deceived and captured by a sawbones. We gained some knowledge of the rebel lines from these prisoners, which induced us to change ours somewhat on the left. No adventure of any kind occurred during the night. Just before daylight Billy came along and gave an order to withdraw and form the rear guard, Meagher's brigade preceding us, and everything else in the shape of troops, guns, supplies, and ambulances. French rode up to us when we reached the large orchard, and told Colonel Zook we had been selected for continuous service as rear guard, on account of our reputation for discipline, and must be prepared for all contingencies. Porter's corps had been withdrawn during the night, and I was rejoiced to find the abandoned siege battery I noticed last night conspicuous by its absence. I felt an extreme pleasure to think it was not to be left behind. All the badly wounded were to be abandoned. Surgeons have been detailed to remain behind and care for them. We hear over thirty guns have been abandoned, but hope this is not true. Just as we reached the brow of the hill descending to the river over which we advanced yesterday, an immense pile of stores of all kinds was set on fire, and in a few moments was a mass of flames. The enemy made no attempt to follow or interrupt our retreat, and by daybreak we were across the river and the bridge destroyed. Our brigade marched directly to their camp, struck tents, and loaded everything not absolutely necessary into the wagons; as soon as this was done the wagon train started off in the direction of Savage's Station.

After the wagon train started, the regiment lay down on

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their arms to await further orders and the colonel and I rode over to our one place of general information, Sumner's headquarters, where from Captain Taylor we are always sure to get all the information it is legitimate to give. He is a genial, pleasant gentleman and remembers us all familiarly since our Camp California experiences brought us so much together. We learned from him that Stuart's cavalry and Early's division of infantry had been making a grand raid around the rear of our army, tearing up railroads, destroying, and capturing stores; intercepting communications, and generally scaring everybody into fits. The result of this great raid is the determination of General McClellan to change his base from Pamunkey to the James river; and, hence, the refusal to support Porter and fight a great battle. In fact, we are to turn tail, without making any further effort to perform the duty we came here for, and under the respectable guise of a change of base are really to give up the effort to capture Richmond, at least for the time being. This is not all; we are to attempt a most difficult and dangerous operation, in which we must abandon all our dead and wounded, to say nothing of immense quantities of every kind of stores. It is certainly mortifying to contrast our present situation with what might have been, and what we had good reason to believe would have been, if we had a genius in command.

In order to get to the James, we must cross the White Oak swamp; a densely wooded morass, varying from one to two feet in water, passable only by two or three wood roads. There are many roads from Richmond intersecting the crossing, which will afford ample opportunity for the enemy to make himself felt, and in the course of events will no doubt play an important part in the retreat. Casey's division, which was on duty at the White House, has gone by transport around to the James already, together with the whole fleet of transports, gunboats, floating hospitals, etc.; all the stores that could not be loaded into wagons have been destroyed.

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CHAPTER X

"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is better, than a brave retreat."

THE GREAT SIX DAYS' RETREAT, AND BATTLES FROM FAIR OAKS STATION TO HARRISON LANDING, ON THE JAMES RIVER

June 28, 1862.

IT seems almost incredible that this fine army, planted solidly, so near Richmond that the ringing of the bells within the city can be distinctly heard in its camps, should give up the task, surrender its magnificent works, much of its immense supplies, and undertake a difficult and dangerous movement, without making one supreme effort to accomplish its original purpose. Such is the determination of the general commanding however, and our great expectations are frustrated and in the judgment of most of us, without sufficient cause. The whole army is disgusted, and greatly disappointed; much more anxious to fight than retreat, and ready on the instant to make a dash forward at the signal of its commander, however, "Ours not to reason why." Throughout the 28th there was a complete lull; the enemy apparently loth to follow up his success, probably from his astonishment at our withdrawing from the Gaines' Mill position. The delay on his part was of the greatest importance to us as it gave the teams and impedimenta time to get well ahead. We remained under arms during the day, and throughout the night, but did not move. Just before daylight next morning, the 29th, the entire corps, under cover of a slight fog, withdrew from the works, and massed just in rear of them. The picket line was left in front, in order to deceive the enemy as long as possible as to our movements, at the risk of its ultimate capture. At sunrise the fog lifted, exposing the abandoned works to the enemy's view from Gaines' mill, Franklin, who had occupied the works on our right, moved to the rear, and right, taking a position from the Chickahominy, to Savage's Station, which protected our rear. As there was nothing to prevent the rebel army from closing in upon us, we prepared for an immediate attack. Summer, surrounded by

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his staff, sat on horseback from long before daylight, anxiously awaiting the order to retire. Zook, French, and a crowd of staff officers formed another picturesque group, while the men lay down, quietly waiting for orders, apparently unconcerned. About 8 o'clock, the order came to fall back in the direction of Peach Orchard and Savage's Station, and was promptly obeyed. Near Peach Orchard, the column was halted and dispositions made to hold the ground. Our division had the right of the line, connecting with Franklin; Sedgwick came next, connecting with Heintzleman; and so we formed an immense arc, the right resting on the Chickahominy, the center on Peach Orchard, and the left on White Oak swamp. Our brigade took position in the front line, Caldwell now commanding Howard's brigade, forming the second line, with Hazzard's battery posted just in rear. When everything was prepared to resist the advance of the enemy, heavy details were made to destroy the immense accumulation of stores the wagons were unable to carry away. There were thousands of boxes of bread, hundreds of barrels of whiskey, pork, beef, vinegar, molasses, etc., thousands of bags of coffee, piles of every kind of equipment, clothing, and a famous rocket battery, that had excited great hopes. All these things were quickly piled together, the whiskey barrels stove in, and then set on fire. The flames leaped from box to barrel, from base to summit, like a lightning flash, while black wooly looking clouds of dense smoke curled and rolled and spread over the surrounding country, advising the enemy beyond doubt of our intentions. In a few seconds, the fire became a seething furnace of white heat, from which all were obliged to run for their lives. As the fire reached the whiskey barrels, great explosions followed, filling the air with burning débris. It was a magnificent fire, and fully accomplished its end, but a sad sight to see so much valuable property destroyed, in order to keep it out of the hands of the enemy. As soon as the rebel officers saw the smoke and heard the great explosions, they cautiously advanced their line until they came within sight of our dear old works. Finding no one to defend them, they sent up a howling yell, and immediately occupied them. Our picket line had gradually retired as soon as we had taken up the position at Peach Orchard, and were now at the edge of the woods in which we were formed. Towards nine o'clock we saw the

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Major-General W. H. French.

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enemy forming his columns of attack, and moving towards Sedgwick's front. Very shortly a number of guns opened upon us, and shelled the woods we were in. Hazzard's battery replied over our heads, and the whizzing of shells flying both ways, made a great row. In a few moments the enemy's infantry came up with the utmost confidence, but were met by a tremendous fire from the Fifty-third, Fifty-seventh, and Sixty-sixth regiments, commanded by Zook, French being sick. There was no confusion this time, nor hesitancy; every man stood to his work, and for over an hour, the fight was fast and furious; we holding firmly to our position and three times drove the enemy back with great loss. About ten o'clock Captain Pettit, the beau ideal artillery officer of the army, came on the field with his eight ten-pounder Parrots, and soon silenced the enemy's guns. They advanced again later on, but hesitatingly. Our men delivered a well directed volley and amid ringing cheers, charged, and drove every thing before them, clearing the ground in front for over a mile. I was acting adjutant general of the brigade, and had a good opportunity of seeing what was going on. The last repulse was enough for the Johnnies for the time being, and they withdrew out of sight. The attack was general, from Franklin on the right, to Heintzleman on the left, everywhere persistent, and in some places impetuous, determined, and well maintained, but everywhere unsuccessful. The Stars and Stripes, fluttering in the breeze in the tangled mazes of the woods, or in the open fields, never sheltered more gallant men, than those who this day defended its sacred folds. There was no skulking, nor hesitancy, but a fearless determination to hold the ground at all hazards. As soon as the rebels were driven out of sight, we gathered up the wounded, and carried them to Savage's Station, where the immense hospitals containing over twenty-five hundred patients, were established. When this was done, we contracted our lines about Savage's Station, again taking a defensive position, to protect the retrograde movement. Here we found Slocum's division just preparing to follow Heintzelman into the great swamp, which began at the declivity of a steep hill, a short distance in rear of the Station. We formed in front of the station, connecting on the right with Smith's division of Franklin's corps, which extended to the Chickahominy, and on the left with Sedgwick, who continued the line to the swamp,

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covering the roads over which the troops were retreating. The enemy had discovered our intention by this time, and were swarming across the Chickahominy by thousands, eager to complete the annihilation of the Union army, which they seemed to think a foregone conclusion. Great bodies of rebels were reported marching down the Charles City, Darbytown, and Long Bridge roads, which intersected our line of march within the dismal swamp, and matters certainly looked very serious, but did not make us in the least despondent. General McClellan took every precaution for guarding these threatened intersections, stopping a full corps at every threatened spot, and only retiring when another had come up, and was ready to take its place. Soon after taking position, we examined the ground in rear, and found in an immense field near to the swamp, a great park of wagons, ambulances and artillery, and several thousand men, in close column, awaiting their turn to move along. We saw at once that it would be necessary for us to hold the ground till long after dark, to enable them to get away, and so we returned to the front, and busied ourselves with strengthening the lines. About three o'clock the enemy appeared in force all along the line; clouds of skirmishers covered the advancing lines of battle, which soon drove in our pickets. We held our fire until they came within easy range, and then poured volley after volley into them, and the artillery, well posted, fired shell and shrapnel with capital effect. The firing easily kept the rebels in check although they formed and broke, and formed again, several times during the afternoon. Their losses were enormous, but they evidently thought it worth the while to risk everything to capture the Grand Army. Just before sunset a heavy line of infantry, under cover of a heavy artillery fire, marched boldly up to within a few hundred yards of our position, delivered a deafening volley, and then, amidst the wildest yells, gallantly charged our whole front. Our men stood like rocks, carefully reserving their fire till the rebels got within a hundred yards of them, then opened such a murderous fire, that half the advancing hosts were placed *hors du combat.* At once, observing the effect of the fire, our line gave one grand Union cheer, and charged at the point of the bayonet, driving everything before them. The smoke was so dense we could see nothing for a while, which stood the enemy in good stead,

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and enabled many of them to get away who otherwise would have been captured; as it was, we got many and killed them by the score. The woods in front now being cleared, we fell back to our original position, and awaited orders to retire. The artillery, however, keeping up a steady fire of shells, to let them know we were still on guard. After dark the situation became horrible; everywhere about us the ground was strewn with dead and wounded men and the cries of the latter in the still night air were most distressing. Stern necessity compelled us to leave most of them where they fell, to bleed to death, and to suffer unspeakable anguish in the dark sombre woods, or star lit fields. A great many, near the station, were brought in by parties from the hospitals, but as the hospitals were full, they could only place them on the grounds surrounding the large tents. Still, this was better than lying alone in the distant fields, and all were anxious for even this relief. The numerous parties, searching the fields and woods, with lanterns, gave a weird and melancholy appearance to the surroundings. There must have been several thousand rebel dead and wounded scattered about the fields, most of whom, being furthest away, were entirely neglected. About nine o'clock, the colonel and I rode to the rear, to see how the retreat was progressing, and were glad to find the wagons, ambulances, and artillery all gone; their small deserted camp fires alone indicating the position they had occupied. A column of infantry, moving at a rapid pace down the hill into the black swamp, showed the column was well under way, so we returned to our command, to await orders. On our way back, we rode past the great hospitals, and were astonished to see such a multitude of wounded men. Hundreds of those brought in from Peach Orchard and the evening's battle field, lay on the ground about the tents, and hard-working surgeons, lanterns in hand, were going amongst them here and there, saving a gallant life by timely aid. It began to rain as we rode past, which added to the distress of this great multitude of wounded and dying men. Something after nine o'clock, an aide from General Richardson rode up, and informed Zook that his brigade would form the rear guard, assisted by two light twelves from Thomas's battery, which had been ordered to report to him. We mounted our horses, and impatiently waited the signal to withdraw, which came about ten o'clock. I was ordered to ride in rear of

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the column and keep the colonel informed as to the situation; and so while the colonel passed to the right I went to the left, notifying regimental commanders to move off by the left flank; as we used no bugles or drums, it was necessary to convey all commands by aide or orderly. We marched out of the woods, past the hospitals, and down the declivity leading into the swamp. I took a position just at the edge of the swamp under the shadow of the huge dark pines, sitting on horseback, entirely alone, watching the troops as they rapidly marched past, occasionally taking in the gloomy prospect above, where thousands of our bravest men were to be deserted, and left to the mercy of the enemy; luckily, not entirely so, as we left nearly five hundred doctors and attendants, besides enormous supplies for their use. From my position, I could see the will-o-the-wisp lanterns of the hospital parties moving about the battle field, still searching for wounded men, and the dying embers of abandoned camp fires, but everything else was shrouded in darkness, not a single star being visible in the heavens.

The column came stretching over the hill, like some great serpent, only occasionally distinguishable by the reflection of a stray camp fire on the bright bayonets, except directly in front, where it formed a solid dark mass, moving rapidly forward, controlled by a single mind. As the last regiment passed by, I detached the rear company and ordered the section of artillery to take its place, the company to follow about two hundred yards in rear. The guns were loaded with cannister in readiness to make it uncomfortable for any one attempting to hurry our movements. Now we opened our haversacks, and as the horses and men stepped out at a rattling pace, ate the first mouthful of food since early dawn, and washed it down with copious supplies of *eau de vie*. There were no obstructions ahead, and the men marched so rapidly, they crowded the horses all the time. It was amusing to notice the anxiety of the horses to keep up with their companions; they seemed to recognize the necessity for keeping well closed up; and whether their riders were asleep or awake, carefully kept their places in the ranks. There was no straggling, as that meant certain capture; and so it happened that scarcely a word was spoken by any one throughout the night, and the pace never relaxed. We occasionally encountered a broken down wagon, which was summarily pitched into the swamp with its contents, and the

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column passed along again, making every effort to get across before daylight. Another road, running parallel to this on our right, was used by troops of Franklin's corps, but was not within sight, or hailing distance. They both emerged from the swamp at the White Oak swamp stream, a deep river, only passable by bridges, separating the swamp from the high rolling ground on the other side. Our object was to get across the swamp, destroy the bridges, and take a defensive position on the high ground on the other side before daylight hold it during the day, and continue the retrograde movement the following night. This allowed for the movement of the trains, and was essential for the safety of the whole army. We found the utmost difficulty in keeping awake, having had no sleep the preceding night; I went off several times, but Billy never lost his place, and did just as well without my guidance. On either side of us the swamp was knee deep in water, and probably three times that depth, in mud, effectually securing our flanks, so that there was no danger from attack except in rear: our whole energy therefore, was confined to moving ahead as fast as possible. It seemed a terribly long night; I thought of Zenophon and his nine hundred and all the other notable retreats I could think of, and wondered whether they were any better soldiers than we, or capable of making greater efforts.

About four o'clock we emerged from this miasmatic terra incognita, and came out into the open country. Across the river, the ground was high and open, and already covered with the guns of the Second corps in position. We marched rapidly across the bridge, and up the hill, where the rest of our division were lying asleep, in rear of the artillery. Forming the brigade in line of battle, three or four hundred yards in rear of the crest of the hill, parallel to the lines already established, and just in front of Caldwell's brigade, the Seventh New York, lying immediately in rear of the Fifty-seventh. As soon as the brigade was formed, the colonel directed me to ride back to the bridge and stay there, until it was destroyed. The pioneer corps had been at work on it since the moment of our crossing, and when I returned I found it already impassable, with hundreds of men chopping it away. We picketed the front along the stream, connecting on the left with that part of the army which crossed at Glendale, and on the right as far into the heavy woods and swamp as was necessary to secure that flank, and then awaited

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developments. We marched across the swamp, left in front, so that upon facing about and confronting the foe, we were always right in front. It is necessary to explain this in order to understand the relative positions. Facing then to the front the new position seemed admirable. On the right was a heavy piece of timber, extending back from the river six or eight hundred yards; in front, say half a mile in width, the ground was open, high, and gradually sloping back to the woods nearly a mile in rear, through which the road to James river lay. On the left the woods were dense, reaching to Glendale, the next crossing on the left, and from thence our lines extended clear back to the James river at Malvern Hill, where Porter's corps was already in position. McCall's division was at Newmarket road, Slocum on the Charles City road, and Kearney between the two, with Hooker's next, connecting with our division of the Second corps. The line of defense conformed to the peculiarity of the ground, generally following the swamp from the right to Glendale, thence crossing to the left, until resting on Malvern Hill. The success of the movement entirely depended upon our ability to hold this position till after nightfall, as the teams would occupy the roads the whole day, and render any movement of troops impossible. The ground we occupied, made historical by our defense, presented a very interesting appearance, when we went into position. We being the rear guard were of course the last troops to come up. In front, the crest of the hill was bristling with guns, Hazzard's, Mott's, Ayers's, and Thomas's batteries, commanding the bridge, road, and swamp. To the left and rear was parked a splendid pontoon train, apparently deserted, and in the rear, and on the right, between the heavy timber land, the ground was literally covered with wagons, their teams unhitched, going to and from the river, where they were taken to water by the teamsters, preparatory to an early start. All the troops were lying down, almost every one fast asleep, and with the exception of the braying of the mules, and the chopping of the pioneer corps, all was quiet, and peaceful. As I had to await the complete destruction of the bridge, I dismounted; passed the bridle over an arm and lay down, and in a moment was fast asleep. Suddenly I jumped to my feet, awakened by what seemed to be a most terrific earthquake shock. Looking about me, I saw across the river a little to the

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left twenty-four guns within easy range furiously shelling our position. The hill upon which their guns were placed, the other side the stream, was ablaze with fire, and the air over my head filled with shot and shell, howling, screeching, and exploding amongst the guns and men on the ground above. At the very opening, the mules took fright and galloped wildly about the field. Many of the teamsters, panic-stricken, leaped upon their backs, and galloped to the rear at full speed, overthrowing everybody and everything in their way. At the train, the stampede was complete; everybody, and every team galloped away as fast as possible, abandoning the wagons to find safety for themselves. The scene was so ridiculous, that for a moment the men forgot the enemy's fire, to laugh at the misfortunes of the quartermaster's department. It was not long however, before the officers in charge stopped the skeedaddle, brought their men and teams back again, and marched off their trains in good order. The bridge being destroyed I rode up the hill to the brigade; gave Seth my horse, and went to the center of the Fifty-seventh regiment, and lay down alongside the colonel and Captain McKay, just behind the men. We all lay flat on our bellies, eyes fixed on the rising ground in front, where most of the shells struck and then came ricocheting down the slope amongst us. We could do nothing but try and dodge them, the batteries alone being able to reply. Hazzard and the other batteries, replied vigorously, and for three hours sustained this iron storm, losing heavily in both men and horses. Some of Hazzard's caissons were blown up, and Ayers lost a gun, dismounted. Finally Hazzard was obliged to withdraw, out of ammunition, and pretty well disabled. His place was taken by Captain Pettit, who came on the ground at a trot and as usual with him, got the enemy's range the first shot. In a few minutes the tables were turned, and now it was the enemy's caissons which blew up, and they were obliged to shift their position half a dozen times in half an hour, finally withdrawing out of range.

While we lay on our faces, dodging the shot and shell, McKay was struck in the heel, and yelled, like a Comanche Indian. He had to be carried off the field, and sent to the rear.

The regiment in rear of us, the Seventh New York, was particularly unfortunate; losing a file or two of men, every few minutes, they kept a pioneer party, constantly at work,

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burying their men as fast as they were killed, just in rear of the regiment. Shortly after the cannonade commenced, the rebels sent forward a line of skirmishers and made a dash for the bridge, but were easily repulsed by the picket line. They next attempted to cross further to the right, and brought on a lively affair, in which they were ultimately worsted. The serious attempt, however, was not on our front, but at Glendale, and still further to the left. Here the enemy concentrated his forces, and made the most heroic, and persistent efforts to break through. Throughout the entire morning the fight was continued, and severe deafening volleys of musketry came rolling through the woods, and were echoed back from hill to hill, until the earth seemed to shake from its foundation. About noon, Meagher's Irish brigade, of our division, was sent to their assistance, followed a short time afterwards by Caldwell's, leaving us alone to defend the swamp. The contest at Glendale was prolonged till evening, and we were greatly delighted to observe the position unchanged since morning, judging by the firing, which is generally a safe guide. If we could hold the enemy in check throughout the day, against his best efforts, we should have nothing to fear, for by the next morning we should be in position on the James, our rear secure, and in condition to fight and win. In our own front, Pettit gained complete control about noon, and kept the enemy's batteries quiet. The captain is a charming, quiet, harmless person to his friends; but a terror to the enemies of his country. As soon as he gained control, he arranged for sighting his guns on the bridge after dark, by driving a series of sticks into the ground in front of his pieces, in such a manner that the gun trained on them would exactly command the bridge, and so we could hold our position as long as we choose. About dark firing ceased along the whole front and nothing but the minute guns fired by Pettit at the bridge and the chopping of the enemy's pioneers broke the stillness of the summer evening. Towards eight o'clock, some one set fire to the pontoon train, which for some reason unknown to us, had been abandoned. There being no horses to haul it away, nothing could be done but destroy it. It probably cost fifty thousand dollars at the least, and ought never to have been abandoned. The enemy began chopping timber to repair the bridge as soon as it became dark, and the ring of their axes, the regular and monotonous

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discharge of the cannon, followed by the bursting of the shells in the swamp below, and the burning pontoons in rear, made the situation memorable, and extremely fascinating. The troops stacked arms after dark, and lounged in rear of them, doing what they pleased, which was a great relief from lying prone throughout the day.

General French resumed command at daybreak and Colonel Zook went to his regiment. After dark he ordered Zook to assume command again for the night, so we mounted our horses, and rode entirely around the brigade and down near the broken bridge to observe the shells explode, which generally happened exactly over it, effectually preventing the rebels from repairing it. At nine o'clock, an aide from General Richardson, reported the roads ahead free, and directed us to retire. The order was given, and with astonishing alacrity the column formed and resumed the march to the James; moving by the left flank again, we soon reached the main road running through heavy timber, and as the night was cool and the road superb, the men stepped out most astonishingly. Two of Pettit's guns remained in position with a company of infantry until half an hour after the column was fully stretched out; then firing their last shot, both guns at once, limbered up, and joined the column at the trot, giving the infantry company a lively shaking up. The rebels were now at liberty to repair the bridge and follow as fast as they chose. With good roads, free of obstruction, and a two hours' start, no infantry could overtake us and cavalry dare not, so we felt perfectly comfortable; when the column was well closed up and all in motion, I rode ahead and joined the colonel and staff, and again ate hard tack, drank more commissary, and smoked my pipe, our horses walking for dear life to keep out of the way of the men. Frequently during the night we fell asleep, but the horses kept their places in the column, without any effort on our part.

During the march we captured several rebel scouts, who were standing by the road side watching our movements, and hustled them into our ranks, but every one of them managed to escape before daylight. In this way, we marched all night long without a halt, emerging into an immense open plain, in sight of the James river shortly after daylight. Off to the right lay gunboats and transports riding at anchor, while the

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immense plain, low flat river land apparently, was entirely covered with wagons, ambulances, forges, etc., etc. There were no troops in sight and the teams and wagons were spread all over in the greatest confusion. After the colonel had taken a view of the surroundings, and noted the lack of defensive measures, and the absence of any one to direct our movements, he halted the column, formed it in line of battle across the road we had marched over, then stacked arms, and ordered the men to rest. Everybody lay down and fell asleep at once. Seth took my horse, and for the first time in three days removed his saddle. Billy lost no time in taking a roll and showing his pleasure at being free of incumbrances. As we were much exhausted, we slept soundly and were not disturbed until about eight o'clock, when the colonel woke me up and said he thought things looked suspiciously like a surrender; and seemed very nervous. He ordered me to ride until I found somebody to report to, and so, accompanied by an orderly, I rode away, traversing vast camps of wagons and artillery, and in fact everything but troops, and wondered what had become of the army. In the course of half an hour's travel, I found myself in front of a line of wall tents, pitched along the bank of the river. I enquired for army headquarters, and was not surprised to learn that this was the spot, but that the general-in-chief and most of his staff were on the gunboat Galena. I waited a long time for some one to turn up, and was at last rewarded by one of Sumner's staff officers appearing on the scene. He said orders had already been sent to the brigade to move into position, and explained the absence of troops from the plains by stating that the army was in position on the high ground above, admirably posted, and that the trains were perfectly secure. This put altogether a better aspect on the state of affairs and so, taking a loving view of the beautiful river, and graceful forms of the vessels at anchor, which reminded me so much of home, I turned reluctantly away, and rode back to the brambly wilderness. I met Zook some time afterwards, riding at the head of the brigade, heading for the steep hill above and told him what I had seen and heard. Our orders were to go into position at Malvern Hill, the name of the great hills overlooking the river; and there fight our last fight, and make our last stand, for win or lose, we could no further go; and so our night marches for the present at least were over. When we reached the summit of the high ground

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above, about half past nine o'clock, we saw a fine open country, gradually sloping back from our position to the rear, fringed with thick woods at a distance of perhaps a mile in our front, to less than half that distance on the left.

The army was collected here, and formed in a semicircle, either flank resting on the James, supported by gunboats on the river. On the left, the ground rises to form a considerable hill, around which were clustered the whole reserve artillery of the army, thirty-two pounders, heavy siege guns, and with twenty, ten, and twelve-pounders sandwiched in or posted lower down the slopes. The field was in every way admirably adapted for the use of artillery; and whenever or wherever a battery could be of use, it was promptly on hand. The enemy were firing a few shells as we advanced, and several dead horses lay about the field. We moved forward a few hundred yards and went into position in the center of the army, our whole corps being in reserve. In this position, we commanded the entire field, and could see everything going on. The day was glorious, bright and clear, and judging from the surroundings, the Army of the Potomac was just as lively as ever and in a most advantageous position. Porter held the left, Heintzleman and Keys the center; and Franklin the right. During the day the artillery fire was almost constant; the enemy at times pushing forward field guns, in the vain attempt to silence our heavy batteries. Towards three o'clock the enemy's infantry appeared, streaming down the road along the river side, and into the woods in front of Porter, where they formed for the attack. Our dispositions were promptly made, and everything got ready to receive them. They did not keep us long in suspense. Under cover of strong skirmish lines, they advanced in brigade masses, and made a desperate and savage attack upon the great hill, the key to our position. When they emerged from the woods, they were met by the shells of the thirty-two pounders, which exploding in front of them, tore huge gaps in their column. Gallantly closing up the ranks, they advanced at the charge, yelling furiously; the ground seemed to shake to its foundations, as at once hundreds of guns poured forth a storm of iron hail. The whole reserve force of artillery was in full play, and from shell to shrapnel, and thence to cannister, all played its alloted part. Still they advanced, although, as we could plainly see, more than one-half their men already covered the ground. Finally, as they

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advanced, their left flank became exposed to our artillery, posted in the center, which immediately opened fire with shocking and terrible effect. One battery near to me fired cannister by volley into them, mowing them down by hundreds. It was a dreadful sight, apparently hopeless for the enemy, and yet they persisted; many of them actually got within close range and sustained for several minutes the fire of our infantry. Then they turned, and ran, but only to be succeeded by others equally courageous. Again, and again they reformed at the edge of the wood, set up a wild yell of revenge, and gallantly came forward, hoping against hope, to carry our position. During the action the gunboats fired their hundred pound shells, dropping them into the woods where the enemy formed, by the aid of signal officers, creating dreadful confusion, even if they did not hit anything. And so the fight continued until about six o'clock; the enemy successively sending forward fresh assaulting colums, hoping by force of numbers, to finally carry everything before them. Porter's men were pretty well exhausted towards evening, and an aide coming to Sumner for assistance, General Caldwell, and Meagher were promptly ordered to his support. They were comparatively fresh, and went into action immediately, contributing much to the final success of the day.

The whole fighting was concentrated on the left, and was a continuous repetition of the story I have attempted to tell, ceasing only at nightfall, when the enemy abandoned the field; leaving it literally covered with their dead and wounded. Their gallantry was superb, and their losses prodigious; and yet at no time throughout the afternoon, was there the slightest chance of their success.

A desultory cannonading was maintained till nearly nine o'clock with some picket firing, but the men were greatly exhausted, and soon after the action ceased, fell asleep in their ranks lying on their arms. While the men slept, many of the officers were obliged to be on the alert. I was continually sent from one point to another, and remained in the saddle during the whole night. Towards midnight those of us on duty observed several columns of troops leaving the field toward the right flank, followed by some of the batteries lately in position near our brigade; later on the great siege guns from Porter's position went by and to our astonishment, the whole army be-

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gan to move again, and in a direction away from the enemy; as the great success of the preceding day warranted us in beleiving it would advance at daylight, and take the initiative, we were greatly astonished. General French, who was still sick, yet remained with us, in conversation with Colonel Zook, thought the movement very singular, as he had received no orders and believed with the rest of us that at daylight we should advance. At last he ordered Willie and me to ride over to the moving columns, and find out where they were going. We were soon amongst the troops and accosted a dozen or more commanders of infantry and artillery, none of whom could give us the slightest information. They said they were directed to march down the river, much to their surprise, but did not know their destination.

From midnight, until 4 A. M., the movement of troops continued; till at last we were the only brigade left on the field. General French finally concluded his brigade had been forgotten, through somebody's negligence, and reluctantly gave the order to fall in and follow the crowd. We stepped out, and soon overtook the retiring column, which was spread out on either side of the road, marching without much order and apparently indifferent to discipline. It rained a little during the night, and about daylight poured down in torrents, turning the roads into streams, and fields into sticky mud, making the marching execrable. Many of the batteries were obliged to double their teams on the guns, at certain places on the road, and only succeeded in getting them along by the greatest exertion. In the course of the day we passed several guns deserted in the road, and later on a siege battery, which effectually blockaded the route. The ground was slippery, the men fatigued, and everybody disgusted, which must have accounted for the great disorder. It really began to look like another Bull Run, and when a detachment of pioneers came up the road, and began felling trees across it, directly in front of the moving train of wagons, and artillery, we concluded some one must have gone crazy, and in sheer despair gave up thinking at all. When the battery commanders expostulated with the pioneer officer, he said he had his orders from the chief of staff of the army, and must obey them. The result was all the wagons and guns in rear of the obstructions, had to be hauled up the side of the road, and move in the fields, which was an immense and unnecessary

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labor. Our brigade marched in the fields in good order, without instructions till 4 P. M., when one of Sumner's staff came along, and was surprised to learn we had been forgotten. He told us we were bound for Harrison's Landing, where the army would remain and entrench itself. That Turkey bend, the position about Malvern Hill, was considered too weak to hold. The river was too narrow for the operations of the gunboats, and there was no natural protection on our right flank. Consequently, Harrison's Landing had been selected as an ideal position. It seems the general commanding never though of following up his success, which is the most curious thing, as almost every one else belonging to the army thought it a matter of course. Very shortly after the interview with this staff officer, we were directed to file off into a piece of shrub oak, and there pitch our tents for the night, until the storm subsided. The men were covered from head to foot with mud and made a miserable appearance. The army of Flanders was noted for its swearing, but I should like to back this army, on this particular occasion, against it, and give odds to boot.

Everything was disagreeable; the ground low and almost covered with water, the bushy trees dripping from every leaf and branch and the men thoroughly soaked to their waist in water. It was nearly eight o'clock before the brigade was wholly under cover, and resting from its efforts of the past six days.

When the last regiment had taken up its alloted space I found the regimental headquarters, hitched my horse to a small oak, and completely exhausted, crawled into a shelter tent and was instantly asleep. Promptly at break of day, the whole army stood in line of battle and remained in position for about an hour when they were dismissed and ordered to build fires and dry their clothes.

The storm was over and the sun shone with all the brilliancy of a July day. We formed in close column of division and laid out a regular camp, our whole corps being in reserve about half a mile from the river bank in the center of the army. Broom, with his regimental wagons intact, came up and was received with immense applause. At the sight of our wall tents, we forgot the trials of the past and eagerly watched the men as they pitched them in a comfortable spot, just in rear of the regiment. Seth was not slow in arranging matters in orthodox fashion, and

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by noon the beds garnished with red blankets, were ready for occupancy, a luxury to which we had long been entire strangers and so at last the great retreat, or change of base, was ended and the Army of the Potomac, just as sound as ever, was firmly planted along the James river, in spite of all the efforts of its formidable antagonist.

Thankful for my good fortune in escaping unhurt, and for the long desired repose from excessive fatigue, I slept for many hours, oblivious to all surroundings.

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CHAPTER XI

"War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble."

CAMP LIFE AT HARRISON'S LANDING; RETURN TO YORKTOWN; EMBARKATION AT NEWPORT NEWS; ARRIVAL AT CAMP CALIFORNIA; ADVANCE TO CENTREVILLE, AND RETURN TO CAMP AT CHAIN BRIDGE, WASHINGTON.

July 3rd, 1862.

EARLY this morning a detachment of cavalry, artillery, and infantry was sent back to recover the guns abandoned yesterday. No signs of the enemy were found until near the woods on the further side of the battle ground, where there was a picket line, which withdrew at their approach. They reported the enemy's dead as something astonishing, covering the fields, in many places piled up several deep. They did not press the enemy but returned to camp, bringing in the guns and everything else abandoned. In the afternoon, a section of rebel guns opened upon the camp directly in our front, sending their shells whistling over our heads, to explode amongst the teams in rear. The Fifth Maine regiment was ordered to make a detour through the woods and try to capture them, which they succeeded in doing without loss. The guns were part of a horse battery on a reconnoitering expedition; every man belonging to it was brought into camp with the guns, without loss on our side.

For the first time since the thirtieth of May, the bands were permitted to play and soon put the troops in good humor. The day was exceedingly pleasant, and at night we turned in and undressed, getting out of harness for the first time in thirty-five days.

I mounted guard this morning with all the formality prescribed by the regulations, in presence of a great crowd of visitors, besides our own men; drums and bugles beat off, making us all happy again. In the evening the regiment made a very gallant appearance at dress parade, and after the evolutions, listened to the following circular which I read in front of the regiment.

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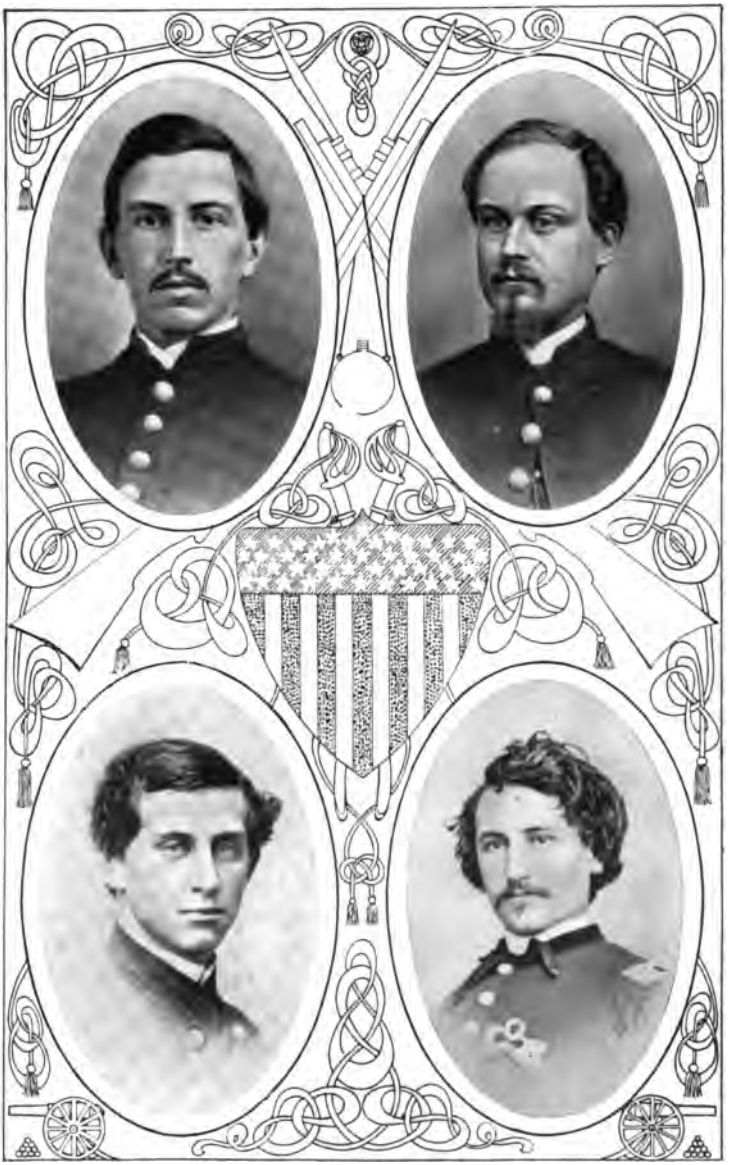

Lieut. J. M. Favill, Adjutant,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

Lieut. C. H. H. Broom, Quartermaster,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

Major R. V. McKim, Surgeon,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

Captain A. M. Wright,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

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Circular.

July 3, 1862.

A national salute will be fired at noon to-morrow, at the headquarters of each army corps. Immediately thereafter, the bands will play appropriate national airs. The general commanding will visit all the troops during the afternoon, when the troops will be paraded, and a major general's salute fired in each corps. The troops will be notified of the hour of the visit.

By command of

MAJOR GENERAL MCCLELLAN,
S. WILLIAMS, A. G.

Also the following, dated July 3rd, from headquarters, Army of the Potomac:

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier; attacked by superior forces and without hope of reinforcement, you have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return, guns and colors from the enemy; upon your march you have been assailed day after day with desperate fury by men of the same race and nation, skilfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of numbers and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict, beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. That your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history, no one will ever question; then each of you may always say with pride, "I belonged to the Army of the Potomac." You have reached the new base, complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit. The enemy may at any time attack you; we are prepared to meet them; I have personally established your lines. Let them come and we will convert their repulse into a final retreat! Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this our Nation's birthday, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the capitol of the so-called Confederacy, that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which

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can alone insure internal peace, and external security to each state, must, and shall be preserved, cost what it may, in time, treasure, and blood.

GENERAL G. B. MCCLELLAN.

We were a good deal amused at this Napoleonic and spread eagle address, but the men cheered it on parade, and seemed to think it very fine.

Directly after guard mount, Broom and I rode over to the landing to get a view of the river; we were surprised at its width. It makes a big bulge here and must be nearly a mile across. We looked up McKim and the brigade hospital fellows, whom we found busily engaged shipping the sick and wounded men away on transports. The river is crowded with all sorts of vessels, and the landing reminds one of a busy seaport city. Several gunboats lay at anchor in the stream, part of a regular James river flotilla which patrols the river from Turkey Bend to Fortress Monroe. We were delighted to get amongst the busy throng of workers, and see the water, boats, and ships; after so much experience, in which one's range of vision is so limited, it gives one a zest for the water almost indescribable.

The doctor gave us a piece of ice, and from other sources we got several bottles of wine, which we sent to our quarters by Kelly, Broom's man. On our return, Seth dug a hole which he called a wine cellar, at the foot of Broom's bed, in which he placed the ice and wine wrapt in a blanket. It kept pretty well, considering the heat.

The review took place during the afternoon, and was quite a success. The men looked well, their clothes a little shabby, but altogether soldierly, and business like. We performed no duty during the day, other than the guard mounting and review; celebrating the Nation's birthday by taking a good long rest, and generally cleaning up. In the evening, Seth proved himself a connoisseur in the matter of mixed drinks, a luxury to which we had long been strangers.

July 5th. The army is formed in very close order, nearly all the corps being camped in close column of division. We are told the entire front does not exceed five miles, therefore the troops must be packed pretty closely together. The general plan of the camp is seen from the sketch; it is impregna-

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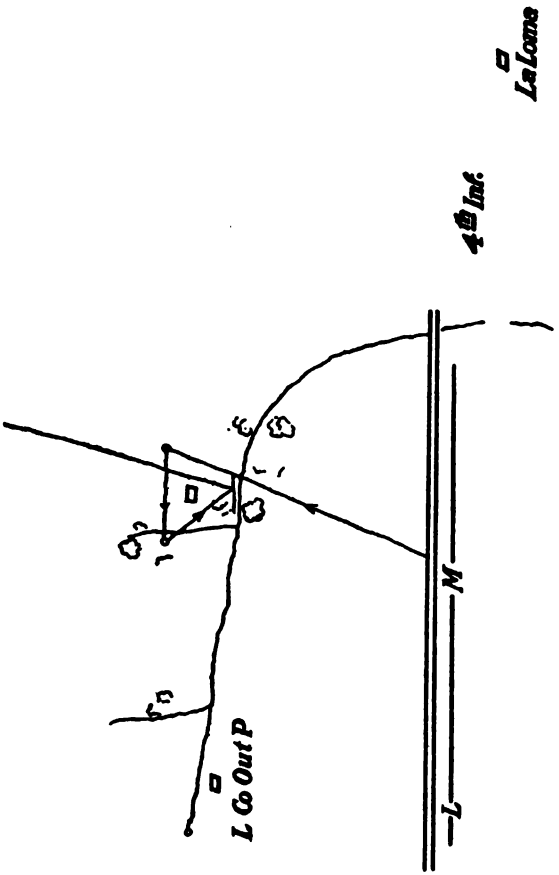

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ble, and can be defended easily against all comers and if that were all expected of the army, it would be entirely satisfactory, but it is a poor place for an aggressive, invading army.

The army now settled down for a comfortable rest, and the administrative bureaus began their activity, the executive officers working from morning till night. After the tremenduous campaign just closed, there is an immense amount of work to do. Every man must be satisfactorily accounted for, as well as every article of public property. Our losses cannot have been less than six or eight thousand men, and a fabulous lot of stores, of every description. All of this must be accounted for, and the reason given for its abandonment, or destruction. The muster rolls require the greatest care, to avoid doing injustice, for every man reported absent without leave, must be restored to his place by court martial, which is slow and uncertain. In the meantime the man, if again with his regiment, is debarred from drawing pay, or doing duty, and is a source of weakness, rather than strength to his regiment. Consequently, adjutants are busy people in camp, as well as regimental quartermasters, who have to re-equip the whole command wherever necessary. I have only one clerk, and write every morning till noon. Weather frightfully hot, and the water very poor; each regiment has its well, which is nothing more than a hole eight to ten feet deep, collecting the surface water; the soil being mostly sand, the water easily percolates through it. Many of the men have been taken sick since we arrived, perhaps as much from their past experiences as from the poor water here.

July 6th. I was present at an interesting conversation between General French and Zook, regarding the campaign just closed. Both of them admitted it had been a complete failure, in spite of the gallant and meritorious conduct of the troops. From the time the army first started for Manassas, until the second day of July, its movements, except in retreat, have been timid, vacillating, and indecisive. In no instance has it initiated the fighting, although organized for that purpose. When attacked, it has shown itself capable of great deeds, and has invariably succeeded in defeating its opponent, but never was allowed to take advantage of the fact. Upon landing before Yorktown, that stronghold could, as is well known now, have been captured by a *coup-de-main,* with almost no

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loss, the enemy being in small force, and wholly unprepared for defence. That plan, however, never seems to have occurred to the general commanding, his brain being filled with the idea of a great siege, like Sebastopol, in the Crimea. Having decided on the siege, everything else was neglected and the slow, laborious operation of digging entrenchments, and erecting batteries went along just as in the sieges of the Middle Ages, every one taking his time, and only careful to do things *regularly*. When the enemy evacuated the place, through lack of alertness on our part, they were able to move everything of value, and make an orderly and secure retreat, not a single wagon being abandoned. The advance and operations at Williamsburg were of the most perfunctory order, ill advised, indifferently carried out, and wholly without result. While the general commanding ostensibly undertook to cut off part of the enemy's force at West Point, or near there, the movements of the Army of the Potomac were so sluggish that the enemy easily got out of the way. Our army met with no resistance on the advance to West Point, and yet was nearly ten days in getting there. The advance from the White House to the Chickahominy was extraordinarily slow and hesitating, the troops not averaging more than five miles a day. Arriving at the Chickahominy, the grave military error of isolating a part of the army by a treacherous and difficult stream, was inexcusable, and has lost us much prestige. On the first of June everything was propitious, the army concentrated, the men anxious for a trial of their strength, and all abundantly supplied. At the very outset we forgot our plans; our theory, and our duty, and instead of taking the initiative with the combined army, and attacking the enemy, we awaited his attack and contented ourselves throughout the entire day with simply repulsing his efforts and holding our ground. Was there ever so great a miscarriage before? That a general attack would have resulted in success, and possibly an overwhelming victory, was the opinion of almost every officer in the field with whom I talked. But the general commanding seemed to be satisfied with holding his ground. Why we should have remained at Fair Oaks passes understanding. If we could not advance and attack advantageously, on the first of June, how could we do so subsequently, when the enemy had fortified himself? Fortifying ourselves on the

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southern, or right bank of the Chickahominy, we remained constantly under fire, powerless and inactive. How long this state of things would have lasted, had not the enemy renewed the fighting, is hard to guess. Gaines' Mills afforded one more capital chance for carrying out our plans. The enemy concentrated his army, and made a powerful attack on our right, a formidable position, which might have been held had troops enough been sent to support Porter's command, but in arranging for their attack, the enemy withdrew nearly all his troops in front of Sumner, Franklin, and Heintzleman's splendid corps, which lay inactive behind impregnable earthworks. As we knew, at least in front of our corps negroes were marched about their lines, beating drums, and making a noise, to deceive us with the belief that the troops were still there. Zook ascertained they were not there, and begged for permission to attack. If late in the afternoon, when Lee was concentrating all his forces, and pushing the fighting against Porter's corps, Sumner had made a dash for the works in front, they would certainly have been carried, and our advance moved to within shelling distance of Richmond, which would have been a position worth obtaining. In any case, we should inevitably have drawn off the force attacking Porter, and probably had the chance to fight them in rear of their own works.

Admitting the retreat was conducted superbly, the general's Fourth of July address to the contrary, there was an immense amount of all kinds of material destroyed. At Savage Station, while we lay there, a heavy train loaded with stores, was set on fire and sent under full headway over the burning bridge across the Chickahominy, to plunge headlong into the stream, where all was absolutely destroyed. The fight at Malvern Hill was entirely favorable to our side, the enemy lost enormously, while we suffered very little, and at the close of the fight, the rebel troops were dispirited and thoroughly exhausted; our corps, and the troops on the right were mostly fresh, excepting two brigades of our division. If a grand attack in force, of the entire army, well led, had been ordered immediately after the repulse of the enemy's last attack, who can doubt the result? But the same timid methods continued and the army was withdrawn, exactly as though it had sustained an overwhelming defeat. With such a commander, we can't hope for success, at least in anything more than a defen-

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sive warfare. Such certainly is the opinion of a great many of our brightest officers.

July 7th. Weather very hot, in consequence of which drills have been suspended. We got a Richmond paper to-day, with a rebel account of the battle of Malvern Hill. It is the Richmond Examiner, of Friday, July 4th. It says "The battle of Tuesday was perhaps the fiercest, and most sanguinary of the series of bloody conflicts, which have signalized each of the last seven days. Early on Tuesday morning, the enemy, from the position to which he had been driven the night before, continued his retreat in a southeasterly direction, towards his gunboats, on James river. At eight o'clock A. M., Magruder recommenced the pursuit, advancing cautiously, but steadily, and shelling the forests and swamps in front, as he progressed. This method of advance was kept up throughout the morning, and until four o'clock P. M., without coming up with the enemy. But between four and five o'clock our troops reached a large open field, a mile long, and three-quarters in width, on the farm of Doctor Carter. The enemy were discovered, (sic) strongly entrenched, in a dense forest on the other side of the field, their artillery, of about fifty pieces, could be plainly seen, bristling on their freshly constructed earthworks. At ten minutes before five o'clock P. M. General Magruder ordered his men to charge across the field, and drive the enemy from their position. Gallantly they spring to the encounter, rushing into the field at a full run. Instantly, from the line of the enemy's breastworks, a murderous storm of grape and cannister was hurled into their ranks with the most terrible effect. Officers and men went down by the hundreds, but yet undaunted and unwavering, our lines dashed on until two-thirds across the field. Here the carnage from the withering fire of the enemy's combined batteries and musketry was dreadful. Our line wavered a moment, and fell back into the cover of the woods. Thrice again the effort to carry the position was renewed, but each time with the same results. Night at length rendered further attempt injudicious, and the fight, until ten o'clock, was kept up by the artillery of both sides. To add to the horrors, if not to the dangers of the battle, the enemy's gunboats from their position at Carl's Neck, two and a half miles distant, poured on the field, continuous broadsides from their immense rifle guns. Though it is questionable,

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as we have suggested, whether any serious loss was inflicted on us by the gunboats, the horrors of the fight, were aggravated, by the monster shells, which tore shrieking through the forest, and exploded with a concussion which seemed to shake the solid earth itself. The moral effect on the Yankees of these terror inspiring allies, must have been very great, and in this, we believe, consisted their greatest damage to the army of the South. The battlefield, surveyed through the cold rain of Wednesday morning, presented scenes too shocking to be dwelt on without anguish. The woods and fields mentioned were on the western side, covered with our dead, in all the degrees of violent mutilation, while in the woods on the west of the field lay in about equal numbers, the blue uniformed bodies of the enemy; many of the latter were still alive, having been left by their friends, in their indecent haste to escape from the rebels.

"Great numbers of horses were killed on both sides, and the sight of their distended and mutilated carcases, and the stench proceeding from them, added much to the loathsome horrors of the bloody field. The corn fields, but recently turned by the plowshares, were furrowed and torn by the iron missles. Thousands of round shot and unexploded shells lay upon the surface of the earth; among the latter were many of the enormous shells thrown by the gunboats; they were eight inches in width by twenty-three in length. The ravages of these monsters were everywhere discernible through the forest. In some places long avenues were cut through the tree tops, and here and there, great trees, three and four feet in thickness, were burst open and split to very shreds. In one remarkable respect this battlefield differed in appearance from any of the preceding days. In the track of the enemy's flight there were no blankets cast away, blue coats, tents, nor clothing, no letters and no wasted commissary stores. He had evidently before reaching this point, (sic) thrown away everything that could retard his hasty retreat. Nothing was to be found on this portion of the field but killed and wounded Yankees, and their guns, and knapsacks." In another place it says: "The battle of Tuesday evening has been made memorable by its melancholy monuments of carnage, which occurred in that portion of General Magruder's corps, which had been ordered in very inadequate force, to charge one of

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the strongest of the enemy's batteries. There are various explanations of this affair. The fire upon the few regiments who were ordered to take the enemy's battery, which was supported by two heavy brigades, and which swept the thin line of our devoted men, who had to approach across a stretch of open ground, is said to have been an appalling sight."

So frank an admission of great loss has never been made before to my knowledge, on the part of the enemy, and it must have been great, indeed, to have them admit so much. The rule seems to be to grossly exaggerate the losses of the Yankees, and minimize their own. That we should have left our wounded on the field at Malvern Hill, is an indelible disgrace, as the enemy were so soundly thrashed they had not energy enough to find out we were gone, until long afterwards the next day. So far as I can find out, we left very few if any wounded, but if one is not an eyewitness, it is difficult to ascertain the truth, even amongst one's own friends.

The camp is already invaded by a new enemy in overwhelming numbers, and we are completely helpless to protect ourselves; the common house fly is the pest. Where so many of them come from, in so short a time, is a complete mystery; but they are ubiquitous, and the greatest nuisance imaginable. General Richardson, now a major-general, has gone to Fortress Monroe to recoup his health, French is in command of the division, and Colonel J. R. Brooke of the brigade, Zook having gone home to recuperate. Supplies are up in abundance now, and all necessary articles will be replaced immediately. Drilling regularly again.

July 19th. Since July 6th, nothing worthy of especial mention has occurred. The quiet of a garrison life has succeeded the stirring campaign days so suddenly that the former seem altogether uneventful and unworthy of notice, consequently I do not write anything, being busy all the time with routine duties, drills, parades, and reviews. I notice the men are improving physically since our arrival here, owing to better food. I was down to about one hundred and twenty pounds, but am pulling up again slowly. Heavy reinforcements are constantly joining us, so that our losses will soon be more than made up, and we may reasonably expect another advance before long. The heat has been, and still is, excessive; in the nineties every day, but cool and pleasant

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at night. The fly pest goes on increasing prodigiously; many of the specimens are perfect monsters in size and possess boundless activity and audacity. Just now they are our worst enemies.

This afternoon I got leave of absence for forty-two hours from General Sumner, and a pass to go to Fortress Monroe and return. I start to-morrow morning by one of the transports and expect a delightful trip. I take my diary, covering the events from the north side of the Chickahominy to Harrison's Landing, July 6, 1862, and intend sending it home by express.

July 23d. Returned to camp after a delightful and refreshing little jaunt. The sail down the river was magnificent. There were few passengers, mostly invalided officers, but a very agreeable lot of fellows, of course. The ship carried at her cross trees, boiler iron nests, in which riflemen were stationed, watching the shore all along the route. Her guns were shotted and run out ready for instant work, and all about one tended to a delightful exhilaration. I sat well forward, and was in ecstasy to find myself on the water again. The James is a beautiful river, with fine commanding banks, abrupt in many places, and mostly wooded to the water's edge. It is considered a dangerous route, and everyone is on the alert for a concealed enemy along the shores. We met scores of transports, gunboats, and troop ships; and there was plenty to occupy one's attention. Arriving at the fort, I went to dine at the hotel, and sat down to a regular dinner, at a regular table, for the first time in over a year. The situation was embarrassing at first, but I found myself, as an officer from the front, of considerable importance, which was equally unexpected and agreeable. I met many civilians, who were all anxious to talk about the war. I made myself agreeable, and did as little boasting perhaps as the situation allowed.

They told me General Sumner was considered one of the principal heroes of the last campaign. After dinner I looked over the fortress, which is the largest regular work, I think, in the United States. It is surrounded by a moat full of water and has a fine array of mounted guns peeping over the ramparts. When I went to my room at night, the first sight of a regular bed almost took away my breath, and I was strongly tempted to take the floor in preference. I got in

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after some hesitation and found it comfortable, but very strange. The next day I visited the negroes' quarters, bought various articles for the colonel and myself; sent the diary home, also a rebel officer's sword, captured at Savage's Station, and then went on board a transport, bound back to the camp. The return sail was equally agreeable. I felt like returning home from a strange country; the regiment is now, in fact, my home, where all my interests center.

July 23d. This morning I was surrounded by all hands, anxious to hear the news from civilization, and to look at a man that had actually had a leave of absence. They tell me the corps' review yesterday was a great success; the Fifty-seventh had the extreme right of the line and looked superb. It mustered exactly four hundred and forty-seven officers and men present for duty; showing a loss of almost forty-one per cent within nine months. Poor food, exposure, and hard work account for some of the loss, but the regiment has had a great many killed and wounded in action. The weather to-day was delightful, a fine shower falling about five o'clock, cooling and refreshing the air.

Heintzleman's corps was reviewed to-day. I rode over to see it; thought it not equal to ours in any way.

July 24th. Warm pleasant day; towards evening foggy. Porter's corps was reviewed to-day, and a whole host of Second corps officers rode over to see how it looked. It is the only corps that has any so-called regular infantry. There is one brigade only; the regiments are small battalions, generally commanded by company officers, and are inferior in appearance to scores of volunteer regiments. The Fifth New York is brigaded with them and is by all odds the finest regiment in the whole corps. As a whole, the corps looked soldierly and are a well disciplined body of troops, but we thought not equal to the Second corps. Our regiments average greater strength, and carry themselves more soldierly; there are few regimental commanders like Brooke and Zook and Cross; and, then, Sumner never tires in disciplining everybody, even himself I don't mean to say we have no poor regiments, because we have; but they are very few in number.

July 25th. Weather still fine. Had a capital brigade drill in the afternoon, Colonel J. R. Brooke commanding, French still being in command of the division. General Richardson

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absent on sick leave. For the first time this summer the rations included new potatoes, cabbage, and tomatoes; the country hereabout produces nothing but corn, and all we have comes from the North; our main stay is, of course, hard bread (hard tack), salt pork, and fresh beef, killed on the hoof, and dressed and served on the ground, the animals' skins being used to cut up the meat on. As the beef is issued immediately after being killed, it is generally warm and full of sand, due to the carelessness of the butchers.

July 26th. Weather glorious; good food and regular sleep has made a wonderful change in our physique, most of us getting stout. I was as thin as a rail, but am beginning to fill out a little. At 11 A. M. every tent in the whole division was struck, the ground thoroughly swept with home-made brooms, and left exposed to the sun till 5 P. M.; this was to restore the hygienic conditions of the camp which were believed to be foul. Just after the tents were put up again a heavy storm gathered and broke about six o'clock, lasting until 9 P. M. It rained tremendously, but our tents were well put up, and stood like trees.

July 27th. Sunday morning, bright and beautiful, but intensely hot during the day. Early in the morning the quartermaster issued new clothing, including drawers, socks, trousers, shoes, and blouses. At 7:30 A. M. we fell in for inspection, and nearly every man appeared in new clothes; the regiment looked very fine. After sunset, Broom and I rode over to the river to cool off.

July 28th. Hot as Jupiter! Men and animals suffering much from the prolonged spell of hot weather, and especially from the horrible swarms of flies, a nuisance we cannot abate apparently. The large deep well the regiment has been making was finished to-day and yields abundance of fairly good water. It is just a trifle cooler than the water in the shallow wells, but there is much more of it, which was the chief object in making it. From 6 to 7 P. M. the troops were drilled by brigade, Colonel J. R. Brooke commanding; subsequently, every regiment had a dress parade. We get no news of the enemy and curiously think very little about him. Have settled down to a regular camp life, and are enjoying its quiet comfort. Experience is the one thing soldiers cannot do without. There are certain things essential to one's comfort, only

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to be learned in actual campaigning; once acquired they become a part of one's existence. One of these things is contentment. "Take no anxious care for the morrow!" "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Two golden maxims for a man of war; faithfully observed, they save a world of anxiety in such stirring times as these and are well worth practicing.

July 29th. Weather delightful, barring the great heat. In the evening from six to eight o'clock the whole division was paraded for review by General French, commanding. The men returned to camp covered with dust, and saturated with perspiration. It is altogether too hot for unnecessary parades, at least so we think, who do most of the work.

July 30th. To-day was the hottest of the season thus far. The heat was intolerable, and all work not absolutely necessary was stopped. We made desperate efforts to keep cool, but were wholly unsuccessful. Our tents are covered with pine boughs; the fly is up in front as an awning, and the sides of the tents looped up to the cords, making a free circulation, but still we were almost suffocated. We owe much to the ladies of the sanitary commission, who very kindly furnished us with a lot of palm-leaf fans. At noon received orders to prepare three days' rations, issue sixty rounds of ammunition, and hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. It was really a good thing to have something to do, for we forgot for the time being the great heat. The cooks set to work; ammunition was issued in the few cases where the men were without their proper complement, and the camp soon became animated and interesting. No information was given as to the movements intended, and so we arranged for a final leave taking of the camp by packing up our traps. At 6 P. M. the brigade was ordered out for drill, in full marching order, three days' rations included; drill lasted until 7 P. M. After it was over, and before the troops were dismissed, six men from each regiment were selected to serve on the James river gunboat flotilla. Nearly every man in the regiment volunteered to go, and those selected considered themselves fortunate; the fact is a foot soldier is always ready to change place with any man riding horseback, sailing on gunboats, or even driving mule teams. Late in the evening received orders to parade at seven o'clock

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to-morrow morning. Colonel Zook is still on leave of absence, trying to get recruits for the regiment from the governor of the state; we all hope he may get them and soon rejoin us. Companies are much too small for service.

July 31st. At midnight we all jumped out of bed in a hurry, startled by a heavy artillery fire, which at first could not be located. The men assembled on the color line without orders and remained there until the firing ceased, about an hour in all. It turned out to be a rebel field battery, sent under cover of darkness down the right bank of the James, to shell the numerous transports anchored near the landing. Our gunboats, *tonjours prés,* opened immediately with their big and little guns, but did not silence them for over an hour; curiously little or no damage was done while the possibilities were immense. Two of their shells burst quite close to our regiment, which indicates they did not get the range. When the firing ceased, we turned in again and were soon asleep.

Brigade inspection at half-past seven A. M., rations and ammunition inspected, as well as arms and accoutrements; our regiment was in fine order. Lieutenant-Colonel Parisen takes infinite trouble in seeing everything for himself. Shortly after nine o'clock it commenced raining and continued throughout the day, deliciously cooling the atmosphere and the parched earth. Anxiously awaited orders to march, which did not come, however.

August 1st. The regiment was mustered for pay during the morning, after which the men signed the rolls. Pay day is always an event in the army, almost every man being dead broke long before the paymaster comes around. The men, generally speaking, are improvident, and some of them great gamblers, soon getting rid of their cash; many send home a large proportion of their pay to their families, and the express companies do a big business in money packages every pay day; we are all paid in paper money, and sometimes with coupon, interest-bearing notes; my pay amounts to about one hundred and sixty dollars per month, a third of which I send home for safekeeping, the balance I spend. There are a good many professional gamblers in the army, who, many think, enlisted for the sole purpose of despoiling their comrades; at any rate, there are certain men in our brigade who regularly gather in the bulk of the money.

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Gambling is forbidden to officers, as well as private soldiers by the regulations, but it is a complete dead letter. The regiment received to-day a new set of camp kettles, to replace their old ones, abandoned on the great retreat. The men were delighted. Since our arrival in this camp each man has cooked his own rations in his tin cup, and his bill of fare has in consequence been extremely limited. Now, again, the company cooks take charge, and the men will have more leisure and better fare.

August 3d. The weather is perfect and everything very quiet. This being Sunday morning, we held the regular inspection. Every man had on new clothes; blacked boots, and white gloves, and looked stunning. It is just a month to-day since we arrived here. There seems no good reason why we should remain cooped up any longer; the weather is superb for campaigning, the army large, in splendid order, and all anxiety to go ahead. Why do we stay here anyway?

August 4th. General Hooker, with his division, made a reconnoissance to Malvern Hill to-day and drove in the enemy's pickets. In the evening had a brigade drill. While taking our supper under the awning in front of our tent our old friend, the genial paymaster of the division, Major Potter, arrived. He always puts up with us, and makes himself delightfully agreeable. He gives us the gossip of the capital and such army news as is not to be had in the field; in the evening we initiated him into some more of the mysteries of camp life.

August 5th. At midnight last night the troops were ordered to fall in and be ready to march. We concluded this was a sure thing and packed up everything, waited on the color line almost two hours, and were then dismissed, and turned in again. Early in the morning heard artillery firing in the direction Hooker had gone yesterday. About nine o'clock it became very heavy, gradually receding, so we concluded the reconnoissance was pushing well forward. This is the first time a reconnoissance has been made since the second day of our arrival, and the enemy's position is wholly unknown to us. It does seem as though the newspaper people find out more about the enemy than the general staff and War Department combined. During the day, the wounded returning from Hooker's command, reported him several

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miles beyond Malvern Hill, meeting with little opposition. Early in the day, Major Potter went to work, and towards evening finished paying off the regiment. There were no drills or parade of any kind, on account of the paymaster. Weather intensely hot and sultry.

August 6th. This is my birthday. I am twenty years old, and have served nearly eighteen months in the army, fully a year in active campaigning. Events are so crowded in these warlike times that it makes one feel real old. I seem to have lived always in the army, and can hardly convince myself that campaigning is not the ordinary business of life.

In the morning the regiment was supplied with white duck leggings, after the French army pattern; it is to be henceforth part of the uniform. They look quite gay, and now that they are clean seem very ornamental; the men appear to like them. At six o'clock fell in and marched out on the drill ground for a division drill, General French commanding. The drill lasted till nine o'clock, very interesting, but the men were tired out. As soon as we reached camp after the drill, we were ordered to fall in in light marching order, and immediately marched out of camp and halted in front of General Sumner's headquarters. Presently the general came out, and we followed him outside the breastworks to within two miles of Malvern Hill, when we halted upon a hill, with a good view of the surrounding country, formed line of battle in rear of one of the batteries and lay down and rested. In half an hour we were ordered to march by file right, which would take us back to camp, but after going about two miles, turned off into a large open field, formed line, and stacked arms, when the men lay down in their ranks to sleep; this was about 2 A. M.; at five o'clock, we marched to the top of the hill in front and formed line in support of several batteries in position there; the Fifty-seventh and the Sixty-fourth, the latter lately added to our brigade, formed the line which commanded the road leading to Malvern Hill, and were in position to furnish support in case of need to the Irish brigade, which has been sent forward to find the enemy. It seems McClellan is getting a little anxious at last, at the prolonged quietness of the rebel army, and it is just possible it may have something on hand that will astonish us. Spent most of the day on this hill, very pleasantly; all glad to get

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out of camp, which has become very irksome, as we seem unable to find the enemy we may possibly go ahead and try and take Richmond.

August 8th. A lovely quiet morning. No news from the Irish brigade, and not a shot fired in any direction. At 9 A. M. the wagons came up with soft bread, fresh beef, potatoes, etc. We were mighty glad to see the soft bread, which is the greatest of all luxuries when you have been without it for a couple of months. We could hardly wait to have it issued, so eager were we to taste it. Just after the company's cooks had gotten things ready for a swell feast, orders were received to return to camp immediately. The heat was intense, and nearly one-half the regiment fell out; reached camp at 2 P. M., much exhausted by heat and dust.

August 9th. Heat fearful; troops neglecting everything not absolutely necessary. At dress parade the following circular was read at the head of each regiment:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS,
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, August 7, 1862.

Circular.

The general commanding the division desires to express to the command his appreciation of their successful efforts in bringing back the division to the high standard which it held previous to the recent battles.

This division has now a high reputation for valor and for endurance, and also for subordination, without which the other soldierly qualities are valueless. You are again called upon to hold yourselves ready to meet an enemy in arms against his own country and his own flag!

Soldiers of the First Division, you are ready.

W. H. FRENCH,
Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

About noon, a tall, fine looking young officer called upon me and claimed acquaintance on account of similarity of names. He is a captain, not over twenty-three or four years old, and comes from Little Falls, New York, where his family of Favills have been established since 1690, I think he said; found him very agreeable and enjoyed the interview.

August 18th. I have omitted any notations since the

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eighth, for the reason that our wagons have been packed, and everything held in readiness to march at a moment's notice, for the past week. Of course, we expected to move, and in the interim there was nothing going on. No drills, parades, or reviews, and consequently nothing to record. The camp is filled with rumors of Lee's disappearance, and there is much anxiety at headquarters as to his intentions. We gather little of importance about the situation from our own resources and trust almost entirely to the New York Herald for news, even of our own movements. While we know nothing positive, the general belief is entertained that the rebel army has undertaken some kind of enterprise which is worrying the commander of the Army of the Potomac a good deal. The situation ought to have been reversed, the Army of the Potomac keeping the rebel army on the anxious seat, but our general is decidedly slow, and I suppose General Lee has concluded we are afraid to undertake another aggressive campaign. The weather has been hot continuously, and the sick list greatly increased.

Early this morning, the Fifty-seventh was detailed for picket duty, the first we have done in this camp. We left our tents standing, but empty, all our traps having been packed for the last week, crossed outside the entrenchments, and down the Charles City road until we reached the picket line, posted on fine open ground, having a commanding prospect. Our regiment relieved the troops found on duty, and established itself comfortably in the open country. On our way out, we observed many of the camps deserted, and long trains of wagons moving down the peninsula, indicating a general movement of some kind. As soon as the pickets were posted, Lieutenant-Colonel Parisen and I rode over to the cavalry videttes and enjoyed a splendid gallop in the open. The officer commanding the videttes told us from what he could learn the rebel army had gone, and that there was only a small cavalry force in front. About noon, our regimental wagons joined us and reported the camp struck, and the whole army in motion towards the north. They report a rumor at the landing that the rebel army has gone for Washington, and that the people there are scared out of their wits. It seems improbable, but General Lee is a brilliant commander, and must by this time be a little tired of waiting for us to move,

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and may try to take advantage of our sluggishness by making a sudden and unexpected attack on the capital. If it proves true, what a reflection it will be on the "Little Napoleon."

August 16th. We remained on duty all night, but at 7 A. M. withdrew the picket line and joined the brigade, which was in rear of the division. At 9 A. M. the whole division fell in and marched northerly, following the troops, which, together with the trains, had preceded us; our line of march lay through splendid fields of corn, now quite fit to eat, some of it so remarkably high that I could only just touch the waving plumes with the point of my drawn sword, on horseback. It afforded a grand feast for the men, who were not slow to fill up their haversacks; it is easily roasted by throwing it into burning embers, with the covering intact; this partially steams it, and gives a delicious flavor; marched until evening, making only two short halts for rest, and went into bivouac in a beautiful spot near a large house, which Sumner occupied as headquarters. The country we marched over is much in advance of anything we have seen heretofore, and has not been campaigned over; consequently, our larder contains many delicacies, and within an hour after we arrived, *en bivouac,* the mess was bountifully served with fricasse chicken, roasted corn, etc.; all are in buoyant spirits at the prospect of active service again. During the night Franklin's corps passed by.

August 17th. Reveille at daybreak, and immediately after breakfast about five o'clock the column fell in and continued the march, at first very slowly, on account of the troops ahead. At 9 A. M., we halted for half an hour, then continued the march to Charles City court house, where we halted for dinner; the heat very oppressive and dust frightful; no one would have guessed our clothing was originally blue, for we certainly looked more like a division of graybacks. The lieutenant-colonel and I rode over to the court house, which is a small, antique building, and found it deserted and dismantled, the floor strewn with public and private deeds, wills, and miscellaneous documents, many of them very ancient and very curious. We spent over an hour in examining them, in company with dozens of other officers, all of whom carried off something. Some of the papers were more than one hundred and fifty years old, and it seems a great pity they

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should be so summarily destroyed. However, it's the fortune of war, and we did not begin it.

At 11:30 o'clock we fell in, and having a clear road marched steadily for four hours, passing many fine houses, most of them deserted; others left in charge of ladies, who showed no fear, but in every instance claimed protection. Some of them were attractive and got what they asked for, others had to contribute somewhat to the supplies for the evening meal. We halted about half-past three o'clock for an hour, then continued the march to the Chickahominy, the historic *bete noir* of our spring campaign. The river here is nearly half a mile wide, I think, quite a formidable stream, and only passable by boats; we found a magnificent pontoon bridge laid across, as straight as an arrow and very beautiful to look upon; no one would imagine these little canvas boats would make so fine a support as they do; the wagons and artillery were crossing in a continuous stream, yet the oscillations and vibrations were almost nil. The engineers had covered the planking lightly with earth, so there was no noise or abrasion of the bridge flooring, and it answered the purpose just as well as a permanent bridge could have done. When we arrived, heavy masses of troops were halted near the bridge approach, so we closed up, stacked arms, and rested till eight o'clock, then passed rapidly over, formed in close column of division, and halted for the night; marched altogether twenty-two miles during the day, and were well tired out, owing more to delays and the intense heat and dust than to the distance covered. Heard to-night that Lee's army has certainly gone north, and that our destination is the capital.

August 18th. Reveille at daylight. Immediately after breakfast the troops received several days' rations, and at 7 A. M. marched out of bivouac, going only four miles, and then for some reason not stated, pitched tents upon a splendid plantation and remained until the next morning. Poultry, fruits, and vegetables were in abundance, and we not only enjoyed a superb rest, but the best of catering. A spread at Delmonico's could not surpass the dainties of the Fifty-seventh's mess on this pleasant route. The country is delightful, and riding at the head of one's regiment in company with so many good fellows, day after day, is simply glorious; a most agreeable change from camp life.

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August 19th. By 7 A. M. we were in line, tents struck, wagons loaded, and commenced the march in first-class condition. The country improves the further we go, and to-day's eight miles march was through a paradise, compared to the region of Manassas and the Chickahominy. Went into bivouac early in the afternoon and remained all night. There are plenty of excellent springs about this country, in addition to numerous other good things, and the campaigning reminds me all the time of Charles O'Malley's experience in the Spanish peninsula.

August 20th. At 7 A. M. were *en route* again, and at noon entered the ancient city of Williamsburg, halting just on the outskirts of the town. Colonel Parisen, Doctor McKim, and I rode over the place, which is interesting on account of its antiquity and the college buildings; the bricks used in the buildings were sent over from England; they are very plain and substantial, but not particularly imposing; there are many quaint colonial houses now deserted on streets that are grass grown, and save for a few chattering darkies, utterly deserted. Melancholy, indeed, is the fate of this once flourishing town, now simply a monument of past generations. After an hour's halt the column marched three miles northeast of the town, passing over the battlefield, where Haincock gained renown. The earthworks are still standing, just as the rebels left them, except that nature, always generous, has spread a graceful mantle of green about them, making them look less suspicious to the soldier's eye.

August 21st. Marched bright and early, arriving at Yorktown about noon and put up our tents on the identical spot occupied by us while awaiting shipment to West Point, in the spring; felt quite at home. As soon as the camp was established, all hands were dismissed for a swim, and the waves were quickly whispering lullabys in the ears of the dusty and weary warriors of the first division. Got a lot of gossip here. It seems the army is being transferred as speedily as possible by transports, from both this place and Newport News, to Alexandria and Washington, to head off Lee, who is really in front of the army of Virginia, under Pope somewhere on the Rapidan. The coast here is covered with troops awaiting transportation, and are loading night and day; but it is a big undertaking to transport by ships one hundred

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thousand men, together with their material, and it takes a good deal of time. General McClellan, it is rumored, has been removed, or is to be, *on dit;* that the President is disgusted with him; his want of success and very disagreeable relations with the government, constantly throwing all the blame on Washington for his failure, is a little too much, even for our long-suffering and patient President.

After a capital swim, several of us rode through the quaint, slow, old town, which we found just as dirty as ever, the pigs still running at large, feeding on the filth from the tumble down houses; received orders to be ready to march early in the morning for Newport News, as transports were awaiting us; weather magnificent.

August 22d. Reveille at daybreak. Immediately after breakfast rations were issued, and the column stretched out *en route* for Newport News; the heat was oppressive, but the troops marched well; traveled over a very interesting country, with immense fields of corn, tall and beautiful, which undulated in the breeze like the waves of the ocean after a storm. The column halted six miles northwest of the town, well tired out, with a good day's march.

August 23d. Up early and made a prompt start; half an hour afterwards it began to rain and soon poured down in torrents. We know a thing or two now about campaigning, and so a rain storm is something to enjoy, at least for mounted men; on the pommels of our saddles we carry, rolled and strapped, a rubber coat, leggings, and cap cover, and on the first appearance of rain get into our leggings, strapping our spurs over them, so that the feet are protected. The coat is made on purpose for mounted men and is full behind to cover the horse and blankets. When one is encased in this rubber armor, he can laugh at the wildest storm, perform his duties comfortably, and go into his quarters perfectly dry. The men are provided with ponchos, a rubber blanket with a slit in the center, through which the head is passed, and thus are fully protected, as also are their arms and accoutrements; marched steadily without interruption, arriving at noon, and encamped by the sea side,

> "Where we long have pined to
> Linger, where the pebble-covered shore,
> Under the quiet faint kisses of the sea,
> Trembles, and sparkles as with ecstacy."

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The rain ceased before we arrived, and the sun shone just as brilliantly as ever, and soon dried up the ground. There is no town proper here, nothing but a lot of little wretched shops about the wharves, but the sea view is superb. The water so deep that the largest ships can come close to the shore; all the natural elements, in fact, for a great seaport, but there is no enterprise in this part of the country; everything seems to have long since attained its maximum, and is now content to vegetate and gradually die. Our men bought out the oyster men in short order, and were soon engaged in frying, stewing, and eating raw, every variety of oyster under the sun. A small party from our headquarters took a swim in the deep blue sea during the evening and greatly enjoyed it. Transports were not ready, so we had to wait till Sunday, the 25th, when our regiment embarked on the steamship Spaulding, together with the Fifty-second New York and Second Delaware. We lay off the dock all day Sunday, waiting for the rest of the division to embark. Early on Monday morning, everything being ready, we steamed away for Acquia Creek on the Potomac, where we arrived towards evening and remained on board all night.

August 27th. At 5 A. M. disembarked and marched up the hills, which here form a very high and steep bluff, bivouacking near the woods a short distance in rear, stacked arms and lay down; in a few minutes we were ordered back again to the docks, and on board the steamer United States, bound for Alexandria. What a mass of soldiers were arriving and departing from this point! The shore was covered as far as one could see with troops, and incessant streams of men were in motion in different directions. Events of great importance are evidently impending, but we received very little information of what was going on. Arriving at Alexandria early in the morning, we immediately disembarked and marched directly for Camp California, our first winter quarters. When the men came in sight of the old spot, they fairly yelled with delight, throwing their caps in the air, and hurrahing till half their throats were sore. The Fifty-second German regiment expressed their feeling by singing magnificently, "Home Again." Nearly every man in this regiment is a singer, and they have organized a system of singing on the march, when going through towns, on any notable

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occasion, which is most impressive. Every regiment bivouacked on its original ground, and most of us began to arrange and plan for a new camp, expecting a moderate stay, but were doomed to disappointment. The trains were not yet up, and as we have no camp equipage, are obliged to bivouac in the open air. What an extraordinary coincidence, that just five months after the opening of hostilities in the spring we should be back on the identical ground we started from, but not all of us are here; just about one-half of those who started to run the gauntlet of shot and shell, disease and capture, have succumbed to the one or the other, and their bones in many cases are whitening many a lonely spot in the pine forests of this unlucky state. Those of us surviving are a hardy, well disciplined, experienced body of troops that no disaster can appal, no hardship terrify; men for whom the soldiers of Lee's army have a most wholesome respect. The campaign we have just finished has, of course, been a lamentable failure, but, as I have frequently observed, the general commanding, and not the men, is to blame. I remember a verse of a song, said to have been sung by the French army, commanded by Villeroi, after the battle of Cremone, in Piedmont, in which Villeroi, the commanding general, was captured; both armies were equally delighted:

"Francais rendon grace a Bellone,
Notre bonheur est sans egal:
Nous avons conservé Cremone
Et perdu notre General!

If we have really lost our general, I expect we shall do much better.

We busied ourselves getting information about the state of affairs, which is greatly mixed. Hooker and Kearney's division passed through here a week ago by rail to join Pope's army. Porter, with Morrel's and Syke's division, landed at Aquia Creek about the same time and marched to Fredericksburg, so that two corps of our army, at least, are with Pope, who ought to be able to give a good account of himself, thus reinforced.

August 29th. Early this morning received orders to march to the old Bull Run battlefield, to the assistance of General Pope, who, report says, is getting much the worst of the

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fighting. Bull Run seems a fatal stream for us. Our entire division fell in, taking the road to Alexandria for a while, then turning off to the left, passed in front of Washington, and halted on the glacis of Fort Corcoran, bivouacking there for the night. Early on the 30th we marched up close to the fort, stacked arms, and put up our tents, it being understood we were to form an additional garrison for the fort. At two o'clock, however, we were ordered to make a forced march to Centreville, leaving our tents behind us, and so started instantly, and had not gone many miles when the familiar sound of cannonading greeted our ears, increasing as we proceeded. We stepped out willingly and rapidly throughout the day, reaching Fairfax court house at midnight; here we halted for a rest of two hours, and then proceeded over a road blockaded with private carriages, ambulances, teams, and troops to Centreville, where we formed in brigade masses on the heights and rested on our arms for further orders. The old Bull Run of 1861 was vividly before my eyes; the ground we stood upon was the identical ground occupied by the line of New Jersey troops, who gave the scattered legions of McDowell such a terrific shock. Ah, how distinctly I remember!

Around, in all directions, heavy bodies of troops were massed similar to ourselves, apparently awaiting orders. In the course of a couple of hours our division deployed in line of battle, marched forward over the open ground to the edge of a piece of woods, where we expected to find the enemy; remained in this position throughout the day, without, however, getting a sight of a single rebel, and towards evening were ordered back to Washington, the enemy having passed to our right, moving towards the upper Potomac. As we were marching off the field, another order was received, directing the first division to form the rear guard and cover the retreat of the whole army. The vicissitudes of war have, as everybody knows, made our division familiar with this particular kind of duty, and on this account I suppose we are selected. The column was halted, formed on either side of the road, stacked arms, and waited for all to pass by. At 11 P. M. the roads were free, not a single man or vehicle of any description being left behind, so we fell in with a battery of guns and brought up the rear in fine order, keeping everything in front of us and a lively lookout in the rear. As usual, after

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a battle it rained hard all night, making the marching laborious and tedious. At daylight passed through Fairfax court house and went into position two miles north of it on Flint Hill, stacked arms, and got our breakfast. Just ahead of us were large bodies of troops and vast parks of wagons and artillery, all taking a rest; as we were to remain till they were gone, we lay down and got some much needed sleep. About 3 P. M., the ground being clear in front, we fell in and were just about to resume the march, when a rebel horse battery came in sight, deliberately unlimbered, went into position, and opened fire, but we gave them so hearty a reception they only remained about five minutes, leaving the field at a gallop, amidst a shower of shrapnel from our guns. This little incident over, we limbered up and proceeded, passing over the identical ground covered by us of the Seventy-first in '61, through Vienna, to the chain bridge on the Potomac, where the whole corps encamped. The men were greatly fatigued by the march, which was interrupted constantly by the breakdown of the wagons, as well as by stragglers and invalids. Our business was to clean up everything before us, which we did completely and successfully, assisting in the repair of wagons, cheering up the faint-hearted, compelling stragglers to step out, and putting all those actually unable to walk in ambulances. Everything was done leisurely and orderly. We were not afraid of the enemy this time, as we were in '61, and that makes all the difference.

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CHAPTER XII

POPE'S CAMPAIGN, ANTIETAM, HARPER'S FERRY, AND OCCUPATION OF FALMOUTH, VA.

UPON our return to the defenses of Washington we heard for the first time that General McClellan had been relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac, which was a great surprise to us, and caused much anxiety. There is no doubt the army feels very kindly toward the General, although our expectations have not been realized. Still, he created this army, and for that alone is entitled to every consideration. It seems the President has formed another army called the army of Virginia, which was in position along the line of the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers, extending from Frederickburg on the left, to Rapidan Station on the Orange, and Alexandria railroad on the right, and an officer unknown to us, General Pope, is in command. When the Army of the Potomac was ordered to withdraw from the Peninsula, Pope was directed to make a demonstration on Gordonsville to attract Lee's attention. Consequently on the 9th of August, the day McClellan sent out his first reconnoissance toward Malvern Hill and Richmond, Banks, with his corps crossed the Rapidan and advanced towards the objective point, soon meeting the enemy, who proved to be in greater force than expected, and so after a stubborn engagement, was obliged to retire with considerable loss behind Cedar Run. From prisoners taken it was learnt that Jackson's division was part of the opposing force. The rebel General Stuart's adjutant was captured, and from papers in his possession it was discovered that both Jackson and Longstreet were in full force, and about to attack Pope's army in hopes of a great success, before the army of the Potomac could be brought around to its assistance.

It is almost certain that Lee received information of our intended movement as soon as it was decided upon, certainly before it commenced, and was thus at liberty to move securely and swiftly, by an inner circle, with every prospect of successfully engaging Pope's army. Pope, after learning of Jack-

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son's presence, contracted his lines by withdrawing from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, and, watching the fords, intending to defend that river until the army of the Potomac, joined him, which was being sent forward with all possible speed.

On the 25th of August, the enemy made extensive preparations for crossing. It proved however, only a ruse to throw Pope off the track of his real movements. Jackson, with twenty-five thousand men marching in broad daylight, by way of Olean, Salem, and Thoroughfare Gap, placed himself on the morning of the 26th, in position at Bristoe Station, squarely in rear of the army of Virginia, and across its lines of communication, without opposition. At the same time, he sent a column to Manassas Junction, in rear of Bristoe Station, which captured the garrison and immense quantities of stores, setting fire to what he could not carry away.

On the evening of the 26th General Pope was informed that rail communication with the rear was interrupted, and immediately ordered Hooker's division, just arrived from the army of the Potomac, to clear away the supposed cavalry raiders. When the division arrived it found the station held in force by infantry, and in the course of a sharp fight, in which the enemy was driven back, the true state of affairs was discovered and immediately telegraphed to General Pope, who promptly ordered up Porter's corps and Kearney's division, fresh from the army of the Potomac, to Hooker's assistance, and directed the concentration of all the other troops at Gainsville during the night. Jackson, finding himself opposed by a large body of infantry, retired during the night to the north side of the Warington pike, and took up a strong position behind an old railway embankment, running from Sudley Springs to Gainsville.

Some delay was caused by lack of knowledge of Jackson's exact whereabouts, but on the 28th his position, being defined was attacked with great vigor, without result however, and on the 29th the contest was renewed, but after great slaughter, Pope was obliged to retire, unable to drive Jackson out of his formidable position. On the 30th Longstreet, through the treacherous inactivity of Fitz John Porter, succeeded in joining his forces to those of Jackson, and falling upon Pope with his combined force, compelled the latter to retire across Bull

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Run to Centerville, where he was in position when Franklin and our corps (Sumner's) arrived on the field.

The extraordinary conduct of Fitz John Porter in permitting Longstreet to pass in front of him to join in the action furiously going on on his right, everybody says, is the cause of the misfortune to our arms. Porter was in position in the rear of a small stream, Dawkins Run, for the express purpose of preventing the union of the rebel forces, and had been ordered to prevent Longstreet joining at all hazards. Instead of attacking Longstreet's right flank, which was entirely exposed, as he was directed to do, Porter remained absolutely inactive, not firing a shot, although fully acquainted with the desperate nature of the battle being fought so near to him. Porter is McClellan's bosom friend, and it is said he failed to accomplish anything on account of his antipathy to Pope, and chagrin at McClellan's dismissal. Such a state of things seems incredible, and it must be that there is some other cause for his lamentable failure. Lee's army did not cross the Bull Run to continue the fighting, but moved in the direction of the upper Potomac, reports say, to cross the river and "carry the war into Africa," in other words, to invade the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania. Our withdrawal to Washington, together with the entire Union army, of course, followed, and we are now to move on an inner circle through Maryland, in order to head off the rebel forces, which means another battle greater than any we have yet fought. As a choice of evils McClellan has been placed in command again, and is directing the present operations; the excitement North is tremendous. That the rebel army should be advancing into the Northern states is something no one dreamed possible and the people are quick to recognize the fact that war at home is quite a different affair to war at the other fellow's home.

The militia are under arms hurrying to the defenses of Washington, and Baltimore, and everybody is on the tip toe of expectation for:

"Grim visaged war is at their very doors."

Early on Wednesday morning, September 4th, our corps crossed the chain bridge, and marched direct to Tennallytown, a pretty village about six miles from Washington. We experienced for the first time the pleasure of marching through a

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country where the populace was friendly, which made us feel proud to belong to the gallant army that was hurrying to place itself across the path of the invader. Camp was pitched in a commanding position overlooking a lovely and picturesque country. Nearby were two forts garrisoned by new regiments, who took a lively interest in our veteran soldiers. As soon as the troops were in position, several of the officers rode into the village for a taste of civilization. We found almost the whole population in the street viewing with intense interest the sunburnt soldiers, on whom so much depends.

When our party rode up crowds of women and youngsters surrounded us, offering fruit, flowers and water, and gazed with admiration at our dress and accoutrements. We took kindly to the glory of finding ourselves the heroes of the hour, and reciprocated the crowd's interest, parting with many of our buttons to the prettiest girls. Colonel Brooke is in command of the brigade. Zook being absent, I am sorry to say sick, and Parisen the lieutenant-colonel is in command of the regiment.

September 5th. Thursday morning, mounted guard in presence of a large crowd, including many ladies in carriages. Throughout the day hosts of people flocked about the camps, all very friendly, including one charming group of school girls, who, to us, were as the first appearance of the sun to the Northern explorer, after an arctic winter. Rumors of the enemy crossing the upper Potomac coming in hourly; the whole army is concentrating here and the country is covered with camps.

September 6th, Friday. At noon we struck tents and marched through a lovely country to Rockville, where the whole corps went into bivouac. This place is about twenty five miles northwest of Washington, and nearly ten from the Potomac.

The army has been divided into wings, Sumner has the Second and Twelfth corps, Franklin the Fifth, and Sixth, and Burnside the First and Ninth.

What a superb opportunity is once more offered McClellan to achieve enduring fame. He has an immense army, well equipped and disciplined and eager for the fray; brains, and genius only are wanting to accomplish the greatest results.

The possibilities of a disaster to our arms at this juncture are so momentous that every man feels the necessity of doing

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his utmost, regardless of all personal considerations. Baltimore, Washington, and perhaps Philadelphia would be the prizes to fall into the hands of the rebels if successful, and that is surely enough to stimulate us to the highest deeds of valor.

September 11, 1862. In bivouac near Clarksburg, there is great anxiety in regard to the enemy's movements, which does not, however, prevent our enjoying this magnificent country. The contrast between Virginia and Maryland is so extraordinary, that Maryland seems an elysium, where the most charming and delightful views are unfolded day by day, as in a panorama. Every part appears to be cultivated, and the farms, villages, farm houses and buildings, are models of good taste, and evidences of wealth and enterprise. Some of the country houses indeed are abodes of luxury, which remind one of the stately homes of England.

September 13. Remained in bivouac yesterday near Clarksburg, and this morning marched for Frederick City, arriving in the afternoon. As we entered the main street the drums sounded attention, and the troops marched in regular order, with bands playing and colors flying. We were received with open arms by the inhabitants, who crowded the streets and sidewalks, waving handkerchiefs, and showing every manifestation of delight. Women and girls ran into the ranks handing out water, pies, bouquets and handkerchiefs, and were beside themselves with joy. The crowd, indeed, was so great; that we had all we could do to keep our horses from stepping on them. When the Fifty-second regiment reached the principal part of the town, it broke out into one of its sonorous and magnificent war songs, producing a wonderful effect. This is the first real opportunity we have had of showing off to our grateful countrywomen, and we made the most of it, displaying our horsemanship to the best advantage. We passed through the town, going into bivouac on the western side. As soon as the troops were established in bivouac, Colonel Parisen and I rode back to town, ant spent the evening there, meeting a lot of army fellows we had long lost sight of. Frederick City is nearly fifty miles northwest of Washington and is close to the South Mountain range. The whole of the army is near by and the enemy between us and the Potomac.

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September 14th, Sunday morning. Early this morning we marched out towards the South Mountains in which direction we heard the sullen sound of an occasional gun. We passed through Boonsboro, and began the ascent of the mountain, forming line of battle as we neared the gap, expecting to find the enemy in possession. Moving slowly, and carefully forward, we soon came upon several dead rebels, and as we aproached the gap the ground was liberally strewn with them, lying behind rocks and boulders, which covered the ascent near the gap. There was a sharp action here yesterday it seems, between Pleasanton's cavalry, and the First and Ninth corps, and the enemy's advance guard, the latter being driven back with considerable loss. We met with no opposition and rapidly descended the western slope, marching through Keedysville. As in Frederick City, here too, we were received with tumultuous cheering. All the inhabitants apparently, being in the streets, who showed their patriotism by serving out water, waving their handkerchiefs, etc. They told us the rebels had been there and taken all their provisions and horses and were now only a short distance in front of us. Passing through Keedysville we marched along the Sharpsburg pike towards the Antietam, our brigade leading the corps and the Fifty-seventh the brigade; we were marching at the route step in column of fours, taking it leisurely, Colonel Parisen and I some distance in advance, when all at once we noticed the dust flying suspiciously in many places around us. We halted the column, took out our glasses, and there, directly in front of us, saw the rebel army drawn up in battle array about half a mile in front. To get a better view, I rode up to a fence a short distance ahead, and standing on the top rail, easily made out the long gray lines, extending from left to right, as far as I could see. My further observation from this position was interrupted by a round shot which struck the fence and sent some of the rails spinning out of sight and me to the ground, *sans ceremonie;* after some delay, General Richardson came up and ordered line of battle formed parallel to the river, which brought our regiment just under the crest of a considerable hill, overlooking the whole country, and from which we subsequently examined the enemy's lines at leisure. They were admirably posted in rear of the Antietam upon a long line of low hills, commanding the entire valley. The left of our division rested on the Sharps-

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My horses, Billie in front, and Orderly Green, taken at Harper's Ferry.

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burg road; Sykes's division formed on the other side of it as soon as it came up, extending the line well towards the left. During the formation the enemy, who could distinctly see us, shelled us and for a while made things lively. One of our batteries of three inch guns in position on the hill in front of our brigade, replied, but was immediately stopped by General Hooker, who just then came along and directed all offensive operations to cease until more troops came up, as the whole rebel army was in front of us, he said, while the greater part of ours was yet many miles in rear. Fresh columns of troops arrived on the ground continuously, and went into position on either side of us, the reserve artillery as it came up occupying all the commanding positions with heavy guns. A battery of twenty pounder Parrots replaced the three inch guns on the hill, just in front of the Fifty-seventh. During the evening, many of the natives came from the other side and told us what they knew of the enemy's movements. It seems they only came on the ground about an hour before our division, and were in fact selecting their positions, when the head of our column came in sight. These countrymen say only a part of the rebel army is in front, a considerable force having been detached to capture Harper's Ferry, which is held by a garrison of ten thousand men under Colonel Miles. We understood this however, several days since, and also that Franklin corps had been detached to try and cut them off, or at least detain them long enough for us to thrash these fellows now in front of us. We slept on the side of the hill, rolled in our blankets, expecting to open the ball at daylight.

September 16th, Tuesday. Fell in at daylight but remained in position, much to the surprise of everybody. Shortly afterwards an artillery duel commenced, which continued throughout the day. The enemy have an immense number of guns in position, apparently more than we have, and are liberal in the expenditure of ammunition. So far as our own regiment is concerned it had no effect, we simply lay on our backs and speculated as to where certain shells would burst as they went rushing over our heads. But one cannot always attend to one's own business and the temptation to note the effect of batteries in action is very great. Frequently several of us crept to the top of the hill and there glass in hand, watched the flight of the twenty pounders shell and marked where they struck or

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exploded. Unluckily these big guns proved almost useless, three of them blowing away their muzzles whilst I was in the battery, of course disabling them. They are made of cast iron with a wrought iron jacket at the breech and are evidently not strong enough for guns of this calibre. The ten pounders of which we have a great many are all right and very popular.

Nothing occurred of interest on our front until towards evening, when Jack Garcon, an O'Malley type of Irish dragoon, aide-de-camp to General Meagher, amused the troops by a display of horsemanship on the top of the hill, in full view of the enemy during the hottest part of the cannonading.

On the right, however, towards evening Hooker crossed and engaged the rebel left, doing a good deal of fighting. During the night the Eleventh corps, General Mansfield, crossed. and at daylight this morning the combined force commenced an attack which proved to be most sanguinary and without important result. To our astonishment the whole line was not engaged simultaneously, but the old McClellan method of fighting in detail, one corps at a time, the rest of the army looking on. The fight was murderous, the musketry terrific and the number of guns in action almost incredible. About 9 o'clock our division was ordered to follow French, now commanding the Third division across the river, and promptly fell in, marched around the base of the hill into the valley, and crossed at a shallow ford, Caldwell and Meagher in front. We filed off to the left along the stream, and lay down, while Meagher's brigade supported by Caldwell moved forward to the attack up the hill directly in front. As they approached the summit, they were met by a severe musketry fire, and were shelled by many guns from different directions. The first thing I noticed was General Meagher slip from his horse, and some of the men carrying him to the rear. His brigade, however, marched forward to the crest in beautiful style, but were unable to make further progress. They remained standing in line of battle, loading and firing as fast as they could, their men falling in the ranks every second, and we could see them gradually melting away. Just then Captain Norvell, of General Richardson's staff, came along, and ordered us forward to relieve them. The order to fall in was given and with nervous force, teeth firmly set and without a word spoken, we marched steadily forward. As we approached the Irish brigade, it opened files and we

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passed through, immediately coming under a terrific fire of musketry, and artillery. Caldwell, in the meantime, had gone in on our left and gained considerable ground, reaching the crest of the hill. The enemy were in plain sight a very short distance below, and the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth were ordered to charge, which they did, in a most gallant manner, led by Colonel Parisen on horseback. Down the slope, over a sunken road strewn with dead and dying, and into a cornfield pell mell we went, driving the flying rebels before us in splendid shape, bayoneting all who did not promptly surrender. We finally reached a house, since known to be the Piper house, and came under a converging fire or rebel artillery and so were ordered back again, and to the left, taking a position on the slope of the hill overlooking the cornfield. Here the regiment became scattered, and it was some time before it was gotten together under the severe artillery fire. Just at this time Colonel Brooke came up and ordered me to join his staff as aide-de-camp in place of Lieutenant Potts, carried from the field badly wounded. The first thing to do was to reorganize the line. Richardson, on the left, while directing the batteries and infantry as they fell back into new positions, was severely wounded and carried from the field. There was a considerable gap on our right and Colonel Brooke directed me to move up the regiment on the left of Caldwell's brigade to close it as the enemy were advancing, and there was danger of our line being broken. I walked across the field right on the edge of the cornfield, my ears fairly burning with the singing of the deadly minnie, I could see nothing, but the tips of the cornstalks were constantly toppling over, cut by the rebel infantry fire. When I reached the infantry line, it was lying flat down, and proved to be the Sixty-first New York, commanded by Barlow. The colonel was lying down, too, and I directed him by order of Colonel Brook, to move by the left and close up the gap. To my surprise, he refused to budge, saying he did not recognize Colonel Brooke's authority. The balls were whistling around me as I stood arguing with him, almost beside myself for chagrin, when Brooke suddenly made his appearance. I told him the colonel refused to recognize his authority, and he, very angry, ordered him instantly to move forward. Barlow got right up, advanced the regiment, and taking the rebels in the flank, gave them a severe drubbing, getting shot himself badly, which I am afraid

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I thought served him right. Soon afterwards Brooke and I, entirely alone, started for the brigade on the left. As the firing was rather serious, we walked some distance down the side of the hill and then started across. All of a sudden a section of rebel guns appeared on the crest of the hill, unlimbered, and opened fire; they saw us immediately and fired one gun at us exclusively, until we were out of sight, I told the colonel we were certainly in for it now, but he said he did not believe they could hit us anyway, and so we kept right on; the gun plowing up the earth with canister all around us, scattering the dirt and stones everywhere. A piece of shell cut off the colonel's sword knot, but wonderful to relate, did no further harm. We were not more than seventy-five to one hundred yards distant, on open ground, and could see the operation of loading and firing and the flame of the burning powder bursting out of the cannons' mouth perfectly. As the colonel seemed to care little for it, and took matters so coolly, I kept up my courage and we talked and walked away until out of range. As soon as the line was re-established we quickly drove these fellows back and so far as we were concerned, the battle was over. While we lay on the ground in position the enemy charged French's line on our right, but they were so far off when they started, and were in such loose order and small force, that we could easily see they were beaten before they got within range. Cannon everywhere opened upon them, and French's line, when they came within range, deilvered a fire that sent them back much quicker than they advanced. While they were passing our right I took a sergeant's musket, and fired several long range shots, using the adjustable sight on an Enfield piece. I tried hard, but think it doubtful if I hit any of them.

Burnside commenced an attack on the left in the afternoon which at first seemed successful, ending, however, like most of his undertakings in nothing being accomplished. At sunset, the battle ceased entirely, the victory, although not decisive, undoubtedly being with us. Our men remained throughout the afternoon lying in their ranks, expecting orders every moment for another advance, but none came and we lay in the same position all night. It became very cold during the night, and to keep off the wind we piled up a rampart of dead men and so spent a wretched night. Some of the wounded were brought in during the night by comrades from between the lines, which

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were very close together. Several times our men hailed the rebel pickets, asking them not to shoot, when the pitious cries of some poor wounded fellow attracted especial notice, and in many cases the friendly Johnnies held their fire, and the victims were brought in. At break of day all fell in, expecting a renewal of the battle, but no movement was ordered and the men walked about trying to pull themselves together.

In the rear of our lines the officers moved about in comparative safety, but any attempt to cross the sunken road on the right intersecting our line at a right angle was almost always fatal. I crossed twice, however, without being hit, having to take orders to the Fifty-second, which lay on the other side of the road. No change in our position occurred during either the day or following night, and we shivered again without other protection than a pretty thin blanket. At eight o'clock the next morning, the 19th, the men on the skirmish line, suspecting by the stillness in front that something was up, advanced and found the enemy gone. Immediately the men stood up and all was excitement. The commanding general was notified and promptly ordered Porter's corps in pursuit, while our corps set to work to succor the wounded and bury the dead. Advancing over the hill we found it covered with dead, mostly our men, but just below in the sunken road over which we originally charged, the rebel dead lay in regular ranks, so close together that it was hard to believe they were not living men in line of battle. Most of them had turned black with the two days' exposure and it required more than a glance to convince ourselves they were not negro troops. A lot of the gallant Fifty-seventh fellows lay scattered about the hill, the ditch, and cornfield. Amongst them, conspicuous for his neatness and soldierly appearance, was Sergeant Risley, of Co. E, firmly grasping his musket, his features almost as natural as in life, and his appointments perfect in all respects. He was a fine fellow, much above the average in intelligence, and a splendid soldier, and like a soldier died, his face towards the foe. Several men were shot while climbing a rail fence near by, and some of them stuck fast, looking in one or two cases, from a distance, exactly like live men. There were men in every state of mutilation, sans arms, sans legs, heads, and intestines, and in greater number than on any field we have seen before. About noon Colonel Brooke directed me to bury the dead in front

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of our brigade, and with a strong fatigue party I immediately went to work. In one long grave we buried fifty-three U. S. soldiers gathered on this side of the sunken road, and in two others respectively, one hundred and seventy-three, and eighty-five rebel soldiers; we dug the ditches wide enough to hold two bodies, feet together, heads out, and long enough to hold all those the men had collected. When they were all carefully laid away, we threw over them some army blankets gathered on the field, and then replaced the earth. How many shattered hopes we buried there none of us may ever guess. War is certainly a dreadful thing, and a battlefield an ugly blot on civilization.

The country people flocked to the battlefield like vultures, their curiosity and inquisitiveness most astonishing; while my men were all at work many of them stood around, dazed and awe-stricken by the terrible evidence of the great fight; hundreds were scatered over the field, eagerly searching for souvenirs in the shape of cannon balls, guns, bayonets, swords, canteens, etc. They were all jubilant over the rebel defeat, of course, and claimed for us a mighty victory. I was much amused at the way they stared at me. Had I been the veritable Hector of Troy, I could have scarcely excited more curiosity than while in command of this burial party.

Our brigade moved down to the foot of the hill, immediately after it was known the enemy had decamped, and prepared hot coffee for the first time in three days. We took no immediate part in the pursuit of the rebels, that duty being taken by the cavalry and Porter's corps.

In the course of the morning, I walked over to the hospital in rear of our lines, located in a house near by, and found General Richardson dangerously wounded, Lieutenant Bell of my regiment with his skull crushed, and Throop shot through the arm, which will probably necessitate its amputation. Bell was left on the battlefield all night, when some of his men discovered him still breathing. They carried him to the hospital, and he is still alive, with a remote possibility of pulling through. While our losses are heavy, they are said to be a mere bagatelle to those of the right wing. Twenty thousand men, it is claimed, were killed and wounded during the battle, which seems too enormous to be true.

General W. S. Hancock arrived on the field about 3 P. M. the evening of the fight, from Smith's division, and assumed

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command of the division. He is a fine, soldierly looking officer, and distinguished himself, in a mild way, at the affair of Williamsburg. He brought two aides along with him, Lieutenants Mitchell and Parker. Mitchell is a tall, slim young fellow, who looks every inch a soldier. In this battle the Fifty-seventh and Third brigade came out with flying colors, every one admitting they behaved with exemplary gallantry, and achieved great success. In the charge, besides those killed and wounded, we captured several hundred of the enemy, rushing right over them and sending them to the rear. Two or three flags at least were captured, and so the regiment and brigade in a measure, were compensated for their heavy list of casualties. Our gallant Parisen fell in the cornfield at the head of his regiment. He was the kindest and bravest of men, and perhaps the best loved officer in the regiment. He was very good to me, and together we have spent many hours in search of recreation. He was very handsome, tall, straight and manly, and his death is a veritable loss to the service. Other Fifty-seventh officers killed are Folger of Company I, and Higbee of Company H, Throop, Britt, Jones, and Bell are wounded. The whole loss of the regiment is something over a hundred, which is wonderful, considering the fire they were exposed to.

General Lee conducted his retreat with much skill, crossing the Potomac, and saving all his material with little or no loss. Our victory, considering the immense interests at stake, is certainly of the very utmost importance. The invading hosts have quickly been driven back to their piney forests, lifting an immense load from the hearts of the loyal North, but for all that our movements have been very supine. Lee's army ought not to have got away so easily, but should have been pushed to the wall, and fought without mercy every day. From experience, however, we know that General McClellan is not equal to great occasions, and therefore it is useless to expect brilliant results while he is in command. The militia are going home again, and the Nation's pulse will soon regain its normal condition, while our dear Maryland friends may resume their peaceful occupations, and have something to talk about as long as they live.

September 21st. This morning the Second corps fell in at an early hour and marched to Harper's Ferry, encamping on Bolivar Heights. The march was very pleasant, the roads

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being good, and the weather superb. The whole army is in camp in the vicinity, and every hill and valley within sight is dotted over with canvas villages. Harper's Ferry is one of the picturesque spots in America, delightfully situated in the gap of the Blue Ridge mountains. The Shenandoah here unites with the Potomac, and together they flow between the range of mountains on the way to the deep blue sea. Away off to the southwest the Blue Ridge mountains, with their thickly wooded slopes, form an impenetrable wall on the easterly side of the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, and to the equally fertile Louden valley on the opposite side of the range.

The town lays in the hollow, at the foot of the heights, and is now of no importance, except as the place where the celebrated John Brown and his followers immortalized themselves. The old blackened walls of the government arsenals, destroyed at the very beginning of the war, stand like grim skeletons in their hideousness, and with the exception of a few straggling huts, is all there is of the place.

From Bolivar Heights, on which our camp is pitched, we have a magnificent view of the Shenandoah valley, limited only by the distant horizon. Immediately across the river are the Loudon Heights, and there, perched up well in the clouds, are several batteries and a large force of infantry. The place is of great strength naturally, but requires a big garrison to hold it. Unless both heights many miles in extent are held, it is untenable, and I suppose Miles with his eleven or twelve thousand men, who surrendered so promptly to General Jackson, concluded it was useless to fight with his small command. It seems Miles retired from the heights on the approach of the enemy, and took shelter in the town, where he was absolutely powerless. As the general was killed, his apparently poor judgment and wretched defense will never be explained. But if the place had held out for twenty-four hours which seems quite possible, Franklin's corps would have reached it from the Maryland side, and together they could not only have held the fort, but prevented Jackson from joining Lee at Antietam, which would very likely have resulted in Lee's destruction. Miles probably knew nothing of the measures taken for his relief, but the result shows how imperatively necessary it is for all commanders of detached posts to hold on to the very death. What a chance Miles had for making a hero of himself!

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Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Parisen,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

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Lee's army is reported in the neighborhood of Winchester, and is believed to be wholly west of the Blue Ridge. No attempt, apparently, at present is to be made to renew the campaign, and so we are putting up our tents and forming regular camps. The losses have been so great, that few of the old regiments now exceed two hundred men each. The recruiting service is entirely out of joint, and does not furnish in six months as many men as we sometimes lose before breakfast. The total force of the army is maintained by raising new regiments, instead of filling up the old ones, and consequently half the men are inexperienced and useless. It is a wonder to me, that such a vital point should be overlooked by the Government, and no attempt made to keep the force up in quality as well as in numbers.

Another difficulty with the service is the lack of system in promotion. Excepting subaltern commissions, nearly all are obtained through influence at home. There are notable instances in my own regiment, where officers have been commissioned, directly in opposition to the colonel's recommendation, and the seniority and rights of other officers.

September 27th. The camp looks lonesome in the absence of so many familiar faces. If we could only get substitutes to take the places of those constantly dropping out through the casualties of war that would be some compensation, but as it is there is only a void, and the result is a general apathy, and loss of interest. War is not as romantic as it once seemed to me, the cruelty and suffering is incredible and worries one all the time, and the losses and destruction of human life, at all events in this war, are so enormous that it seems only a question of time, when all of us must be *hors du combat.*

September 28th. Excellent weather. Nothing of importance to relate. Our tents are pitched, and we are living in luxury and abundance, drilling, and making as much as possible out of what is left to us. McKim is in charge of the division hospital in a large brick house, and is gaining much reputation for industry, as well as for his professional attainments. We still keep up our ancient familiarity, and frequently take long romantic rides together. The other day we crossed the river by the pontoon bridge, and rode leisurely along the base of the Blue Ridge over an excellent road, delightfully shaded for a considerable distance up the Loudon valley. We stopped at a

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house by the mountain side, and found a very clever old lady agreeably disposed. Bought some honey and fresh milk, which we disposed of al fresco, while listening to the experiences of the old lady, who related a lot of gossip.

Much time has been spent here in preparing the official reports of the engagement at Antietam.

Colonel John R. Brooke's report of the battle, as commanding officer of the brigade, mentions our charge as follows:

"The enemy having taken post in a cornfield, in the rear of Roulett's farm house, I sent the Fifty-third Pennsylvania to dislodge them, and hold the position, and this was done with great gallantry. I then advanced the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York to relieve Caldwell's lines, which were fiercely assailed by fresh troops of the enemy. Passing his line with steadiness and regularity they drove the enemy from the field in great confusion, capturing two colors, and covering the ground with dead and wounded. It was here the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Parisen fell, while bravely cheering his men on to victory. Lieutenant J. M. Favill, Adputant Fifty-seventh New York, after Lieutenant Potts was borne from the field, supplied his place with great gallantry."

In General Hancock's report of the part the division, as a whole, took in the battle, he pays some of us very handsome compliments. He says: "There were some officers, who by their position and the occasions presented, had opportunities of acquiring the highest distinction, and amongst others names Lieutenant, Colonel Parisen, Major A. B. Chapman, and First Lieutenant J. M. Favill, of the Fifty-seventh."

Major Chapman's report of Antietam:

CAMP ON BOLIVAR HEIGHTS,
September 24th, 1862.

LIEUTENANT: I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements of my command during the action of the 17th instant near Sharpsburg. About noon of that day, we became actively engaged with the enemy, our brigade having relieved that of General Meagher. This regiment, and the Sixty-sixth, received orders to march on the enemy, who were at that time drawn up in a ditch at the foot of the hill on which we were, and from which they were pouring a galling fire into our ranks. Animated by the presence of both their brigade and division

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commanders, the regiment moved forward with a determined enthusiasm I have never seen excelled. In a few minutes we had cleared the ditch of every living enemy, and were driving them in great disorder through the cornfield beyond. It was during this period of action we lost our noble and gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Parisen, and several valuable line officers. We took the colors of the Twelfth Alabama and many prisoners. I am unable to form a very correct estimate of the latter, but they considerably exceeded the number of men in the ranks of my regiment.

Remaining a short time in line at the farther end of this cornfield, I received orders to move the regiment to the support of a battery on our left and rear. I filed around the foot of the hill under a terrible fire of grape and cannister, which fortunately caused us comparatively slight loss, being aimed too high. Arriving on the left of the battery, I found General Richardson, who was in the act of assigning me my position, when he was badly wounded, and carried from the field. I then formed on the right of Caldwell's brigade, and remained in that position until I received orders from the colonel commanding the brigade to form on the left of the Second Delaware, then posted on the hill on which we remained during the succeeding two days.

It is with gratification that I speak of the general conduct of my command, both officers and men. They acted nobly throughout. I would especially mention Capt. N. Garrow Throop, severely wounded; Capt. James W. Britt, who although wounded, refused to leave the field; Capt. Kirk, Curtis and Mott, Lieut. John H. Bell,severely wounded; Lieuts. Jones, Wright; Higbee and Folger, killed. The medical officers of the regiment, Surgeon R. V. McKim and Assistant Surgeon Henry C. Dean and Nelson Neely are deserving of all praise for their care and attention to the wounded, and the promptness with which they caused them to be removed from the field. Among the enlisted men I would especially mention First Sergeant Lindason, of Company F (killed); First Lieutenant John S. Paden, Company A (wounded); Sergeant H. W. Cooper, Company H (killed); Sergeant Stobbe, Company A (wounded); and Kelly, Company A; First Sergeant Hall, Company I, and Alcoke, Company K, and Brower, Company K. The last three I placed in command of companies which had lost officers and sergeants.

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I have considered it unnecessary to submit a more elaborate report, inasmuch as every movement was made under the immediate supervision of the colonel commanding the brigade, who on that day seemed omnipresent. We took into battle three hundred and nine officers and men, and lost ninety-seven killed and wounded, and three missing.

A. B. CHAPMAN,
Major Commanding.

The doctor, I am sorry to say, is going to desert us to get married, and will never rejoin again. This is the most unkindest cut of all, and at this melancholy time, too, when so many of our best fellows are *hors du combat* through the casualties of war. It is like pulling up by the roots all our early associations, and is enough to make one swear! Why could not the young woman wait awhile?

October 10th. The army is still enjoying a rest, and has refitted, and barring additions to our ranks, is in as fine condition as ever.

The newspapers are getting anxious about another campaign, and it does look as though we were wasting valuable time, although none of us is particularly anxious for another fight. A great many new regiments have joined, and it is a thousand pities we can not send home their officers and distribute the men amongst the old regiments. What a tremendous difference that would make to the efficiency of the army.

On the 12th I rode over for the second time to Pry's House, on the Antietam battlefield, to see General Richardson about Zook's papers for promotion to be brigadier-general, but found the general hopelessly ill with no chance of recovery. I enjoyed the ride, although it was a little lonesome and tiresome. I have now letters from General Howard, Commanding Second division, General Caldwell, First brigade of our division, and General Stoneman, of the cavalry service, and the colonel's brother, David, starts home with them to-morrow.

October 16th. The rebel General Stuart crossed the Potomac on the 10th above Williamsport, and has made a most successful raid entirely around our army, recrossing in safety near the Monocacy. He has destroyed immense quantities of material, besides refitting his command, and captured horses enough to nearly remount it, and the country is in consequence

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in the direst distress. He went as far as Chambersburg, destroying everything in his path, and we sat supinely quiet, and our cavalry, too. Oh for a military genius to take command! Colonel Zook has rejoined us again and assumed command of the brigade. I, of course, go with him, and become acting assistant adjutant general.

October 21st. Have just returned from a little reconnoissance up the valley, to Charleston. We marched out on the morning of the 16th, weather charming, and as the country is open, and very beautiful, we anticipated a jolly time of it, but during the night, while in bivouac, it rained great guns, and made things very uncomfortable. In the morning, after passing through our picket lines, we formed in regular order, skirmishers in front, flankers on either side, advance guard with supports, batteries, etc., in superb style, strictly according to regulations. We soon came in contact with the rebel cavalry videtts, and were shelled by one of their batteries. We drove in the pickets, and our batteries gave their attention to the rebel guns. Zook and his staff rode ahead in front of the skirmish. line. Advancing through some heavy timber, we reached an open field, and on the other side of it some five hundred yards distant, drawn up in battle array, was a long line of the enemy's cavalry, who charged across the field the moment they caught sight of us. We wheeled to the rear, and galloped for shelter behind our men. In the race I lost my watch chain, which caught in a branch and was broken off. Our men advanced, and soon the cavalry were obliged to retire about as fast as they had advanced, but I could not recover the lost chain. The advance was continued until we reached the village of Charleston, driving the enemy steadily before us, then going into bivouac for the night on the outskirts of the town. Headquarters were established in the little cemetery, said to be the place where John Brown was buried. The horses were hitched to some of the melancholy looking tombstones, and Seth made up my bed on fence rails laid across two convenient graves, which proved a grand arrangement, as it rained heavily during the night. With a rubber blanket under us and another over us we were completely weather proof, and slept like the babes in the woods. The whole detachment returned on the 18th without eliciting much information.

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October 26th. The fall campaign opened with the usual accompaniment of rainy weather. The general supposition is, that we are to march through the Loudon Valley, seizing the several gaps in advance, and occupy Pope's old lines along the Rapidan and Rappahannock. The Twelfth corps is to remain and hold Harper's Ferry, while the cavalry, or some part of it, is in advance at Cumberland. Harper's Ferry will remain the base of supplies until we reach the ancient Manassas railroad, when it is to be used again. So we shall be exactly in the same position as before the second Bull Run campaign. We understand the present advance has been ordered perëmptorily by the President, who is disgusted with McClellan's torpidity, and is bound to make him take the offensive. Report says Lee's army has been greatly reinforced, and is in excellent condition again. The season is so late it is not likely we shall accomplish much. *Mais, nous verrons!* Troops have been crossing the pontoon bridge all day long, and to-morrow we expect the Second corps to cross.

October 29th. The corps did not commence crossing until to-day. At 4 P. M. our division struck tents, and at five o'clock were *en route.* We crossed the Potomac with rather heavy hearts, and advanced directly up the valley, skirting along the mountain's base; marched six miles, and then halted, and bivouacked on the north side of Key's Pass. As soon as the troops were placed in position, I rode back to Harper's Ferry with General Meagher and an escort, to get my teeth put in order by a dentist, a friend of Captain La Valley, the acting brigade commissary. My teeth lately have been very troublesome, and as we are constantly exposed I thought the present chance too good to be overlooked. I put up with La Valley, who is a bon vivant as well as a good commissary, and enjoyed a pleasant evening with a crowd of friends.

October 30th. The dentist worked all day long, and put my teeth in good condition, at least so he says, but from the easy manner in which he let me off, I am a little skeptical as to the permanency of his work. In the evening I dined with McKim and Talcott, the New York Herald reporter, at the division hospital. We had a good dinner and jolly conversation. Talcott, who is a genius in his way, and a friend of the whole division, is a capital talker and told some very funny yarns. The doctor confessed to having received

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a leave of absence and is going home immediately. He says he may come back again, but that is very unlikely, and we shall probably never see him again in the army. He is one of the best fellows in the service, and will be greatly missed. Towards evening I bid them all good bye, and rejoined my command, in company with several other officers.

October 31st. Remained at Key's Pass all day, but received orders to march to-morrow morning. Weather favorable for campaigning. We hear to-night that a great event is about to happen to the army of the Potomac. General McClellan has been, or is to be, relieved and Burnside placed in comamnd. I met McClellan with an escort, on my return to the brigade, and wondered where he was going. The general has many friends in the army, who will be sorry to part with him, and even those of us who have no great faith in his abilities, are attached to him through long association, and will feel the change, as another link broken in the chain of friendship, which, in the army, is highly developed. I doubt if a single man in this army would have suggested Burnside as his successor. Burnside's name is not associated with any great deeds, and we can hardly believe he is to become commander-in-chief. He is a superb looking officer, but too much in love with himself to amount to much. He is stylish to a degree, wears side whiskers, large slouch hat, top boots and is altogether an ideal cavalier, but without the force of character which men look for in a commanding officer. He commanded our brigade, so called, at the first battle of Bull Run, without winning any distinction.

November 1st, 1862.

Fell in, and marched to Snicker's Gap, our brigade in advance. We left part of the brigade with two guns in the Gap, about half way up the mountain, and posted the other half on the summit, which is broad, flat, and covered with fine grass, used in times of peace for grazing. There is an occasional house, and although very lonely, we found it an interesting position. After posting a picket line looking towards the Shenandoah, we descended to near the house, where brigade headquarters were established.

November 2d. Early in the morning the pickets reported clouds of dust advancing towards the Gap, which at once brought out our field glasses, to scan the magnificent valley

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lying at our feet. We saw the clouds of dust, and soon made out a column of infantry advancing, and from their formation, they evidently expected to find the Gap unoccupied. When they came within artillery range, Pettit opened fire with his two ten pounder Parrots, and to our astonishment, dropped his first shells immediately in front of them. I noted the flight of the shells from a position kneeling alongside one of the guns, and could easily trace its flight from beginning to end. He calculated the distance at about a mile, and we were not a little proud of Pettit's wonderful skill in judging distances. The rebel column promptly disappeared under cover of some friendly woods. At five o'clock much to our disgust, we were relieved by the brigade of regulars from Sykes's division. I remained on the top of the mountain to point out the position of the picket line, and while waiting for the fresh troops to come up, dismounted, and lay down on the sweet, short grass, green as emerald, and enjoyed a charming little reverie entirely alone, without a human being in sight.

We enjoyed life on the mountain top, and were loath to descend, but not being our own masters have to take what is set before us. Headquarters are established in a small house by the road side, just at the base of the mountain. There are two fine young women, who with the entire family sit down with us to eat, our mess furnishing the cooks, and the food, and the house the appointments. The ladies are rebellious, but fond of attention, and so we have a good deal of fun.

November 3d. Early in the morning the division marched through a pretty country to New Upperville, and, as the enemy were not in sight, we enjoyed ourselves and had a jolly good time. Loudon Valley is a fine farming section, growing good grass, and affords the army much subsistance for both man and beast.

November 5th. Still in camp at New Upperville, doing absolutely nothing, which seems to indicate a good deal of irresolution on the part of somebody. It is generally suspected that we have no plan of campaign and are just sloshing around waiting for something to turn up. Colonel Zook accepted an invitation for himself and staff to dinner at the house of a prominent Southern planter to-day, and we presented ourselves in full uniform. The house was large and stately, with wide halls and lofty ceilings, and the dinner was served in a very

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noble dining room. The appointments were in keeping with the style of the house, and the dinner proved excellent but very formal. Broom, who is neither formal, nor dignified, soon made himself at home, and at length induced a reasonable amount of sociability. The planter was a member of the Virginia legislature at the time the secession ordinance was passed, and was opposed to it. Finding himself in the minority, he retired to his ancestral domain, and has since endeavored to preserve a masterly inactivity, a difficult thing to do in these times. He gave us many interesting reminiscences of public men in Virginia, apparently knowing every man of note in the State.

November 8th. We were ordered to Warrenton to-day to take part in the great review to-morrow of all the troops belonging to the Army of the Potomac, in honor of General McClellan, who is to retire in favor of General Burnside. Weather getting cold and cheerless.

November 9th. Upon our arrival where most of the army is encamped, we went into bivouac and established brigade headquarters in a log house close to the village; not very comfortable, but still more convenient than tents. Early this morning all preparations were made for the great review, and about ten o'clock we marched out on the main road, and formed in close column in the fields parallel to the road. The road was lined with troops for miles, and made a formidable display. When McClellan came galloping down the line, followed, as is his custom, by a large staff and escort, the troops broke out in an immense cheer, which was taken up and carried from one end of the line to the other. There was a great deal of enthusiasm, and the soldiers seemed sorry to change commanders. Every one feels sad to think we could not pull together to the end, but the change is undoubtedly for the best, although nobody expects much from Burnside. The number of the army here is estimated to-day at one hundred and thirty thousand. The parade showed up a wonderfully fine looking body of men which, under a capable leader, could do almost anything.

November 10th. It is a curious thing how frequently the same ground is fough over in war times. Here we are to-day for the third time in the vicinity of the Bull Run and Rappahannock river. In fact we ocupy to-day the exact position that Pope held last August. There are certain strategic positions

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in all countries about which all the great battles are fought, as for instance the Low Countries in Europe, which have been the battlefield in numberless wars for generations. It seems the neighborhood of Bull Run is the great strategic position in the State of Virginia, and who knows but what we may have to fight the last battle here, as well as the first.

There is nothing to report, the Second, Third and Fifth corps are all here around Warrenton, and the Ninth is on the Rappahannock. The Eleventh, I understand, is at Thoroughfare Gap and Gainsville, which we hope is true, as that is the weak spot in our present position. Lee's army is reported at Culpeper, freshly recruited and equipped, and again on the defensive, which is its strong point.

November 15th. Tents were struck, wagons loaded, and the troops fell in about 9 o'clock this morning, marching in a southeasterly direction, north of the Rappahannock. Our division had the extreme right, glad to be on the march again. Only made an average march, and went into bivouac a few miles south of Warrenton Junction early in the afternoon. Very cold. The men cut down timber and made some magnificent camp fires, which kept us comfortable throughout the night.

November 16th. Fell in as usual at break of day, but broke ranks afterwards and prepared breakfast leisurely, and about eight o'clock continued the march now known to be to Fredericksburg, which we hope to carry by surprise. The movement is intended to substitute the Potomac river, Acquia creek and the short overland route, to Fredericksburg, as base of supplies, in place of the Manassas route, which is more hazardous. Made a short march and went into bivouac in the open country.

November 17th. Towards evening came within sight of Falmouth and struck a very slight line of cavalry pickets. We got together all the mounted officers and orderlies of the brigade, and formed ourselves as a line of cavalry skirmishers, and advanced, with the infantry in rear of us, hustling the scattered rebels before us in fine style, advancing close to the high hills overlooking the little village below, where we were stopped by a shell from a rebel battery, which exploded just in front of us. The Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth regiments were ordered up, and directed to scale the hill, which they did

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in fine style, although the rebels had the exact range, and dropped several shells amongst them. Reaching the crest of the hill, the town of Fredericksburg was in full view across the river and to the left, the battery that was shelling us could be seen down by the river alongside a brick mill. The colonel sent for Captain Pettit, who soon came up with his battery, and by doubling the teams and getting many men to push, quickly ran a couple of guns up the very steep hill. We all stood around awaiting the opening fire, while the rebels industriously blazed away, hoping to drive us off, but they were disappointed, Pettit sighted the two guns himself, and the first two shells burst directly in front of the rebel guns, driving every man away from them. They subsequently tried to man the guns again, but were driven back just as before. Finally a single man came out with a rope and tried to draw the guns off, but in this too they were equally unsuccessful, and finally abandoned them altogether. In the meantime the infantry marched down, and occupied Falmouth at the base of the hills along the river bank. The river here flows over a rocky bed, and while unnavigable, is not fordable near the town. A little way up there is a dam of eight or ten feet fall perhaps, and below that the water gradually increased in depth, until in front of Fredericksburg, about a mile below, it is navigable for large boats. There were three bridges, one opposite Falmouth, and two in front of Fredericksburg, but all three are now destroyed except their blackened piers, which stand as melancholy monuments of the devastation of war.

As the pontoon train ordered to be on hand had not arrived, we could not get across, and so made preparations for an early attack the following morning, but to our surprise were directed to establish camps and picket lines.

November 18th. This morning, by direction of General Hancock, Colonel Zook assumed command of Falmouth as military governor, and I was appointed post adjutant in addition to my duties as Aide-de-Camp.

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CHAPTER XIII

"Now bind my brows with iron and approach
The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring." — *K. H. IV.*

CAMP AT FALMOUTH; BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

November 20, 1862.

ON taking command of Falmouth, we made a list of the inhabitants, showing their age, occupation, sex, etc. There is so much illicit communication with the enemy, that a strict surveillance is necessary, even over the women, whom we have more than once found performing the office of spies. Sentinels are posted at every street corner, and the patrol goes the rounds every hour both night and day.

The Fifty-seventh is for the time being the provost guard, and both officers and men are delighted at their good fortune. As most of the best houses were deserted when we arrived, the officers found no difficulty in securing good quarters. The difference between a good house, even if it is empty, and an ordinary shelter tent, late in November, is immense, and the officers fully appreciate it.

Yesterday morning I sallied out to call upon the prominent people, and accompanied by the officer of the guard, made a circuit of the town. The chief residents here are the G——s, and K——s, and an old lady relation of the G——s, and two very good looking young ladies. The young women came to the door and joined in the conversation, much to the disgust of the old lady, who did her best to keep them in the background. They were anxious about some cows and a stable they had, and chattered away for some time. Later on I mentioned them to Colonel Zook in General Hancock's presence, who at once proposed that they should call and see the young women themselves; accordingly in the afternoon the general rode over, wearing his yellow sash, and together with the colonel, followed by an orderly, called at their house. They returned sooner than expected, and so I asked the colonel if my description of the young women

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was not satisfactory. He said they did not see them, the old lady refusing to call them into the parlor. Not finding the ancient party particularly interesting, they soon came away, both disappointed, which amused me a good deal.

G——, who owns the mill and storehouse, which are filled with flour, tobacco, etc., by some unique arrangement seems to hold on to his property, notwithstanding the place has frequently changed hands. He is an outspoken rebel, in the prime of manhood, the only Virginia I have met of his class not in the rebel army, but his wife claims to be a New Yorker, and so when the Stars and Stripes float over the town, Mrs. G—— comes to the front; when it is supplanted by the rebel flag, G——steps out, and thus they manage to retain their goods, amidst the storm of war which ravages all around them.

In a large brick house by the river side, live a family of K——s, F. F. Vs! Here, too, are two young ladies who acted friendly, and were anxious to establish relations with the commanding officer and staff.

As for the rest of the inhabitants, they are what are called poor whites, and are very poor indeed, both mentally and physically, mostly women and children with a few decrepit old men.

Headquarters are in a vacant house on the southeastern corner of the principal street, opposite the lonely looking little brick church. We use the front room for an office, while the rear room does duty as a dining room, and sleeping quarters for the staff. The colonel, as becomes the dignity of the commandant, sleeps alone up stairs. The house is empty, save for the office desks and folding chairs, but when the various colored blankets are spread on the floor, around the room at night, ready for use, it looks quite luxurious.

November 21st. Quartermaster Broom of the Fifty-seventh is now an acting aide-de-amp, whose special duty is to look after the mess, he having peculiar talents in this line, and is unequaled in providing the larder. We are now living on roast beef, pudding, pies, etc., and expect soon to resume our original sleekness, which continued campaigning has sadly impaired. The office is the general rendezvous, and here we meet together and enjoy each other's society. Chap-

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lain Dwight, of the Sixty-sixth New York, a most accomplished and agreeable gentleman, is one of our constant callers, and a most interesting companion. G—— calls, too, and airs his rebellious views, and makes a good deal of fun for us. One of our regimental commanders, an accomplished colonel, I am sorry to say, is under arrest for misbehavior before the enemy, on the occasion of our taking Falmouth. He is an excellent officer in camp, but like many another, when fighting is in order, he usually finds himself out of order, which is of course, most unlucky. His regiment is now commanded by the lieutenant-colonel, a first-class officer, peculiar, but full of courage, and always ready for a fight.

The enemy occupy the range of hills opposite, and are working night and day to make them impregnable. Apparently there are a series of hills running parallel to the river, or nearly so, in rear of each other, and the camps of Lee's army are wholly sheltered in the intervening valleys. No better position for defense could be found, and Lee must thank his stars Burnside did not establish himself on that side when he had a chance to do so almost unopposed. It is strange how constantly we fall short in our endeavors at the very moment when we might succeed. Something is missing; this time, it was the pontoon train that failed us just at the critical point in the campaign.

December 1st, 1862.

Several new regiments have been assigned to us, among them the Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, a very large, nine-month regiment excellent material, but from the colonel down wholly inexperienced. The Second Delaware, a very well-drilled regiment, is a valuable addition. The Twenty-seventh is commanded by Colonel Bostwick, and the Second Delaware by Colonel Bailey. As the Twenty-seventh is entirely without drill officers, the colonel issued an order appointing me instructer of infantry tactics of the brigade, and I am now daily drilling the officers and sergeants. I find my staff duties have made me decidedly rusty on tactics, and so have to read up again.

December 6th. Last evening G—— was at our headquarters, and the conversation turning on the relative value of the greenback and confederate money, G——loudly as-

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serted that confederate money was just as good as federal money, and stuck to it against the arguments of Broom, La Valley, and others. The next day, accompanied by an orderly I rode over to his store house, and bargained for a ten pound bag of Lone Jack smoking tobacco, which he said was worth ten dollars. I handed him out a ten dollar confederate bill, which he pocketed without a word, and the orderly rode home with the tobacco. I told the colonel when I returned how G—— had practiced what he preached, which greatly amused him. The joke is that one can buy confederate money for about fifty for one and it is doubtful if it is worth as much as that even. An order was issued to-day prohibiting communication between the pickets, our men have communicated with the enemy by means of little boats, rigged to sail across alone and in this way have swapped coffee for tobacco, newspapers, etc., and perhaps other things, and so we have had to put a stop to it.

That great desideratum in campaigning, viz. soft bread. is now happily furnished in abundance, the Fifty-seventh having established ovens large enough to bake for a brigade.

December 8th. We hear to-day that Burnside has made up his mind to cross the river, and attack the rebel works in front. It hardly seems possible, as they are now fortified in the most approved manner, and garrisoned by the best army the Confederacy has in the field. At this season of the year, in this country, where the roads become bottomless pits on the first rain storm, it is impossible to campaign anyway, and whoever undertakes it is sure to be beaten; therefore we hope the rumor may prove untrue.

December 9th. It now seems likely we shall have to give up these snug quarters, and begin another campaign. Preparations are making for a move of some sort, and report still says for an atack in front of Fredericksburg; as there is no particular reason why we should not cross to the right or left of the enemy's strong position, we shall most likely make an attempt on either one or both flanks.

The town lies in a plain, about eight hundred yards in front of the heights, which command the entire place, and they again are commanded by a second and third range of hills, all thoroughly fortified, so on the whole, the position may be considered impregnable. Our picket line extends

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from just above Falmouth, to a place called Massaponnox Ford, five miles below.

December 10, 1862.

All doubts as to a movement were set at rest by the receipt this morning, of orders to prepare three days' cooked rations, and issue ninety rounds of ammunition. The troops are notified to leave their camp equipage and extra clothing behind, and hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. As soon as the instructions were given to the regimental commanders, Colonel Zook and I rode over to Hancock's headquarters to find out more about the matter. Mitchell tells us Burnside has definitely settled upon the plan of a general attack in front, and that arrangements are going on to enable the troops to cross at daybreak tomorrow morning. Two pontoon bridges are to be thrown across the river a little north of the Lacy house, and two more below the railroad bridge, and we are to furnish the infantry to protect the engineers at the two upper bridges; the colonel selected the Fifty-seventh under Chapman, and Sixty-sixth, Lieutenant-Colonel Bull, and all preparations were made for carrying out the instructions we received; spent the rest of the evening chatting together of the task before us, but in view of our early movement in the morning, soon turned in and went to sleep. At two o'clock the morning of the 11th, we fell in, marched on the river road to the Lacy house, in the rear of which we halted, stacked arms, and lay down. The reserve artillery of the army occupied most of the immense level field, and every available point commanding the town and batteries on the enemy's side was occupied by our big siege pieces, together with scores of field guns; the river bank was lined with skirmishers, and everywhere troops were massed in solid columns, awaiting events. There was a heavy fog over the river, which seemed at first to be greatly in our favor, but as soon as the men began to lay the bridge and ply their axes and hammers, the enemy opened a sharp musketry fire, aiming in the direction of the sound. Our men returned the fire, but with little effect, as they could see nothing, and simply fired at random. In less than two hours we lost eight officers killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Bull, commanding the Sixth-sixth, being among the number, and over sixty officers and men wounded, including

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Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman of the Fifty-seventh. In consequence of these severe losses, the engineers were called off, and operations suspended till the fog cleared. In the mean time nearly one hundred guns opened fire simultaneously upon the town, commencing about seven o'clock, to which the enemy made no reply. It was a magnificent sight to see the bombardment of the sleepy old town, and we expected to see it quickly reduced to ashes, but the effect was ridiculously out of proportion to the noise and weight of metal thrown into the place, and we were all greatly disappointed. The engineers went to work as soon as the fog lifted, when the enemy were seen in force behind rifle pits, running along the river bank; our men not being able to dislodge them, and the artillery fire having no effect a detachment from Howard's brigade paddled across the river in some of the pontoon boats, landed, and soon cleared the banks, holding their position until the bridge was completed, which did not take very long; then a brigade from the Second division marched rapidly across, with orders to occupy the town. As the brigade advanced on the other side, to the surprise of everybody, they were attacked by a force of infantry which must have remained hidden away throughout the whole bombardment. The attack was so desperate that in less than ten minutes, over a hundred of our men were killed and many more wounded, but the column pushed on, joined by the remainder of the division to which they belonged, and soon drove the rebels out of the place.

At the lower bridges Franklin met with no opposition, and crossed without difficulty, so that by night time a very large force had established itself under the very noses of the rebel army. Broom and I rode over before dark to see the effect of the bombardment, and were immensely surprised at the little damage done by so many guns, some of them at cannister range only.

December 12th. We lay on the Phillips farm until about 8 A. M., then crossed over the pontoon bridge at the Lacy house and marched to the lower part of the town, directly opposite the old ferry dock, our left resting on the steamboat wharf; here we stacked arms, and the men keeping reasonably near to their pieces, were allowed to move about as they pleased. Brigade headquarters were established on

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the piazza of an old ramshackle house, at the corner of a deep cut, leading up to the town, and here we lay and watched the bursting of the rebel shells, which occasionally exploded over our heads, and the moving columns of the army as they kept continuously crossing over; we all felt shaky about coming events and there was very little hilarity. Our new regiment, the Twenty-seventh Connecticut, had its equanimity sadly disturbed by a shell bursting in its ranks killing several of its men, which almost paralyzed them. The strangest thing is that the enemy does not shell the place thoroughly, now that it is packed full of men; we expected them to do so every minute, but were luckily disappointed.

The arrangement of troops to-night is as follows: Franklin on the left, our corps next on the right, then the Ninth and Sixth, and on the extreme right the First. It became foggy again about sunset, when we posted a very heavy picket line entirely around the town, just on the outskirts, with strong reserves, and made every preparation for a night attack. All the troops across lay in the streets, getting such rest as they could. We spent the night on the piazza of the old house, and were anything but comfortable.

The heights, in rear of the town, are bristling with guns and rifle pits, and entrenchments cover the entire face of the whole range. Why we should be compelled to charge at the very strongest point in the enemy's position is an enigma that no one can solve; one thing alone is certain, that by to-morrow at this time many of our old comrades will have fought their last fight, whatever may be the result.

Early this morning, the Thirteenth, our division, marched up the cut and filed off into the principal street to the right. Here we stacked arms and the men were dismissed. They immediately made a dash for the houses, and ransacked them from cellar to garret. Very soon the streets were filled with a motley crowd of men, some of them dressed in women's clothes, others with tall silk hats, curiously conspicuous where nothing but caps are worn; many brought out sofas, chairs, etc., which were planted in the middle of the street, and the men proceeded to take their ease. Some carried pictures; one man had a fine stuffed alligator, and most of them had something. It was curious to observe these

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men upon the eve of a tremendous battle rid themselves of all anxiety by plunging into this boistrous sport. No attempt was made by the officers to interfere, and thus their minds were distracted, until summoned to fall in to storm the heights.

About 12 o'clock French's division began filing out toward the rear of the town, to the assault which they were to lead. Our division formed next in order, massed on the side streets, about the railroad, waiting for French to advance.

About two o'clock French succeeded in deploying his lines, and our column immediately debouched on the plain in his rear, by way of the railroad depot. As the head of the column appeared in the open, the rebel batteries opened fire and pandemonium at once broke loose. The whizzing, bursting shells made one's hair stand on end; our guns added to the confusion as they fired over our heads, and the two flights of shot and shell in opposite directions, made a noise above the roar of Niagara. We marched rapidly forward, passing a huge pile of bricks, which the round shot was scattering in every direction, then came a mill race, and on the other side of it a high board fence; clearing these obstacles in the face of a terrible fire, with considerable loss and obliquing somewhat to the right at first, then in full line of battle, we marched directly forward, in front of Marye's house the strongest point of the enemys' works. It seemed a terrible long distance, as with bated breath and heads bowed down, we hurried forward, the rebel guns plowing great furrows in our ranks at every step; all we could do was to close up the gaps and press forward. When within some three hundred yards of the rebel works, the men burst into a cheer and charged for the heights. Immediately the hill in front was hid from view by a continuous sheet of flame from base to summit. The rebel infantry poured in a murderous fire while their guns from every available point fired shot and shell and cannister. The losses were so tremendous that before we knew it our momentum was gone, and the charge a failure. Within one hundred yards of the base of the hill we dropped down, and then flat on our bellies, opened fire while line after line of fresh troops, like ocean waves, followed each other in rapid succession, but none of them succeeded in reaching the enemy's

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works. A few passed over our line, but the bulk of them dropped down before they reached us. Looking over the field in rear, from where I lay, the plain seemed swarming with men, but it was easy to see that the attack was a failure, and that nothing that could henceforth be done would amount to anything. Our losses were heavy, while those of the enemy, sheltered behind superb works, were almost nothing, and no effort of ours short of carrying the works at the point of the bayonet could possibly avail anything. This being out of the question, the point was how we were to get away from our exposed position. Luckily for us the moving lines in rear attracted the most attention, drawing the bulk of the enemy's fire, and it was impossible not to watch the advance of these troops and forget one's own predicament. I wondered while I lay there how it all came about that these thousands of men in broad daylight were trying their best to kill each other. Just then there was no romance, no glorious pomp, nothing but disgust for the genius who planned so frightful a slaughter. Towards evening the attempt came to a halt, the firing ceased, and many of the troops withdrew. By this time the plain was covered with thousands of dead and wounded men, besides scores of lines of troops, lying on their bellies, utterly useless, but exposed to more or less continuous fire. We fully expected the enemy to leave his works and charge us where we lay, but very strangely they not only did not do this, but stopped their artillery fire, and by dusk it became almost quiet. Many of the columns were withdrawn, and the wounded were quickly gathered up. Zook was very wretched, quite sick and thoroughly disgusted. Broom participated in his first fight and thought he had had enough for a life time. Brooke was as usual up in front on the right looking after his men, one of the most unconcerned men in the crowd. During the evening all of our brigade save the Fifty-second was withdrawn into the town, and Colonel Zook took up his quarters in a house near the upper pontoon bridge, where we spent the night. At daylight next morning, (Saturday) all were on the alert, but received no orders, and the enemy made no attack; throughout the day and another night the situation remained unchanged. The field was covered with dead, still unburied, and many of our men

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in front, still lying on their bellies, keeping up a scattering fire. Early Monday evening the commanding general concluded to withdraw, and the troops were ordered to recross the river. During the day the ambulances were kept busy transfering the wounded from the town to Stafford and as soon as it became dark, the artillery parked in the streets, crossed over, followed immediately afterwards by the infantry. Long, dark lines filled every street, converging near the bridges, and with rapid strides the men stepped briskly out. Luckily for us, the night was pitch dark, the wind howling dismally through the streets, swinging the doors and shutters of the deserted houses upon their creaking hinges in a most depressing manner; but it prevented the enemy from observing our movements, and so was especially welcome. Out in front, just under the guns of Marye's hill, lay our Fifty-second regiment Colonel Frank in command, keeping up a bold front, occasionally exchanging shots with the rebs. Under cover of this line, all the troops in rear had been withdrawn, and they were now alone upon the field. By midnight most of the troops had crossed over and Zook with a crowd of officers sat on horseback near the head of the bridge, keeping a watchful eye in rear as well as on the bridge. Our brigade brought up the rear, and was just about to cross when Mitchell came along and directed that an attempt be made to withdraw the Fifty-second from the front. It seemed altogether likely the enemy would discover our movements sooner or later and whenever they did so the regiment was doomed to capture. The colonel directed me to undertake the task of withdrawing the regiment; that meant to ride alone through a deserted town, to scramble over a field of battle covered with hundreds of dead men and strewn with muskets and encumbrances, in a night so dark that nothing could be seen, was surely an unpleasant duty, but saying good bye. Without even an orderly I turned and galloped through the street towards the railroad track. Most of the houses, although completely deserted, were still lighted by candles left by our men, and all the doors stood open, creaking and groaning in the midnight darkness. I soon reached the railroad, and following it, went into the depot, from near which we originally made our exit to the attack. Here I

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dismounted, groped about for several minutes for something to fasten my horse to, stumbling over a big pile of dead men, and at last found the fastening of a window shutter, the very thing I wanted. Billy did not like the idea of being left alone in so lonesome a spot, and whinnied and stamped provokingly; groping my way by the big doors, I passed out towards the battlefield; near a small house close to the brick kiln, where a dog rushed out barking furiously, I stopped for a moment till all was still, then hurried along again, groping my way over the prostrate forms of dead men, sometimes on a run, at others, creeping and picking my way as best I could, amongst the numberless muskets with fixed bayonets, etc., that covered the ground. Many times I was obliged to lie flat down and peer ahead, to get my bearings, at others to avoid the musket balls, as every little while the rebel lines opened fire, and in fact a scattering fusilade was kept up all the time. After many efforts, changing direction first to the right, then to the left, I stumbled on the line of living men lying flat down, hardly distinguishable from the dead without stooping, and was never so delighted in my life before. The men were equally glad to see me, or more accurately, hear my voice, for the darkness was so intense that no man's face could be seen; the men were full of anxiety, fearing we might abandon them, and quickly passed the news of my arrival along the line. I moved cautiously towards the center, where no man spoke above a whisper, and soon ran into Colonel Frank, who hugged me, squeezed my hand, and was beside himself for joy. He presented his canteen, familiarly known to all his friends, and after taking a good drink, we arranged the plan of withdrawal, which was to muffle canteen cups and dishes with the blankets, face to the left, and march straight for the railway cut, which we knew was not far distant. Everything was to be done quietly, the men following their file leaders without word of command. These arrangements being concluded, the officers and men were notified, and in a few minutes all was ready for the movement. Two or three shots were fired in different parts of the line, to let the rebels know we were still there then quickly the line stood up faced to the left, and at a tremenduous speed, stepped

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out and reached the cut without attracting the enemy's attention. Once on the railroad, we soon reached the depot, where I found my horse. I was quickly on his back, and at the head of the column moved through the silent streets to the bridge, where the engineers were eagerly awaiting our arrival. Without loss of time, the regiment moved across. As the last man stepped on board the bridge, I bade the engineer officer in charge good bye, and followed the regiment, the bridge itself disappearing like magic, and before I reached the Stafford side half of it was taken up and all access to the other side barred. I put spurs to my horse, and rode directly to headquarters, where all but Green, my man, were fast asleep. He took my horse, and in a few moments I too was "in the shadow of the earth,—sleep, nature's soft nurse, the mantle that covers thought, the food that appeases hunger; the balance and weight that equal the shepherd with the King, and the simple with the wise."

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CHAPTER XIV

"The combat deepens, On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave."

CAMP AT FALMOUTH, THE CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN, AND MARCH TO GETTYSBURG

SEVERAL days were allowed to elapse before anything more than routine guard and picket duty was ordered, as the officers surviving the battle were fully occupied in making out their reports and accounting for their lost men and material.

At brigade headquarters we were equally full of business, and Swartz, our head clerk, and his assistants were kept busy till late into the night every day.

I shall only put down here the official report of Colonel Zook. The losses were heavy, but nothing like what was at first reported. They were all of veterans, and amongst them many of our very best officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Bull of the Sixty-sixth was killed while with the engineers on the 11th, at the same time Lieutenant-Colonel Chapman was wounded. He was a rough, energetic officer, always ready for a fight, and to be found in the foremost ranks, and was highly esteemed at our headquarters, and will be a notable loss to a good regiment. Major Throop, who took the Fifty-seventh into action, was seriously wounded, and is not expected to recover. My friend, a very agreeable officer of Spanish descent, Lieutenant Pou, was killed at the very front and his body not recovered. He was an intelligent, well educated young man and a good officer. The adjutant of the Fifty-second New York was killed. He was on the fence climbing over with me, when it was struck by a round shot and smashed all to pieces. He fell and never spoke. I was reported killed, too, because some one saw me sprawling down with the others, but I was only astonished and jarred a little, and had no trouble in keeping on with my two regiments. Of the wounded, they were very numerous, Alcoke of the Fifty-seventh, who lost an arm, being amongst

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Major N. Garrow Throop,
57th N. Y. Infantry.

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them. The regiment, after Throop was wounded, was in command of Captain Britt, who makes the official report of the battle for that regiment. Colonel Zook, always very sparing of praise, says in his official report: "Seeing General French's last regiment filing out past the railroad depot, I directed the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers to pass out by the same route. The Sixty-sixth and Fifty-seventh New York, conducted by Lieutenant C. H. H. Broom, aide-de-camp, moved out through the next street to the eastward, and the Second Delaware and Fifty-second New York, conducted by Lieutenant J. M. Favill, aide-de-camp, marched by the street next that taken by Lieutenant Broom. All these commands filed to the right at the outskirts of the town and formed line of battle, with the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers resting on Hanover street and the Fifty-second on the railroad. The brigade then advanced rapidly over the crest of the hill nearest the enemy's line under a very heavy fire of artillery from the heights, and musketry from a stone wall, sunken road, and numerous rifle pits, charging over the division of its former commander, General French, and taking a position that was not passed by any other line during the day, though some of Kimball's men reached it. The regiments of the brigade fought in line, and were commanded as follows: The Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel John R. Brooke, Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers, Colonel Richard A. Bostwick, Sixty-sixth New York, Captain Julius Wehle, killed, Fifty-seventh New York, Major N. G. Throop, wounded, Second Delaware, Colonel W. P. Bailey, slightly wounded, and Fifty-second New York, Colonel Paul Frank. To my staff I am under great obligations for valuable assistance, especially to Lieutenants Favill and Broom, for the handsome manner in which they aided in taking the brigade into action. The loss of the brigade was in the action of the thirteenth, seven commisioned officers killed and thirty-one wounded, fifty-two enlisted men killed and three hundred and ninety-five wounded and forty-two missing. Total five hundred and twenty-seven."

General Sumner reviewed the brigade a week after the action and on finding the Sixty-sixth commanded by a second-lieutenant, asked the reason of it, and was told every superior officer was either killed or wounded, and that he was now the

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ranking officer. The general seemed lost in astonishment at first, and then said to the lieutenant: "If I had found myself when a second lieutenant in command of so fine a regiment, I should have considered my fortune made."

A very serious problem is the filling up of the decimated regiments. They are now not much more than companies and by the requirement of the War Department, a complete stop is put to promotion and mustering. The aim of the Government would seem to be to encourage officers to keep their commands out of dangerous places, for their chances of promotion are lessened in exact proportion as they lose their men by fighting. It is all wrong, and some intelligent system of filling up regiments should be adopted. We have just had a new regiment assigned to us, one thousand strong, and not a single officer in it familiar with his duties. The material is of the best, and the officers are gentlemen, but not military men, and every one of them has been ordered to attend my drills for officers, and so I am become instructor of infantry tactics to quite a respectable school. We drill every morning, and the officers, being anxious to learn get along famously.

The commands are being reorganized to a considerable extent, a new brigade is forming for Colonel John R. Brooke, who, however, has not received any additional rank. It takes away from us the colonel's own regiment, the Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, the Second Delaware, Colonel Bailey, and Twenty-seventh Connecticut Volunteers. Colonel Bostwick gets the Sixty-fourth New York and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers from elsewhere, making an excellent command, and will be known as the Fourth brigade. Our brigade, the old Third, has the original Fifty-second, Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York and the new One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. A few days after the organization of the Fourth brigade, by direction of General Hancock, our brigade was relieved by it, and ordered to the rear into winter quarters. On Sunday morning last we marched out very regretfully over the telegraph road, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half turned off to the left and some distance to the north and east of the John Washington house (General Hancock's headquarters.) Here we selected a position in line with the remainder of the division, and laid out a regular camp. Heavy details were made for chopping down trees, and the men

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built a series of little log huts on either side of their company streets, affording not only protection from the weather, but a great deal of solid comfort. The roofs were made of the men's shelter tents, chimney and fire place of mud and wood, and ultimately doors and floors of cracker boxes. As we had abundance of firewood, the men enjoyed their little log houses immensely, four in each hut, and were soon reconciled to the change from the town. Our headquarters were built after the men had completed their own huts. There were four good split log foundations about three feet high, upon each of which a wall tent was set up, securely fastened to firmly fixed high rails on either side resting on posts with crotches well let into the ground. The chinks were filled with mud. Very good fireplaces also built of mud and sticks, and eventually regular little doors. When the bunks were put up, each holding two men, our swords and sashes hung on the sides, and a cheerful blaze in the little fireplace, there was nothing left to be desired in the way of solid comfort. Colonel Zook lived alone, Broom and I, Captains Brady and Rose; and Leffingwell, the quartermaster, by himself. There was also a similar arrangement for an office in which the two clerks lived. We had scarcely got into our new quarters, when General Hancock went home on a leave of absence and Zook, as the senior officer in the division, took command. Colonel Frank nominally assumed command of the brigade, but I really ran it, the colonel preferring to remain at his own headquarters, and coming over once a day to sign whatever documents we had ready for him. One of the curiosities of the late campaign is the ruffled state of affairs amongst the great moguls, the superior generals. On the 25th of January the commander of the army issued an order dismissing General Hooker from the service for insubordination, subject to the approval of the President, of course, and General Franklin from the command of his corps. Two days afterwards in General Order No. 20, War Department, Adjutant General's office, dated January 25, 1863, the President of the United States directed,

1st. That Major General A. E. Burnside, at his own request, be relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac.

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2d. That Major General E. V. Sumner, at his own request, be relieved from duty in the army of the Potomac.

3d. That Major General W. B. Franklin be relieved from duty in the army of the Potomac.

4th. That Major General Hooker be assigned to the command of the army of the Potomac."

And so the officer, dismissed by Burnside, finds himself in command, and our late commander, let us hope, disappears for good from active service. General Sumner retires for old age and its infirmaties. He is a good man, an excellent soldier and good corps commander, and we shall miss him; he has practically brought us up from civil life to well trained, veteran soldiers, and is very proud of his work. In taking leave of us, he was most pathetic and complimentary, and I am sure he will take with him the respect of every man in the old division at least. All the changes are no doubt for the good of the service, and as we have almost all the work still before us, that is the important thing.

Since the battle of Frederickburg, leave of absence for the officers, and furloughs for the men, have been liberally granted. Almost half the surviving officers have been allowed leave, so that it became contagious and I found myself making application for a fifteen days' leave, which was the maximum allowed. It was readily granted, and for the first time since 1861, I found myself in New York City again, amongst my friends, untrammeled by autocratic rules. What a luxury it was! I left camp on February 2d and was obliged to be back there on the 17th, so I had no time for hesitancy, and plunged directly into a round of gaieties. I called immediately upon H——— at the hotel on Fifth avenue, and found my status unimpaired, although no correspondence had passed between us. We visited the Russian warships then in port, and without any interruption, kept busy sight seeing, going to theaters, operas, etc., etc. The time seemed abominably short, and when the evening of the 16th arrived, and I had to take my leave for an unknown period and unknown vicissitudes, I was very desolate, but it was necessary to brace up, so I kept the faith and took my train, and rushed back to my home and duties with the grand old army in the field, carrying along a brand new uniform, new overcoat, boots, etc., and a very empty pocket book. I landed on the afternoon of the 17th

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in rear of the hills, just in front of Fredericksburg, where the train stopped, and the stores were all landed. Stepping on the ground I looked about me, hardly recognizing the country. All the trees for miles had been cut down for the use of the army, and it looked like a wilderness of stumps and mud. My man Green was on hand with the gray, and together we rode over the desolate country. It was cold and cheerless and I felt no enthusiasm in returning.

February 18th. When my man met me yesterday with my gray, a horse I had always considered unequaled in appearance, both horse and man looked shabby, and as I looked them over, and the great number of muddy soldiers everywhere about, I am afraid I wished myself back again in New York. Why I should see through such jaundiced eyes, I scarcely know, for the army has been my home and delight for the past two years. I think I shall not apply for any more leaves of absence. I noticed yesterday what an immense accumulation of stores had been collected on the sheltered ground, where the trains stop. The spot is admirably adapted to the purpose, entirely out of sight, although so close to the river the abrupt hills afford the most complete protection. There are no visible roads now. The trains just cut across the country to the various camps the shortest way, resulting in the whole district becoming a quagmire. One must see this muddy country in winter to know how bad it really is.

Colonel Zook is going to leave us in the morning for a twenty days' leave, and Frank is to remain in command of the brigade, keeping his own regimental quarters, however, and I am to run the brigade for him. I hope Colonel Zook will return on time. It makes so much difference when he is absent; we are always busy when he is in command.

La Valley of the Fifty-seventh, who for many months was acting brigade commissary, most unaccountably disappeared, and has been dropped from the muster rolls. This is a great surprise to us. A French Canadian, well educated, unusually bright, served in the regular army, and is a capital soldier and boon companion, we had always considered him the soul of honor, and would have trusted him with all we had. Lieutenant C. B. Curtiss, a scholar and man of attainments, has been promoted to be captain of his Company K, at one time the best company in the regiment, and perhaps so now. Cap-

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tain L. L. Rose, A. C. Subsistence, has been assigned to the brigade permanently. He is a peculiar genius of first rate ability, and possessed of more than the usual amount of common sense, but has many weak points. He is about fifty years of age, a great gambler and I think an experienced one; is a lover of poetry, and can recite from memory from his favorite author, Burns, by the hour, and takes great pleasure in entertaining us. He keeps good horses, is a most accommodating and excellent commissary, and genial companion. Our quartermaster, Leffingwell, we see little of. He is a typical Yankee, unsociable and uninteresting, but a good quartermaster and seldom at headquarters, living almost wholly with his train. The assistant inspector general, Captain James D. Brady of the Stxty-third, is a brave, accomplished, and very bright officer. He is an Irishman, American born, and hails from Portsmouth, Va. He has recently been assigned to us.

February 25th. A continual stream of officers and men going home and returning from leave. It seems to be a general resting time, when it is understood nothing will be done.

On the left of our brigade, and extending back to Hancock's headquarters, is an immense open field over a hundred acres in extent. It is mostly sand and gravel and therefore always in good order. There is space enough to manœuver a corps, and here we drill as regiment, brigade, and division, and hold our reviews, which, as a rule, occur once in two weeks. In the northwestern part of it, near a small house, the batteries attached to the division are parked, and they, too, use it as a drill ground. Thomas's battery Fourth artillery, Lieutenant Fields now commanding, and Pettit's and Arnold's, all excellent commands, officered by a spendid lot of good fellows, who professionally have few equals in the army. The weather is remarkable. Almost like spring, so that all kinds of out door games can be played and horse races and little expeditions for pleasure are the order of the day.

Colonel Zook returned from leave of absence on March 12th, and all were delighted to see him. He is confident of obtaining his promotion, he says, and intends to get transferred to the Western army,if possible, so that he may have an independent command. I am to go wherever he goes, which

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suits me exactly. The day following his return, brigade drills were resumed and some splendid field days followed. Hancock occasionally drills the division, and on such occasions usually does a lot of swearing. Zook is his particular *bete noir* and it is amusing to hear them go for each other. As swearing is contrary to the regulations, Zook, who cannot easily be beaten in that line, always gives as good as he gets without fear of consequences, and the officers think it great fun. Hancock is very hot headed; sometimes goes off at half cock, but is a magnificent soldier and a terror to adjutants, having a singular penchant for going over everything himself about two or three times a week. He usually goes into his adjutant's office about 11 P. M. and asks for the books, papers and correspondence, when an immediate tempest invariably occurs, and the adjutant general is badgered in great style. From whatever brigade a paper may come from that is not to his mind, he immediately sends for its adjutant, who must get out of bed, order his horse, dress himself, and report without the least delay to the irate general. Although I pride myself on the methodical way we do things at our headquarters, I am frequently called out of a snug bed on some of these nocturnal office inspections. The general usually pitches into us right and left, utterly indifferent to choice of language, and will sometimes keep us an hour or more. Whenever he has been extremely brusque, he is sure to calm down in the end and become very gracious. He never forgets a face, and is always more than ready to give everybody credit for what they do, and has complimented me many times on my office, and more than once declared that it was unequaled. He was a quartermaster for many years, and can't get over his taste for military papers.

Some of the documents passing through headquarters are very interesting, a large number being pathetic appeals made directly to the President for the pardon of some condemned soldier from a mother or sister living, perhaps, in the most remote corner of the country. Every direct appeal to the President is certain of consideration, no matter how obscure the writer, and the letter is at once referred, through the Secretary of War, to the immediate commanding officer for full particulars, with the written opinion of every general officer through whom it passes endorsed upon it, so that by

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the time it gets back into the President's hands, he has a complete epitome of the case, and can act understandingly. Whenever there is the slightest excuse for exercising clemency, the culprit is sure to benefit by it, as the President dislikes martial law and is very tender hearted.

Papers of this sort coming down for information have to be registered, indexed, and promptly forwarded to their ultimate destination, and not only this, but kept in mind in case of delay at any headquarters. The regimental commanding officer having referred the paper to the company commander, he, who is the father of his men and knows the history of every one of them, endorses in concise form the particulars of the case with his opinion as to what ought to be done, and then returns it to the regimental commander, who in his turn sends it to brigade, and so through division, corps, and army headquarters to the Secretary of War, and thus back to the President, every headquarters in the meantime, making any remarks on the case they think proper. Sometimes these letters come along with more than a dozen endorsements. Some of them are unique and sometimes amusing.

We have a couple of capital clerks at our headquarters, who besides being beautiful writers, are methodical and very capable. Swartz, in particular, is a most faithful and valuable man. Since General Hooker assumed command, we have frequently seen him, and he appears to be looking after affairs. He is a fine appearing soldier, with smooth shaven face, and, as a division commander, has been very successful. He is a high liver, has a reputation for gallantry, and keeps a good many society people about his headquarters. Anything, of course, is an improvement on Burnside and we all hope Hooker may prove a success.

I saw it stated the other day that the newspapers had killed off McClellan. How curious it is, that people should be so obtuse! McClellan killed himself. The newspapers gave him a reputation gratuitously, before he had ever marched a man out of camp, and when the test came he was found wanting, and although favored beyond all other men, ultimately found his level and has dropped out of sight.

March 17th. This being St. Patrick's day, or the 17th of Ireland, as the men call it, General Meagher and staff celebrated by giving a steeplechase on the parade ground of the

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division. A course was carefully laid out, ditches dug, hurdles erected, and valuable prizes offered to the contestants. The conditions were simply that none but commissioned officers of the division could ride, which was sufficiently liberal. A crowd of officers presented themselves aspirants for honors, as well as prizes. Meagher, glorious in fancy undress uniform liberally covered with gold braid, and followed by a jolly lot of staff officers, rode about the course, master of all he surveyed. He is a very good horseman. Most of the general officers of the army, with their many lady friends, were invited, resulting in a magnificent crowd. Amongst many notables riding in the train of the commander-in-chief, was the Princess Salm Salm, a beautiful and fearless horse woman. When she first came on the ground, she rode her horse up to a five foot hurdle and nonchalantly took a standing jump, clearing it handsomely. Hooker looked superb, followed by a great crowd of staff officers and retinue of mounted ladies.

The race was a great success, there being many falls, many horses injured and a lot of riders. Wilson, of Hancock's staff, rode, and although getting one or two bad falls, managed to pull through, and win one of the prizes. Jack Garcon the O'Malley dragoon aide, won first prize and was fully entitled to it. The course was surrounded by thousands, kept in order by guards posted entirely around the field. In the evening General Meagher gave a reception, and of course, all the brigade and other commanders, with their staffs, were invited. Zook, Broom, and I attended, but the pace was too fast for Zook and so we retired early, leaving Broom, who is quite equal to every emergency of this sort, to do the honors.

Within a large hospital tent, mounted upon a table in the center, stood an immense punch bowl filled to the brim with the strongest punch I ever tasted. All were invited to partake and such a gathering of jolly, handsomely dressed fellows, I never saw before. The Irish brigade was in its glory. It understood the situation, was master of it, and quite immortalized itself.

There was the inevitable quarrel. How could it, otherwise, have been complete? The general and the brigade surgeon ended in challenging each other to mortal combat, and for a time matters assumed a threatening aspect. The fol-

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lowing morning, however, when the effects of the nectar had subsided, the surgeon apologized in due form, and peace resumed her loving sway.

Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, was in high feather, and might easily have been mistaken for one of the festive brigade.

The weather is most extraordinary, throughout February, March and up to this time, April 10th, it has been just like spring. Many of the men have laid out flower gardens, and some have even planted seeds and beguile themselves into believing it possible they may remain to see them grow. The fields and adjacent woods are full of wild flowers and many of them have been transferred to the soldier's plots, especially the bluet, a tiny, modest flower, which here covers with its beauty the banks and shady nooks of woods. The dainty anemone, which grows profusely in damp places, is also much in evidence; these garden patches look very pretty, and are much thought of.

Cicero considers that a garden is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which, he says, "buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks," which proves that men's tastes are much to-day what they were nineteen centuries ago.

April 13, 1863.

At last the long-looked for promotion has been made and Zook is no longer the colonel of the Fifty-seventh New York, but a flull-fledged brigadier general. His commission arrived in camp this morning, together with special orders, Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, No. 103, assigning him to the command of his old brigade. The first official act of the new general was the promulgation of the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SECOND CORPS,

April 13, 1863.

Special Order No. 1:

The following named officers are announced as the staff of the general commanding the brigade:

Lieutenant J. M. Favill, Aide-de-Camp and A. A. A. General.

Lieutenant C. H. H. Broom, Aide-de-Camp.

Captain L. L. Rose, A. C. S., Brigade Commissiary.

Captain Leffingwell, A. Q. M., Brigade Quartermaster.

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Captain James D. Brady, Sixtythird New York, Assistant Inspector-General.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

By order of

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. K. ZOOK.

J. M. FAVILL, Lieutenant, A. D. C. and A. A. G.

The usual report made to the Secretary of War upon acceptance of a military commission, states that he was born at Chester, Pa., March 27, 1822, so he is about forty-one years of age, in the very prime of manhood. He served a long apprenticeship at soldiering in the militia. In 1842 he was major of the One Hundredth Pennsylvania regiment, and, subsequently, on his removal to New York City, became an officer of the Sixth New York militia, and on May 19, 1857, was commissioned major in that command, holding that rank at the opening of hostilities in 1861. On the return of the Sixth regiment from the three months' service with which he served he was commissioned by Governor Morgan of New York colonel of volunteers, and assigned to the command of the Fifty-seventh infantry. He has a remarkable faculty in the topographical line and can find his way in almost any part of the country, where most others would be hopelessly lost. He gained this knowledge as superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the South and Southwest, where under his supervision most of their lines were put up. It is a valuable experience and has many times stood him in good stead.

The general is popular, a magnificent drill officer, an excellent soldier, and richly deserves his promotion. He received the hearty congratulations of the officers of the division and is very modest in his bearing. General Hancock immediately contributed a pair of stars, which we lost no time in sewing on his coat, taking, I think, more pride in them than the general did himself.

Upon my appointment as aide-de-camp, I resigned my commission as adjutant, and Broom resigned his commission of quartermaster in the Fifty-seventh, and we were succeeded, respectively, by Lieutenants Case and Snyder.

The general has promised to recommend me to the President for assistant adjutant-general, but wants to wait to see

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if he can get transferred to the West, which he is in love with. Admires Grant and Sherman, and thinks there is much more chance for an independent command out there than in this army. As an aide-de-camp he can take me wherever he goes, but not as an assistant adjutant-general, who belongs to the troops, and not to the general. In the meantime, I am to assume the duties of assistant adjutant-general, in addition to those of aide-de-camp. I hope we may soon get transferred to pastures new.

April 16th. The routine of camp life abruptly terminated to-day by receipt of orders to prepare for immediate service. We could scarcely believe that we were really going to leave our comfortable winter quarters and again take the field, but there it was, in black and white. "Troops to prepare at once eight days' rations and one hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition to be issued." The order was to leave extra clothing, camp equipage, etc., behind, the extra five days' rations to be carried in knapsacks instead of clothing, etc.

We hear that General Hooker proposes to open the campaign by turning the flanks of the enemy, drawing him out of his entrenchments, and fighting him in the open. If the operation is successful, our camp equipage can easily be brought up whilst in case of a reverse we can simply fall back again to our starting place.

Much to the astonishment and inconvenience of the whole army, we remained day after day, prepared to march, keeping up our stock of eight days' rations, wagons packed, etc., until the 28th, two weeks almost, when at 7 A. M., we marched out of camp and headed for the woods lining the banks of the Rappahannock, bivouacking opposite Banks ford in dense pine woods. We were ordered to detail one regiment to guard the ford, and two others to open a road to the United States ford. Ordered the Sixty-sixth to the ford, and the Fifty-second and Fifty-seventh to build the road and three companies of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers to picket it as fast as the men opened it.

According to custom it began raining soon after dark, and continued throughout the night. We remained opposite Banks ford until April 30th, at 2 P. M., when we fell in, marched to the United States ford and crossed the river, bivouacking in a heavy timbered wilderness. The roads were

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frightful, and all hands became covered with mud. The headquarters ambulance in which our blankets, rations, etc., were carried, failed to come up, and we were obliged to sit around a weakly camp fire throughout the long, dark night, hungry, cold, and wretched.

The next morning, May 1st, we marched forward to Chancellorsville, where there was a small opening in the woods, and immediately began to manoeuvre. Instead of giving an account of the movements of the troops myself, I shall here insert the official report of the general himself, which covers the whole ground, and is not to be found in any other publication.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, HANCOCK'S DIVISION,
SECOND CORPS,
CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., May 12, 1863.

To MAJOR JOHN HANCOCK, A. A. G.

MAJOR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this brigade in the recent operations of the army of the Potomac.

On the 28th ult., we broke camp. On the evening of the 30th we crossed the Rappahannock at United States ford and bivouacked that night near Chancellorsville.

At noon on the 1st inst., the brigade marched out over the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville pike to a hill, in the direction of Fredericksburg, about a mile from the Chancellorsville house, where it was formed in two lines to the right of the road and the first brigade.

The Sixty-sixth New York and One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvana formed the first line and the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-second New York the second. Skirmishers were thrown out from the first line with instructions to remain under cover of the woods out of the enemy's view. Subsequently Major Scott, of the division staff, in the name of the general, required of me a regiment to support the skirmish line, which he himself undertook to post. The Fifty-second New York were assigned to the performance of this duty, and by some mistake was deployed in full view of the enemy and within easy range of his batteries. Of course, the enemy opened fire upon the regiment with his artillery and advanced his infantry against it with such effect that twenty-four en-

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listed men out of one hundred and twenty-four, the total of the regiment, were killed or wounded without accomplishing any possible good.

Some time later I received orders to fall back with the brigade two hundred yards and await orders, which, however, were soon given, to hasten out of the woods, march rapidly towards the Chancellorsville House and re-form line of battle.

The line was formed in the best position the ground afforded, with one battery in front and another in rear. The fire of the latter injured one officer and several men of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania by premature shell explosion.

After the repulse of the enemy, the brigade again advanced over the road by which it had just retired, and took position to its left at the foot of the ridge recently abandoned, forming a second line to the First brigade, General Caldwell's. It remained here until 3 A. M. of the 2d, when it was again withdrawn to the Chancellorsville House. The enemy had shelled the position ineffectually during the early part of the night.

At sunrise the Fifty-seventh New York was detailed to picket near the ground just vacated by our lines. During the day it was frequently and determinedly attacked, but resisted successfully, killing and wounding many of the enemy. In the course of the morning a part of the Fifty-second was sent to its assistance, and, of course, shared the fighting and honor.

The remainder of the brigade at the same time marched towards the place of our first night's bivouac to occupy a crest looking towards Fredericksburg, which they subsequently strengthened by rifle pits. At 10 A. M. the Sixty-sixth New York was detached to report to General Caldwell, and later in the day what remained of the Fifty-second was sent him also.

A battery enfilading my position threw a few shells about sunset, but fortunately without injury to the command. At 9 P. M. the Sixty-sixth and two companies of the One Hundred and Fortieth relieved the Fifty-seventh and the part of the Fifty-second which was on picket, the latter falling back to the rifle pits vacated by the Sixty-sixth on General Cald-

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well's line. These pickets experienced severe fighting and considerable loss next day, especially when ordered to fall back.

On the morning of the 3d, some regiments having been withdrawn from the rifle pits on my right, the One Hundred and Fortieth was moved in that direction to maintain connection with those which remained. In this new position the regiment lost some men, killed and wounded by the enemy's artillery. Lieutenant John Paden, Fifty-seventh New York, acting aide-de-camp, was wounded in the shoulder by a piece of shell at this place.

Subsequently the One Hundred and Fortieth was moved to the support of a battery on the right of the Chancellorsville House, the Fifth Maine.

Half an hour after taking this position the house caught fire. Being filled with our wounded, a company of the One Hundred and Fortieth was ordered to assist in their removal, which duty was well performed under very severe fire.

Another detail of forty men was made to bring off the guns of the battery above named, which had lost all its officers and nearly all its men and horses. This detail first drove two caissons into the woods out of the enemy's sight and then returned and removed two guns to the same position. It was then and there they first saw men of any other brigade.

Some men of the Second brigade assisted part of the detail to bring off their guns, whilst the remainder went back for the other three, which they found some men of the Second and Fourth brigades endeavoring to remove. Lieutenant Linton, of the One Hundred and Fortieth, in charge of the detail, ordered some of his men to assist with each gun until they reached a place of safety, which was done.

The gun detail and that for the removal of the wounded necessarily left their arms with the regiment, which moved away in obedience to orders during their absence. In this way some rifles were lost, although many of the men and some of the officers carried off quite an arm load of pieces; conspicuous amongst the latter was Lieutenant Stokes, who abandoned his rations, blankets, etc., for the purpose.

On arriving upon the field near the White house, in rear of Chancellorsville, I found the other regiments of the brigade, the Fifty-second and Fifty-seventh, which had been operating under General Caldwell, as he informed me, with great credit, and the Sixty-sixth returned from picket.

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These with the One Hundred and Fortieth were formed in line, in rear of General Caldwell's brigade, in the new position of the left of the Third corps, where we remained until our withdrawal to the north bank of the river.

I am happy to express entire satisfaction with the conduct of my command and to return my thanks to Captain Rose and Lieutenants Favill, Broom, and Paden of my staff for their efficient assistance.

I am, Major,

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

S. K. Zook, Brigadier-General.

General Zook's report was not forwarded to the War Department, as is usual, on account of the reference to Major Scott, which General Hancock deemed a reflection upon that officer, and as Zook stubbornly refused to change it, General Hancock sent it back again, and I have it now in my possession.*

I was ordered to superintendent the dispositions of the Sixty-sixth and Fifty-second New York and rode with them to the edge of the woods, which was skirted by a little stream; on the other side of it the ground rose abruptly, forming a very steep hill, evidently commanding the ground occupied by our troops, the Chancellor house included. There was nothing in sight when we posted the skirmish line on the edge of the little stream; but as soon as this was done, Major Scott came along and ordered the line to advance to the crest of the hill over the open ground. They had hardly gone fifty yards when a heavy line of the enemy's skirmishers came sweeping over the crest, directly in front, and upon seeing us immediately opened fire, to which we replied with so much spirit that they were compelled to halt, but in a few minutes a line of battle advanced to their support and obliged us to hastily fall back under cover of the woods, losing several men. As soon as the men crossed the stream, they were ordered to fall back slowly, contesting the woods as stubbornly as possible, while I rode back to the general to advise him of the situation. By this time the enemy had planted guns on the high ground we had just seen, and the woods I rode through were alive with bursting shells. Branches were torn

*Since transmitted to the War Department.

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Major-General W. S. Hancock.

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off, and sometimes entire tops of trees came tumbling down. I managed to keep a fairly straight course in the thick wood, and soon ran into the general and his command, formed in two lines of battle, and it was only a short time before the rebel line came in sight and immediately opened fire. It is impossible to describe the tremendous noise made by the firing of so many thousands of men in heavy woods; the sound cannot get away easily, and so makes a continuous roar, while the smoke quickly obscures the ground between the contending forces, always leading to more or less uncertainty and requiring infinite skill and judgment on the part of commanding officers to conduct matters successfully.

In the course of the day, the rebel general Jackson moved swiftly across our front and swooped down upon our extreme right, held by General Howard, with the Eleventh corps of Dutchmen. Howard's men had stacked arms and were playing cards and loitering about without any thought of danger, when the enemy sailed right into them, driving them like flocks of sheep. Our lines were so close together that the flying Dutchmen came in streams right up to our lines, and deaf to all entreaties many of them actually ran right across into the arms of the very men they were trying to avoid. It was really ludicrous. At last we faced about and drove them towards the ford. The line abandoned by the Eleventh corps was speedily re-established by fresh troops and Jackson's advance repelled, in the doing of which the enemy sustained the loss of their renowned general, and thus their actual loss greatly exceeded ours. Stonewall Jackson has made the greatest reputation of any officer in either army thus far in the war, and we ourselves could not help feeling sorry for the loss of so brilliant a genius.

One of the sad scenes on the field when the Eleventh corps were in disorder was that of a man being led out of the fight with both his eyes laying out on his cheeks suspended by ligaments. A musket ball had traversed the rear of both eyes, forcing them out of their sockets; he passed close to me and I noticed he was able to talk. I thought it the most pitiable case I had ever seen. While standing amongst a group of officers a Whitworth solid shot came along, almost spent apparently; it was ricochetting over the ground, turning end on end, and seemed to be going so slowly that without thinking I

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put out my foot to stop it, when some one suddenly jerked me backwards; the ball struck an ambulance wheel a little behind us and smashed it all to pieces, the moral of which is never try to stop a cannon ball.

The scene about the Chancellor house at ten o'clock of the 3d beggars description. The open ground was covered with batteries; many of them had lost all their horses. A converging fire of the enemy's guns from front, right, and left swept the ground; round shot and shell filled the air about us, and confusion reigned supreme. When the general and I rode up, after we had withdrawn the troops in rear of the road and house, we found the porch of the house full of officers; amongst them General Hooker himself, leaning against one of the pillars, apparently bewildered. A few moments after our arrival, the house took fire from a bursting shell. It was filled with wounded men who were safely removed by willing volunteers. In the midst of the tremendous noises of exploding shells and cracklin fire a couple of women rushed out of the building and fled to the rear, watched by thousands of men, not one of whom was not ready to sacrifice his own life to aid them in their flight for safety. As the general describes in his report, the final effort to remove the guns by hand and reform the line in rear of the house, I shall leave the matter here, only giving my opinion that the whole battle was mismanaged from beginning to end. If we had advanced in the direction of Fredericksburg and taken position on the open commanding ground, where all the troops could have been fought to advantage and our artillery used effectively, the result would have been very different.

While establishing the line in rear of the Chancellor House General Hancock, followed by his staff and General Zook and his staff, rode over the ground at the angle on the left down quite a declevity, where a rebel battery had the exact range. Shells flew all around and about us. One of them struck General Zook's horse in the neck and carried away a piece weighing several pounds. The general was obliged to take an orderly's horse, but very singularly his own horse lived for some time afterwards. It was interesting to see General Hancock ride along amidst this rain of shells utterly indifferent, not even ducking his head when one came close to him, which is a difficult thing to do, for one seems to do it involuntarily.

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General Hancock is in his element and at his best in the midst of a fight, which cannot be said of some of the general officers.

During the time we were on the south side of the river, our staff was without supplies and depended upon the orderlies and men for whatever we had to eat. At night we sat against a tree on our saddles, without fires and vainly endeavored to go to sleep or get into a comfortable position. It rained a good deal of the time, making matters much worse, but the three days passed and none of us was much the worse for our experience. The fact is, we are so tough and inured to exposure that we can stand anything. In the last position the men not employed dug holes in the sandy soil to escape the enemy's shells, forming a gigantic rabbit warren. They protected themselves so well we had but few casualties.

Remained in this last position made impregnable by the industry of the troops until the night of the 5th, when we were ordered to recross the river and return to our winter quarters. Owing to the continued rainfall of the last two days all hands were liberally covered with mud and mighty glad to get out of the rain-soaked woods. The enemy had suffered too much in their frequent attempts to carry our lines to interfere with our movements in recrossing the river.

While we were engaged at Chancellorsville, Stoneman with the cavalry corps, made a diversion in the enemy's rear by riding entirely around Lee's army, to Richmond. He destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad from Gordonsville eastward, all the railroad equipment, cars, depots, telegraph, etc., for twenty miles or more; destroyed the Aquia and Richmond Railroad; all public and private stores they fell in with, and captured and took away mules, horses, and slaves in vast numbers. They went close to Richmond, causing the greatest consternation. The failure of so brilliant an opening on the part of the army of the Potomac is a great disappointment to us. General Hooker's plans were excellent. Sedgwick, who crossed at Fredericksburg, was successful, and had we been properly handled and advanced towards that point on open ground, we might have gained a great victory, but we lacked the leader and are again looking for some one worthy of the army whose energies no defeat can tame.

May 12th. The troops are in good condition again, fully recovered from the late mud campaign and waiting for some-

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thing to turn up. In the meantime, the men, at least some of them, are gardening again, and the seeds planted early are, in fact, up and growing fast. Many changes have occurred amongst the commanding officers. Couch is to leave us, as we hear, on account of his distaste for present commanders. He has served with the Second corps since Sumner retired and is a very quiet, sensible, competent officer, but looks more like a Methodist minister than a soldier. Our own gallant Hancock takes the corps' command, and Brigadier-General John C. Caldwell, now commanding the First brigade, will assume command of the division. Hooker's successor has not been heard from so far, but, of course, he will not be retained in command.

May 28th. The brigade has been drilling on the parade ground in every known tactical movement. We can execute the most difficult movements with never a blunder nor the least hesitation. Horse racing, bayonet exercises, some fencing, and some gardening; many of the flowers now in full bloom.

General Zook has applied for and received a twenty day leave of absence and goes home to-morrow. Broom and I go with him. This is one of the sweets of staff positions: we are to do as we please after reaching Washington and all our traveling expenses are paid. The command of the brigade was turned over to Colonel Morris of the Sixty-sixth New York, a gallant and accomplished officer and gentleman and one of my very good friends. On the 29th we got on board the train and went to Washington. There we left the general with his friend Williams and both of us proceeded to New York, where we renewed our social gaieties and fell at once into the ways of city life. There is much less enthusiasm now for officers from the seat of war and one gets little attention except from one's immediate friends.

On the 17th of June, the papers announced the enemy in motion and the army of the Potomac as leaving their winter quarters about Falmouth. By nine o'clock I received a dispatch from the general, directing Broom and me to leave for Washington immediately; and so we took the train the same evening, arriving there the following morning, reporting without waiting for breakfast. Received a hospitable greeting from both the general and his friend Williams, who pressed

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us to remain and breakfast, but we respectfully declined in favor of our usual headquarters when in Washington, the Metropolitan Hotel. We remained in the city until the 21st before we could ascertain in which direction to go to reach our command, the general in a state of great disturbance on account of the delay. Early this morning we found out and took the military train to Fairfax court house, arriving there in the evening to find the corps had marched from that place early the same morning; each of us had a valise to carry, and being without horses or servants were at a loss how to proceed. Broom, however, proved equal to the emergency. He called upon the depot quartermaster greeted him in his usual irresistible and hearty manner, claimed an ancient acquaintance and comradeship as an old quartermaster, and finally wheedled an ambulance out of him, with directions to the driver to take us wherever we desired to go; thus comfortably cared for we started off in fine condition, arriving at Centreville, only to find the corps had gone on to Gainesville, and so we kept going, finally arriving at division headquarters at 7 P. M., after a tiresome journey lasting all day. General French's division and our brigade were the only infantry troops in camp. All the rest had gone with General Hancock to Thoroughfare Gap. It was delightful to be back again to our command and meet with such a hearty welcome. The troops always like their regular officers along, when going on a campaign. General French occupied the best house in the place as headquarters and invited Zook to share it with him. The general accepted, and immediately assumed command of his brigade. From General French we received the first reliable information of the movements of the army and a full record of the events, which led up to the present movement. It seems Lee has taken the initiative again, and is believed to be moving a second time to the invasion of the Northern states. The army of the Potomac is watching his movements, moving on an inner circle, covering the capital and expects sooner or later to plant itself across his path.

Almost every foot of ground in this vicinity has been fought over time and again, since the beginning of the war. The Bull Run battlefield is only a short distance east of us, and Thoroughfare Gap and Centreville are on either side

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of us. Several roads converge here, and it is strategically a place of considerable importance and has been occupied by both armies alternately several different times. Outside of its military importance, it amounts to nothing.

July *23*d. Early this morning General French was directed to turn over the command at Gainsville to General Zook, French having been assigned to the command of Harper's Ferry. This was most agreeable news for both French and Zook. French was delighted to go to Harper's Ferry and Zook to get an independent command. He immediately issued an order assuming command and announced me as the adjutant-general of the post. The command consists of Arnold's First Rhode Island battery, two squadrons of cavalry, our own brigade, and the Third division, lately French's, amounting altogether to about three thousand men.

Zook promptly made himself acquainted with the position of the troops and the character of the ground. He established a picket line personally, completely surrounding the camp with detachments of cavalry, pushed well out on every road converging on the place, also mounted patrols, who kept up communication between the pickets and our headquarters.

At daylight every man of the staff was in the saddle and all the troops under arms. In person the general then rode out to the advance posts and spent most of the morning in obtaining information and inspecting the position of the advanced guard. We found this independent command a fine thing and ourselves great Moguls. We dined with the family in the house on chickens and soft bread, our cooks furnishing the supplies and doing the work, notwithstanding which we paid the thrifty housewife fifty cents per head for every meal we took there. During the day I think, we received fifty telegrams from General Hancock, who is at the Gap. He reported Stuart skirmishing all around his position, that his pickets were frequently driven in, and cautioned us time and again to be on the alert, which was entirely superfluous, as we even sleep with one eye open and never more than half of us at a time.

Early the 25th General Hancock telegraphed Zook to have everything in readiness to move at a moment's notice on Gum Springs via Sudley Church. At 10 A. M. one of our mounted picket posts was captured, and the patrol came gal-

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loping in, followed by the enemy's cavalry on the Warrenton road. At 10:30 A. M. we received the order to withdraw and promptly fell in and marched to Sudley Church. The telegraph operator cut the wires, removed his instruments, and rode with us. Marched out of Gainsville in fine form, a rear guard of two guns, a squadron of cavalry, and full regiment of infantry following a considerable distance in rear. Flankers were deployed on each side of the column, and in fine spirits we stepped out at a lively gait. Shortly after starting, the enemy's cavalry completely surrounded us, keeping at a respectful distance, but in full view all the time. At half past two P. M. the head of the column reached Sudley's Church and crossed the Bull Run river at the ford.

Opposite the ford the ground was high, and here the general posted Arnold's battery to cover the crossing. He directed the movement of the troops on the opposite side in person and charged me with the supervision of the crossing below. There were eighty wagons and ambulances, and it was a considerable undertaking to keep them all in motion, but by much effort they were kept moving. In the course of half an hour or so an orderly rode in from the rear and reported the enemy pressing the rear guard, and a rebel battery coming up. I sent an orderly to notify Zook, and with some of the quartermaster's officers examined the river for another ford, luckily finding one almost as good as the regular ford. Shortly afterwards, the rebel guns opened on us and dropped their shells most annoyingly. Arnold was obliged to take position and soon drove them away. Everything safely crossed, and vastly satisfied with the honor of superintending the movement of so many troops, I rejoined the general, who occupied a most commanding position on unobstructed ground. We were greatly amused at the audacity of the rebel cavalry. They completely surrounded us, keeping in full view, but confining themselves simply to watching our movements, and so we made no attempt to disturb them, not being desirous of masking our intentions. We remained in this position for an hour, resting the troops and giving the teams an opportunity of getting into good order, when an orderly from General Hancock came with directions to proceed at once to Gum Springs and there join the rest of the corps. So we marched at once, unluckily getting on

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the wrong road, causing considerable delay, but striking out across the country. Soon found the proper road and arrived at Gum Springs about 9 P. M.

On the route we passed over the old Bull Run battlefield and at the junction of a railroad crossing saw hundreds of human skeletons bleached white as snow, a ghastly monument of those who had fallen in the great cause. We were considerably depressed by this horrible side of war, and I noticed the soldiers were anxious to hurry away.

The evening was a typical campaign bivouac, and around a cheerful camp fire we sat down to a substantial supper, afterwards regaling ourselves with a toddy prepared by the general's trusty man, Ferguson; the fatigues and anxieties of the day all forgotten in the glorious and exhilirating surroundings of a thousand camp fires and the music of innumerable bands.

June 26th. Rained nearly all last night, and in consequence the roads are very bad. To-day at 6 A. M. marched to Edward's Ferry on the Potomac, reaching there at midnight. The march was excessively fatiguing, as we were eighteen hours on the road, the latter part of which was execrable. Crossing the river immediately upon our arrival, we formed in close column of division, stacked arms, and lay down to sleep, the men badly used up, many of them missing. There was much confusion here, caused by the immense trains, which occupied the roads to the exclusion of the troops. Many of the wagons were disabled, and the road was constantly blockaded. We heard on our arrival that Lee had crossed the Potomac and was heading directly for Pennsylvania.

June 27th. Remained in bivouac until 3 P. M., by which time the stragglers had come up and the command well rested. Then marched via Poolsville to Barnsville, arriving at the latter place at 11 P. M. The weather cleared up and the roads rapidly improved, so that the day's march, although long and exhausting, was much less distressing than that of yesterday.

Passing through these various towns, our experiences of last autumn were renewed. Everybody was, of course, on the streets and showed us the greatest attention, looking in amazement at the interminable lines of infantry, moving day and night without interruption. We came in for many presents of cherries, which were in abundance.

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June 28th. Reveille at daybreak and immediately afterwards breakfast. At 6 A. M. the column was en route, stepping out at a brisk pace, arriving after a march of about twenty-five miles at Monocasy Junction with few stragglers and in excellent condition.

The country we marched through to-day is very beautiful and the inhabitants greatly excited over the invasion. The rebel cavalry is scouring the country, driving off the farmers' stock and scaring everybody out of their wits. The militia have been called out again and are hurrying to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington; exactly similar proceedings to those of last September.

June 29th. The command marched at 6 A. M. and made the longest and most severe march in its history. We passed through Liberty and Jonhsville to Uniontown, a distance of fully thirty miles. Some say thirty-five. The roads were good but fearfully dusty. We rested occasionally, perhaps three hours all told, and went into bivouac in fair condition, although there were many stragglers. The day was beautiful, but the sun much too hot for comfort. Riding at the head of the column the general suggested that every man be required to contribute something for the amusement of the party. I unexpectedly made quite a hit by relating a lot of Ovid's metamorphoses, which some of them had never heard of before and thought very wonderful. Occasionally we dismounted and walked, and at times rode out of the column to neighboring houses to have a chat with the natives, get a cool drink of water, and perhaps a chat with the girls of the establishment. How one does enjoy a stretch on the cool green grass after the day's march is over, and what an immense appetite one has at night. Nothing can be more delightful and interesting than campaigning in a civilized country at this season of the year. Uniontown is a pretty secluded village, patriotic, but paralyzed just now by the nearness of the rebel army.

In passing through these towns, we usually resume the regular step, and with bands playing and colors flying make a stunning appearance. The Fifty-second, as in days gone by, although now with fewer voices, sing their memorable songs, which creates more enthusiasm than do the bands.

The enemy are making a bold effort and devastating a wide stretch of country. I trust this will prove our chance

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for ending the rebellion by utterly routing them. Weather very hot; remained all day in bivouac, awaiting orders. During the day the lame ducks came up and rejoined their colors.

This evening we hear Hooker has been relieved of the command, and that General Meade from the Fifth corps is appointed in his place. There is not an officer in the army, I think, who does not rejoice at the news. We saw enough of Hooker at Chancellorsville to assure us he was not capable of commanding an army like this.

July 1st. The enemy are heading for Gettysburg, their cavalry scouting through Chambersburg and to the very outskirts of Harrisburg, where everything is said to be in great disorder. We fell in at daylight, took breakfast, and immediately marched, expecting to meet the enemy towards evening. Passed through Taneytown, and during the afternoon heard heavy artillery firing ahead of us. The cavalry under Pleasanton and the First corps under General Reynolds are in front and reported to be heavily engaged, and so we accelerated our steps and made every effort to reach the battlefield before night, but the distance was too great. General Hancock, however, went ahead to assume command (Reynolds having been reported killed), directing us to follow as rapidly as possible. With few halts for rest to the music of the distant guns, we hurried over the dusty roads, and at 10 P. M. reached the slope of a rocky hill, about a mile and a half in rear of the battlefield. The moment the column halted the men dropped down on the road and most of them fell asleep immediately, exhausted by the march of thirty miles on a July day over roads knee deep in dust.

We were ordered to establish a guard, and together with the officer ordered to command it, I endeavored to wake the men up to fill the detail, but found it impossible to do so and had to give it up. They were too utterly exhausted. Zook sent me to report the fact to General Caldwell, who suggested that the troops be allowed to remain in the road for the night, which was obviously the only thing to be done.

On arrival we learned that a very severe action had been fought, lasting from daylight till dark by Pleasanton and Reynolds against the bulk of Lee's army. They had stubbornly contested the fighting, desiring to preserve Gettysburg until the rest of the army came up, but had been overpowered and

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driven through the town with great loss, holding on, however, to Cemetery Ridge, a commanding position, where our line of battle is now established. General Reynolds was killed, gallantly fighting, and both cavalry and infantry did well. Hancock, with the assistance of General Warren of Meade's staff selected the lines now established, where the fate of the Union of these United States must be decided before to-morrow night. What a momentous epoch in our history! With this thought uppermost, we dismounted, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and by the side of a large friendly boulder, surrounded by thousands of sleeping forms, great numbers of whom were sleeping their last earthly sleep, we lay down and were instantly asleep, the general and I lying close together to keep warm.

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CHAPTER XV

"The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The marshalling in arms, the day
Battle's magnificently stern array."

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG; DEATH OF GENERAL ZOOK

July 2d, 1863.

AT daylight we were promptly under arms, and as soon as breakfast (coffee and crackers) was over, the brigade fell in and marched up the Cemetery Hill, already crowded with various bodies of troops moving into position.

Our entire corps came on the ground, and formed in order of battle, the First, our division, forming in front, the Second a very short distance in rear, connecting on the right with Howard, and on the left with Sickles, of the Third corps.

There was no firing during the formation, and as soon as it was completed, we had ample time to look about us and study the features of the field. We were posted on broad, high, open ground, gently sloping in front towards a small brook called Plum Run, some three or four hundred yards in front, running nearly parallel to our line of battle. An occasional clump of bushes interrupted the view. Towards the right, the ground was higher, completely overlooking the town of Gettysburg. On the left, arose abruptly a couple of small detached mountains, Round Top and Little Round Top, evidently the keys to the position.

The enemy lay in line of battle, some fifteen hundred yards in front of us, under cover of the woods, which fringed the open ground from right to left as far as we could see. On the whole, the field seemed worthy of the great contest now to be fought to the death upon its emerald slopes. It was an admirable field for artillery, and every gun that the army had was placed in position. Pettit's battery of glorious memory, now commanded by Lieutenant Rhoerty, a brilliant young Irishman, lately ordnance officer of the division, was on our left; this battery and our brigade were on the best of terms, having fought together from Fair Oaks continuously till to-day. As

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the enemy made no movement, our men sat or lay down in their ranks, while the officers gathered in groups, and discussed the probable outlook for the day. Little, however, was said, most of the men being preoccupied by their own thoughts. About ten o'clock the enemy fired a few shots and our guns replied, and this continued till towards noon, when an ominous silence brooded over the entire field. We knew the enemy were preparing for the attack, and this time it was our turn to await the advance.

At 2 P. M. we stood to arms, on observing Sickles begin to advance and manœuver; after making several incomprehensible movements, his troops marched forward from in front of Round Top, and immediately brought on the action.

Longstreet's corps advanced and savagely attacked the Third corps, forcing it back, after much fighting, ending in considerable confusion. From where we sat on our horses, the entire field of operations was in view, and was intensely interesting. The fighting continued by the Third corps alone until nearly 3 P. M. when Captain Tremain, of Sickles's staff, rode up to Zook, and requested him to move to Sickles's assistance. The general instantly put spurs to his horse and galloped directly across the field to Sickles, who, surrounded by a large staff, was in a state of great excitement; the enemy's shot were dropping about him, and he seemed to be very much confused and uncertain in his movements. When Zook approached him, he excitedly asked him to put his command into action on his left, where he admitted Longstreet was steadily driving him back near the two small mountains. Zook declared his willingness to act, and galloped back to his command, taking the stone walls and ditches without swerving, either to the right or left. When we reached the brigade, the First and Second brigade of our division were already on the march towards the threatened left, and we promptly followed, marching by the left flank, arriving at the wooded crest adjacent to Round Top mountain; we halted and formed column of attack in two lines: the One Hundred and Forty Pennsylvania, and Fifty-seventh New York in front; the Fifty-second and Sixty-sixth New York in rear. The ground was rocky, strewn with immense boulders, and sparsely covered with timber. As soon as the formation was completed, we marched forward to the attack, at first over rising ground, and shortly

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received a tremenduous fire from the front; as we marched rapidly forward alongside the mountain, the tumult became deafening, the mountain side echoed back the musketry, so that no word of command could be heard, and little could be seen but long lines of flame, and smoke and struggling masses of ment. We kept right on obliquing somewhat to the right, until apparently directly in front of the raging mass of combatants below, then rushed at a double quick boldly forward into the mouth of hell, into the jaws of death. Zook, accompanied by Broom, led the first line, while the second line, commanded by Morris of the Sixty-sixth, was placed in my charge; we soon came to a standstill and a close encounter, when the firing became terrific and the slaughter frightful. We were enveloped in smoke and fire, not only in front, but on our left, and even at times on the right, apparently from men posted on the mountain sides. Our men fired promiscuously, steadily pressing forward, but the fighting was so mixed, rebel and union lines so close together, and in some places intermingled, that a clear idea of what was going on was not readily obtainable. While trying to keep the lines as effective as possible, watching the situation in this pandemonium of death, I saw Zook a little towards the left, riding to the rear, supported by Broom and a mounted orderly. I rode over to him instantly, when he looked up with an expression I shall never forget, and said: "It's all up with me, Favill." I told Broom I would turn over the command to Morris and join him as soon as I could, but Morris was not to be found readily in the great confusion of battle. Roberts of the One Hundred and Fortieth was killed, and the troops by this time were sadly mixed up with other commands. I found Frazer, however, the lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, next in rank, and notified him of the death of Zook, and directed him to assume command. He wished me to remain, but I was personal aide-de-camp to Zook, and my duty was to him, and therefore I declined. Just then Brooke came up and took command of the whole line, and relieved the situation completely. I rode off the field and overtook the general with Broom, riding very slowly towards the Baltimore pike. The General was in great pain, and Broom told me he was shot through the bowels. I went ahead to find an ambulance, but before I returned they had

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fallen in with one, and were driven to the field hospital. Surgeon Wood, one of our best doctors, after examining the wound, told us it was fatal, and nothing could be done; there being no shelter here, and the enemy's shot frequently reaching the spot, we took the general on a stretcher, and carried him to a small house some distance in the rear on the Baltimore road, close to a bridge crossing a small creek. The house was already filled with men severely wounded, and the sight was most distressing; the howls of pain from the men in the hall and front room were so dreadful that we moved the general back into a small room cut off from the others, and here we spent the night, doing what we could to make our dear commander comfortable. I went out several times during the night, and looked at the ghastly scenes on the floors of the hall and parlor. As many men as could lay side by side completely covered the floors, which were streaming with blood, and the poor fellows seemed to give way completely to their misfortunes. Over twenty of them died and were carried into the yard during the night.

Zook was calm, serene, and dignified, speaking occasionally, but never of himself, and apparently suffered but little pain. At daylight we concluded to move still further to the rear, as the cannon balls sometimes reached even this dreadful spot, so we took up the stretcher, and moved down the road amidst a motley crowd of ambulances, ammunition trains, and disorganized men, making it very difficult to get along; about a mile down the road we turned to the right, and took possession of a comfortable house; it was occupied by several women, who were scared out of their wits, and glad to have us in the house. We placed the general on the stretcher in the front room to the left on entering, and had the women make some chicken soup or broth. I asked the general if he would not like to see Dwight, the noted chaplain of the Sixty-sixth, a special favorite of his, but he declined, saying it was too late. He signified his wishes in respect to his private affairs, and requested me to attend to everything for him, then calmly awaited the end. At times he brightened up and spoke with considerable animation, so that we began to think the doctor might be mistaken, and tried to make him think so too, but he shook his head and said there was no hope. We had frequently amongst ourselves discussed the nature of various

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wounds, and were all aware that a shot through the intestines was considered necessarily fatal. He drank a little whiskey at times, and some of the broth that the women made for him, but towards evening he began to fail, and at five o'clock peacefully breathed his last.

Thus ended the career of a brilliant officer, an estimable gentleman, and a faithful friend. Killed at the head of his troops, on his native soil, defending the honor and integrity of the country he loved so well, is after all a glorious death to die, and so far as he is concerned, perhaps is the most fitting climax of a brilliant career. It is quite a different thing for those of us belonging to his military family, who have gone hand in hand together, since the very formation of the army of the Potomac. I was his chief aide-de-camp and enjoyed his confidence completely. He was to all of us friendly in the extreme, just, exacting at times, but always ready to acknowledge and give us credit whenever we deserved it. His death interrupts all our plans for the future, and our interest in military affairs seems to have entirely evaporated. What a blank in our lives his death will cause. From the day I met him first on Staten Island, when I turned out the guard to please him, I have been with him and always close to him, and knew him more intimately than any other person in the army. He was ambitious and intended getting transferred to the west at the first opportunity, where he held greater chances existed for independent commands, and consequently for gaining distinction.

Broom wrote Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, a line notifying him of the general's death, and asking for passes, so that we could take the body home, which were immediately sent to us. Early the following morning, July 4th, we secured some ice, packed the remains in a rude box, and sent them over to the railway station in an ambulance.

A single life, even that of a distinguished general, in time of war is of slight consequence to the general result, and so in this case the battle continued in our absence, till late at night, when the Fifth corps took position on the front line.

The following day about noon, the enemy opened fire from over one hundred guns, maintaining a terrific cannonading for over an hour, when again they attacked with extraordinary fury, making one of the most formidable charges of the war;

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Brigadier-General S. K. Zook.

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thousands were slain, but our line was unbroken, and the Stars and Stripes defiantly floated over the line of brave men, who stood a steady, and valiant shield against all the fury and the power of the savage Confederacy. The following morning Lee withdrew, disheartened, and dismayed by his immense losses. The flower of the Southern Confederacy was left upon the bloody field, and its doom forever sealed; although they got away, they were maimed for life and beyond hope of recovery.

Broom and I rode upon the box containing the general's remains, in a freight car crowded with corpses, and the stench was prodigious. Several others were in the car, there being no passenger cars on the train for some reason. We moved very slowly and did not arrive in Baltimore till seven o'clock the following morning. The weather was fearfully hot and our position most distressing. As soon as we arrived, in company with David, the general's brother, we went to an undertaker and had the body embalmed, carefully dressed, and enclosed in a heavy casket. The following day we took the remains to Port Kennedey, Pennsylvania, his father's home; here we remained two days, a continuous crowd of people flocking in from all the surrounding country to view the remains. During this time Broom and I relieved each other in standing guard, and in answering a thousand curious questions. In the meantime, the family received a telegram from the Mayor of New York City, asking that the remains be sent on to that city to receive a public funeral. The family consenting, on the 7th of July, in a special car sent by the Mayor of New York City, the remains in our charge, together with a large funeral party, left for that place, where we were received on arrival, by a detachment of militia and several very gorgeous staff officers, who escorted the party to the city hall; where the coffin was placed in the governor's room, and there remained until Monday, July 10th, visited by thousands of people. The room was heavily draped in mourning, and either Broom or I, together with a guard from the city militia, was always on duty.

The city was in a terrible state of disorder. Incendiarism and rioting were rampant; the city was on fire in many places; negroes were hung to lamp posts, and everywhere lives and property were in danger, and the civil authorities temporarily

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helpless. Butler had been ordered from the front with his command, and the citizens were eagerly awaiting his advent, to stay the course of lawlessness. It is said to be a draft riot, and really is a fire in our rear by the very considerable body of Copperheads who infest this fair city.

In accordance with orders, as soon as the obsequies of General Zook were over, Broom and I reported to the military commander of the district, General Dix, when it was suggested as a mater of prudence we doff our uniforms. This seemed to us most astonishing, that the uniform which we supposed every man and woman, particularly just after such a great and magnificent battle, would delight in, should be a badge of disfavor, but as we had no citizens' clothing, we were obliged to confine ourselves to those parts of the city considered least dangerous, which was most humiliating; however, we volunteered our services in case of necessity, left our address and retired. Mitchell very kindly sent us a twenty day leave of absence from General Warren, now in command of the Second corps, so we remained in town till the 27th. Butler soon arrived with a large force, which went into bivouac on the Battery, City Hall Park, and other open places, and the rioters were instantly brought under control. Guns were posted in various places sweeping the streets, and Butler's reputation was not of the sort the rioters and negro lynchers cared to trifle with.

On the evening of the 27th, we bade good bye not reluctantly to civil life, and took the train for Washington, where we found that the Second corps was in camp near Warrenton, and so without loss of time took the military train, and on the evening of the 28th, arrived back in camp and reported to the headquarters of our old brigade, where we found my old friend, Colonel Frank, in command, and our horses and servants all glad to see us.

Our staff appointments of course were vacated by the general's death, and we were simply regimental officers, not even entitled to our own horses; we had however, scarcely time to think of that, when we received the following order, which gave us great contentment.

HEADQUARTERS, 1ST DIV., SECOND CORPS, July 28, 1863.
SPECIAL ORDER No. 691: Lieutenant J. M. Favill, Fifty-seventh New York Infantry, late aide-de-camp to General

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Zook, is hereby appointed Judge Advocate of this division, and Lieutenant C. H. H. Broom, Fifty-seventh New York Infantry, is hereby appointed acting aide-de-camp to the general commanding; these officers will report to the Adjutant General at these headquarters for duty without delay.

By order BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. C. CALDWELL,
Commanding Division.
JOHN HANCOCK A. A. General.

General Caldwell is one of the most genial and accomplished officers in the service, a scholar as well as soldier, and unusually amiable and affable in his manner. He received us very graciously and after many inquiries relating to Zook's death and funeral, said he was glad to welcome us into his military family, and hoped we should find it agreeable, and our new duties satisfactory. We subsequently reported to Major Hancock, the assistant adjutant general, and the following morning moved bag and baggage up to division headquarters.

Our servants were very glad, having feared a return to the obscurity of regimental life, and Green and Kelly increased visibly in importance.

The change from brigade to division headquarters under the circumstances, is a wonderful piece of good luck for us; the division staff is much larger and more important than that of a brigade, and the field of observation much enlarged. The general and entire staff mess together, and this is one of the features of General Caldwell's headquarters. He is sociable, interesting, and an excellent conversationalist, and makes the hours of meals a genuine interchange of ideas on every variety of subject, save only those of an official character, which are rigidly excluded. No shop, as the staff call it, being permitted. There are some bright fellows here, many of them full of wit and fun, others very learned, and most of them with some particular claim to distinction. I was assigned to the tent of Captain James G. Derrickson, Sixty-sixth New York, now ordnance officer, and we soon become fast friends. He is about my own age, tall, active, intelligent, well educated, and most ingenuous, singularly good natured, he enjoys getting himself into all sorts of ridiculous situations, to his own confusion, and the amusement of the crowd. He and I have infinite fun in our encounters of wit, and when not otherwise occupied of an

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afternoon, usually collect a small crowd under our awning to enjoy the fun. He is fastidious in his tastes, and as honorable as any Knight of the famous Round Table.

The chief-of-staff, John Hancock, brother of General Hancock, is an agreeable and accomplished officer, exceedingly pleasant to the officers of the staff, and one of the ablest adjutants in the corps. Lieutenant Alvord, the general's chief aide-de-camp, is a handsome, dashing New Yorker, full of fun and cordiality. Captain Hobart, the provost-marshal, is not handsome, but one of the best fellows, and a gallant and excellent soldier. Captain Wilson, the mustering officer, is a brother of Mrs. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and is noted for his abilities and gallant conduct in many fights.

The surgeon of the division, Doctor R. Cresson Stiles, is a graduate of Yale, and half a dozen European universities besides; is very learned, very accomplished, and a noted surgeon. He took an interest in me from the first, and is frequently in my quarters; an expert horseman, swordsman, and pistol shot, active and young, he loves to dash across the country and get away from camp. We began to fence and shoot together immediately, which soon brought in the others, till finally all hands fenced and shot an hour or so every day.

I entered upon the duties of division judge advocate immediately, and soon became fascinated. All courts martial sitting in the division, are detailed and organized through my office. I make the selection of officers and the adjutant general details them. We have now three courts in operation, one of which I serve as judge advocate. In this, the principal court, cases of commissioned officers and capital cases of enlisted men are tried, the proceedings of all cases tried in the other courts are submitted to me for review, and are then transmitted by me, with notations, to the general commanding, for ultimate action. It is surprising how many delinquents there are in the army. The Irish brigade is a great sinner in this respect.

In my court we sit from 10 A. M. till 2 or 3 P. M., holding the court in a large hospital tent. The duty of a judge advocate is much like that of a district attorney. He prosecutes for the Government, but at the same time is bound to see the prisoner's rights are not interfered with. We have our text books and regulations to guide us, and in the absence of special instructions, follow the custom of common law or common sense.

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There are many cases of desertion, especially of bounty and drafted men and in order to keep the army together it is indispensable to resort to the most severe punishment. In this camp we tried and found two private soldiers guilty of desertion, and sentenced them to be shot. The sentences were approved by the general commanding the army (which in capital cases is necessary) and was very shortly afterwards carried into effect.

A military execution is a very solemn and impressive pageant. The doomed man marches to his own funeral, to the solemn music of the band, in presence of the whole command. In the two cases mentioned above, the utmost pomp and display was made, to render the executions as impressive as possible. The whole division paraded in full dress, and in column of division, marched upon the ground following the prisoner, led by the band, playing the "Dead march" in Saul. A squad of men from the provost guard immediately followed, then four men carrying the coffin on their shoulders, with the prisoner walking close behind, his buttons and regimental insignia stripped from his clothing; a few files of men with muskets loaded, and bayonets fixed, marched directly in rear of him, the firing party under command of the provost marshal. Then follows with arms reversed, the entire command, marching in step to the solemn cadence of the music. Arriving upon the field, the troops form three sides of a square, while the band, prisoner and provost guard march directly forward to the unoccupied side of the square, halting before a grave already dug. The bands wheel out of line, the bearers of the coffin place it on the ground, close by the new made grave, the prisoner is marched up and seated on the coffin, while the firing party halt a few paces in rear. Then the adjutant general advances and reads the proceedings of the trial, the sentence, and the confirmation of the general-in-chief. Immediately afterwards the prisoner is blindfolded, still sitting on his coffin, and the command is given to "Aim! Fire!" and the lifeless body of the unfortunate soldier falls over, invariably dead. It is certainly an awful and solemn duty, yet necessary for the safety of the forces. The execution over, the bands strike up a lively air, and at a quick step the troops march back to their camps.

The present position of the division is on the Edwards

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farm, Morrisville, Fauquier County, and is delightfully situated. We have never remained inactive in the summer season so long before, and greatly enjoy the freedom and comfort of not being too close to the enemy. The country seems better than most places we have seen heretofore, certainly an improvement on the neighborhood of Fredericksburg and Alexandria. To the north and northeast, the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge are visible, which adds to the picturesqueness of the view. The land is as usual poorly cultivated and there are no fruit trees, which seems curious in so pleasant a climate; of course there are no fences, they having long ago disappeared in camp fires.

Our daily routine is an excellent breakfast eaten *al fresco,* whilst the best of bands discourse sweet music, followed by half an hour's chat, then comes the gallop, a few minutes' pistol practice, and then to work, each one of us at our respective duties. My court sits at 10 A. M., there being no clerks allowed in the court room, I am obliged to take down the evidence myself, which I do very rapidly and very illegibly; after the session is over, the clerks take charge of the scrawls, and by the following morning the proceedings are all in handsome form, engrossed and ruled according to regulations. Dinner about 2 P. M. and no further duty as a rule for the day, and so we go off on expeditions, get up horse races, hurdle jumping, fencing matches, and when it is very hot, sit under the awnings and enjoy a battle of wits. Sometimes we have a division review, then there is plenty of riding and plenty of fun.

Broom has been assigned to the duty in which above all others he excells, caterer for the mess, and he is entirely competent and in his proper element. He has infinite resources of persuasion and cheek, and all his other duties are subservient to this important function. Besides his aptitude for this sort of thing, he is a typical gentleman sport and horseman, very good looking, weighs about two hundred pounds, with a hearty manner, and is quite irresistible.

August 15th, 1863.

So hot to-day that none but necessary duties have been ordered. Palm leaf fans were in demand, and most of the day we lay upon our beds under the awnings, in very primitive attire, making industrious use of them. There is little of military interest to note. Lee apparently is resting from his labors,

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and we are doing the same, besides trying to do something to fill up the old regiments. Several of them have been ordered home to see if their renown will not be an inducement for men to join them. Crosses's old regiment, the Fifth New Hampshire, is amongst them. Volunteers are not to be had now in any number, and these big bounty men and substitutes are not worth having, as they very generally desert the first chance they get. It is too bad the enthusiasm should have waned so seriously. Our armies in the last two months have won great victories. Gettysburg with nearly twenty thousand loss to the enemy. Vicksburg said to be thirty thousand, and two hundred guns, Port Hudson a couple of thousand men, besides minor affairs, aggregating a tremenduous reduction in the enemy's force, and immense loss of territory. If we could just get enough men to bring the old regiments up to their original strength, the war would soon be ended.

About 12 M. orders came from corps headquarters to issue three days' rations, and have the troops in readiness for an immediate movement.

August 16th. Sunday morning, immediately after breakfast, four officers were detailed from the staff to inspect the several brigades, notice of which had been given to their commanders. I was ordered to the Irish brigade, Colonel Kelly commanding, a painstaking, competent, and excellent officer. I followed my instructions closely, and made the most critical inspection of arms, accoutrements, contents of knapsacks, and of the three days' supply of rations supposed to be in the men's haversacks, subsequently of company quarters. I was surprised to find the brigade in such excellent condition, and made a very favorable report; after the inspection I accepted an invitation to the colonel's quarters, and was regaled with champagne and fine cigars; there were, of course, all the regimental commanders present and we had an agreeable half hour. They are a brilliant lot of soldiers, and jolly boon companions.

The supply of three days' rations was kept up until the 20th, when orders were received to prepare to march at once. Tents were struck, wagons loaded, and all made ready; towards afternoon heard some firing in the distance on our left, but got no particulars.

August 21st. Remained on the alert all night; this morning received orders to pitch tents again and to resume camp

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duties, which was done immediately and all became calm, pleasant, and delightful.

August 25th. Received a telegram through army headquarters from Charleston, announcing a great victory there; we hope its utter destruction draws very near. On the 28th two more deserters were shot; both men were bounty jumpers and deserved their fate.

One of the beautiful features of a soldier's life in active service is the love engendered for the flag, the symbol of what we fight for. In time it becomes to the regiment a fetish, and it would be ashamed of any of its men who would hesitate to go to its rescue, if it was certain death to do so, and I have yet to see a man of that sort. I have frequently seen tears come into the men's eyes when the flag was waved aloft, and it is pleasant to think that there are at least in the army any number of men whom the Roman axiom, "dulcet et decorum est pro patria mourior," is still applicable.

During the afternoon of this day, orders were received to hold the division in light marching order, with three days' rations; we hear the enemy have sent a couple of gunboats up the Rappahannock, and that Kilpatrick, with his cavalry division, is moving down upon them. We were to march in support in case of emergency. It seems a novel proposition to attack ships with cavalry, but the Dutch fleet in January, 1794, was actually captured by Hussars of the French Republic, and so perhaps in these modern times we may be permitted to capture gunboats.

August 31st. Reveille at break of day. Immediately after breakfast the division fell in, leaving its tents standing, and marched to Bank's ford, halted there a short time, and then advanced to the United States ford, and bivouacked there in the woods, entirely out of sight. Headquarters were established about a small old stone house, and here we had a lot of sport, no enemy being near, and every one in fine spirits on account of getting out of camp. Various games were indulged in throughout the whole command, the division staff not excepted.

In the evening the staff gathered in the house, servants spread the blankets on the floor, and lying upon them, there being no furniture besides a rickety old table, we exercised our wits. I don't know why so many fairly sensible creatures

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should suddenly lose their senses, but in this case, at least in the general's opinion, they certainly did. The fun grew fast and furious, finally, the party divided itself into two equal parts, and agreed to attack and defend the room. Accordingly one half of the men went out while the other half remained inside to conduct the defense. Doctor Stiles, Derrickson, Hobart, the First brigade quartermaster, and myself, formed the garrison. Stiles was stationed at the door, Derrickson and Hobart each defended a window, whilst the quartermaster and I carried supplies of ammunition, reinforced the weakest spots, and generally kept our eyes open. Stones, logs of wood, iron pots, and sundry other missiles came flying through the windows. We put out the light to hide our strategy, hung blankets over the windows, and spared nothing in the proper defense of the place. The windows were quickly battered in and then came pails of water followed by showers of flour and corn meal. Derrickson, Stiles, and Hobart were soon plastered from head to foot, but were so intent upon avoiding the heavier ordnance of stones and dinner pots that little heed was paid to flour or water; as the siege progressed the beleaguered garrison were at their wits' end for material, and Stiles, who by this time was as serious as the famous Don Quixote of happy memory, finding the door about to give away, drew his pistol and emptied it into the angle nearest the attacking force. The illusion was instantly dispelled and hostilities ceased at once. The general was aroused and ordered us immediately to bed, on pain of arrest. When the outs were admitted, they were unable to control themselves for laughter over our pitiable appearance; we were covered with flour and meal and the room in which we all proposed to sleep, was a scene of utter desolation. It took the combined force of servants an hour to make it fit for sleeping in, and at least another hour was necessary to make ourselves presentable.

No member of this staff will soon forget the gunboat expedition. The cavalry succeeded, I think, in destroying both the boats, and on the fourth of September we marched back to camp, starting at 6 A. M.

The country around Morrisville is invested with guerillas, and if an officer or enlisted man chances to stray beyond the picket line, he is certain of being captured. Many men

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have thus been taken prisoners and report says, some of them murdered. In many cases where the officers have made the acquaintance of families living just outside the lines, and have supplied them with food and stores, they have accepted invitations to spend an evening, and in several cases have been captured by these guerrillas, who are the friends or relations of the people, and are kept informed by them of all that goes on in the neighborhood; several men, too, have been betrayed in the very act of carrying supplies, none of the natives can be trusted as a rule, and stringent orders have been issued to keep within the lines.

September 12th. Since the gunboat expedition in which the doctor distinguished himself so preëminently, nothing of importance has ocurred. The weather is superb and the health of the officers and men excellent.

Our headquarters are about the house of Doctor Cooper, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, who for some unknown reason, has not been drafted into the Confederate army although distinctly rebellious in his views. Amongst the inmates of his home are his wife and three young women, none of whom interest me, but Wilson and Hobart find a good deal of amusement with two of them, and pay them much attention, taking them out riding, etc. We sleep in our tents, but eat in the house, the doctor's wife presiding with much dignity the mess, furnishing the food, the cooks, waiters, and many of the appointments. We feed the entire family, which is a great thing for them, as they have nothing left of their own, and Broom furnishes the mess luxuriously.

For the first time since the cavalry expedition, we heard cannonading; it was on the right and quite vigorous. About five o'clock orders were received to prepare everything for the march to-morrow morning; it seems really too bad to leave this delightful spot, but life on active service is most uncertain.

September 13th. Tents were struck, wagons loaded and at ten o'clock the entire corps marched for Bealton Station. The day was frightfully hot and several men were sunstruck, two or three of whom died. It is reported that Longstreet's corps has been detached from Lee's army and sent to assist in fighting Rosecrans and that we are to demonstrate, to entice him back, or possibly take advantage of his absence. This

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I think doubtful. Towards evening the sky became overcast, and a most refreshing shower cooled the air and revived the drooping men. We marched, I think, only about seven miles, then went into bivouac two miles below the station.

September 14th. Weather dull and wet. At 8 A. M. fell in and marched to the Rappahannock, crossed the river on pontoon boats at 9 A. M. and marched directly for Culpeper, where the cavalry had been fighting all day long a sort of running fight. We passed over the principal battle ground, but saw only a few dead horses and no men. Broom, with his usual appreciation of comfort, selected a fine mansion as headquarters, and while the rest of us put the troops in position for the night, he devoted himself to getting dinner ready, taking care to plant the division flag by the gate post, to let us know where to find him. Tents were pitched in the yard under some fine old trees, and the large drawing rooms appropriated as the general rendezvous; the house belongs to a Mr. Wallach, said to be the editor of a Washington paper, and is in charge of his daughter and a half dozen female former slaves; the daughter is a bright, handsome young woman of eighteen or twenty years, and carries herself superbly, serene and undisturbed. In the parlor everything indicates wealth and culture, while the large hall is lined with books, very miscellaneous indeed, but a genuine treasure to a hungry book lover. This young lady has an eye to business, as well as the fascinations of social life, and soon induced the accommodating general to order guards over her barns, fences, and various properties, her retinue of female servants in the meantime exercising such potent fascinations over our cooks and servants that they secured the complete stocking of their larder for weeks to come from the abundance of Uncle Sam's commissary. In the evening, after a good dinner in the front yard, we all went into the parlors, where the young lady was on hand to receive us, and spent a delightful evening. She is very fascinating, perfectly at ease, and brilliant as a dewdrop on a summer morn. She sat down to the piano and sang several songs, most of them very rebellious, with considerable skill, receiving, of course, immense flattery, but maintained her dignity and gracious behavior throughout, and an observer would have taken us for intimate friends, on a perfect footing of equality. We sang many war and college songs, and did our best to enter-

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tain her. At twelve o'clock she retired and left us to our own resources.

The cavalry fight was between General Pleasanton, commanding Bufort, Gregg and Kilpatrick's divisions, and the rebel General Stuart; our cavalry met them near Brandy Station, and in a succession of brilliant charges drove them through the town, capturing three guns and one hundred men. Pleasanton followed them over Cedar Mountain, near the Rapidan, and then went into bivouac. Our corps was ordered here in support, in case of a reverse to the cavalry force.

September 15th. The fascinations of our charming young hostess, together with the large collection of books and music, were so tempting that most of us spent the whole morning in the house; such a state of happiness for the Bold Soldier Boy was not likely to last long, of course, and we were determined to make the most of it, but at noon we were ordered into a defensive position, and fate compelled us to take a hasty leave, and so bidding good bye to our fair hostess, we reluctantly mounted our horses and rode away.

The division moved forward about three miles south of the town and formed in line of battle along the high ground. The enemy, however, did not show up, and after standing all day about the line, the troops were ordered to bivouac for the night. Broom found another house suitable for headquarters, but it was abandoned and there was no fair lady on hand to weave a web of romance and make it attractive.

September 16. At ten o'clock this morning the division marched southwest to the Rapidan river, soon coming in sight of the enemy on the high mountain ground on the left, contesting the advance of our cavalry force. Towards evening we witnessed a splendid artillery duel on the mountain side, under cover of which the enemy withdrew to the other side of the river; went into bivouac in the woods, a wretchedly swampy place.

September 17th. This is the anniversary of the battle of Antietam; another year of constant campaigning has gone, and still the war lasts. Will it ever end? This is our third year of fighting, and much of the romance of early days has faded away.

Our comrades continually drop by the wayside, causing

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many changes, some of which are not so agreeable, but we are still firm of purpose and sanguine of our ability to conquer in the end. General Meade, who has been in command of the army since just before Gettysburg, is a very careful officer, not thought to possess any great merit as a general, and has none of the dash and brilliancy which is necessary to popularity. It seems likely we shall be led in a plodding, ordinary sort of way, neither giving nor receiving any serious blows, a great pity. At 9 A. M. the division crossed Cedar and Slaughter mountains, a distance of about seven miles, and then bivouacked for the night.

September 18th. The corps remained in position, watching the enemy, who are in position on the southern side of the Rapidan and are strongly fortified; they are in full view and evidently confident of holding their own. It is more picturesque here than any part of the country we have seen since the South Mountain range. The fields in the valley below us, at the base of the mountains, are full of standing corn, which affords good food for the horses, and an occasional dish for ourselves. As it appeared we were to remain a few days, we selected a house as headquarters, near the base of Garnett's mountain, and put up our tents around it; we never sleep in houses when our tents come up, but frequently eat in them. They serve as a landmark to make the headquarters conspicuous, and in rainy days are comfortable to lounge in. During the night it rained hard, and to-day the ground is a quagmire. I am much troubled with eczema, brought on by exposure, and these wet, cold days aggravate it seriously. I shall have to go to the rear unless the doctors are more successful than they have been. The natives call this section the Orange range, Clark's Peak being the highest point. It is occupied now by our signal corps, is very conspicuous and commands an extended view of the country.

About ten o'clock in the evening the general requested me to go to the picket line, and see if Colonel Miles, the commander First brigade, on duty there, had any news of the enemy. This meant a most disagreeable ride of over a mile, through swamps and woods, and required some nice engineering in the dark, to steer a course to avoid running into the enemy. When I left the general's tent, Stiles called me into his quarters and volunteered to go along, and so buckling on

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a cavalry sabre, he ordered his horse, and we rode off together into the pitch darkness. After a dreary tramp through a dismal, swampy wood, and much manœuvering to keep within our own picket lines, we stumbled on Miles and his staff, sitting around a little sickly fire, investigating the contents of several large jugs, found in one of the deserted houses on the picket line. They had just concluded it was wine of some sort and referred the matter to the doctor for confirmation. Stiles immediately tasted it, and finding it the right thing, we all pitched in and gave it a thorough trial, in the meantime getting the history of events on the picket line. We spent over an hour with the colonel, chatting about the situation and then returned, leisurely jogging along through the mud and water quite contentedly. The doctor's canteen was in frequent request, and so refreshed our spirits that we sang a song and continued all the way home very merrily.

September 22d. General Caldwell took us all along and climbed Clark's Peak this morning, and from the signal station we saw a very pretty cavalry skirmish. There was some artillery firing, which in the mountains makes a thousand echoes. During the evening two deserters from the enemy were brought in to headquarters, a sergeant and a private. They declared themselves sick of the Confederacy and war, and wished to be sent to the rear.

September 24th. The weather has greatly improved and is now superb. Derrickson and I availed ourselves of it this morning, and started in for a great treat. We found in the barn attached to the house an old Rockaway carriage and set of double harness, and conceived the brilliant idea of taking a drive. After slight repairs made to the wagon by a battery blacksmith, we hitched up Derrickson's sorrel and my gray, and to the envy of the whole command, started off. My horse had evidently not been used to harness, or had forgotten all about it in his long military career, and jumped and reared and danced, much to the amusement of the crowd. By a good deal of management we finally got started, and for half a mile or more sped over the ground in great style, when the gray made a sudden bolt, upset the wagon, and pitched us both out. The wagon was broken, so we had to lead the horses home and send our men to fetch the wagon. We concluded in the future to go on horseback, and leave wagons for civilians, countrymen and women.

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My general court is in session every day; a hospital tent furnishes the accommodation, and from ten till two o'clock daily justice is dispensed without fear, favor, or prejudice.

Two cases of desertion have been tried since we have been here, one of them attracting much attention on account of the prisoner's youth. Private Adam Smally, Company E, Sixty-sixth New York, deserted just before the battle of Gettysburg. After his capture he admited his guilt, but seemed to think nothing of it. My court tried him and found him guilty and sentenced him to death. He pleaded guilty, nevertheless I introduced evidence to prove conclusively his guilt, and subsequently, at my request, the general appointed a board of surgeons to consider his mental condition. I was disappointed when they declared him responsible, for he is so young it seems a pity to shoot him. I am sorry now I did not use my influence with the court to modify the sentence.

October 2d. What a dismal day it has been. It commenced raining last night and has poured down in torrents ever since. No drills in this camp, nor reviews so far. It seemed very strange to me when I first joined this staff to have so little to do with the troops; the higher one goes the less he has to do with the men.

October 5th. Weather improved and roads drying up. A division of the Sixth corps is to relieve us to-day, and we retire to the rear. There is considerable activity on the part of the enemy, and the signal officer reports long trains of wagons moving to the rear, which may indicate a fall campaign.

October 9th. At 6 A. M., October 6th, we broke camp and fell back by the way of Culpeper. At 12 M. halted about a mile and a half on the north side of the town, with headquarters on a high bluff on the edge of a piece of woods, the view from which is magnificent; weather, roads, and temperature all to our liking. The troops are carrying eight days' rations, wagons are packed, and everything indicates an early move. The enemy is in motion, closely watched by our signal officers, and there is no doubt we shall hear from them soon. While the court was in session this morning, waiting for a belated member, orders were received to march at once, and so we adjourned the court *sine die*.

Very curiously there are no general officers in the division now, except its commander. The first brigade, formerly How-

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ard's and Caldwell's, is now commanded by Colonel Miles. The Second brigade, formerly Meagher's Irish brigade, has long been commanded by the senior colonel present for duty. The Third, too, since Zook's death, falls to the lot of the senior regimental commander, for the time being, and the Fourth is still commanded by Brooke, for whom it was created. It seems strange some of these officers are not promoted, so that they may enjoy the rank and pay to which their actual commands entitle them. So, too, it is with almost all of the staff; they are simply acting staff officers, performing the duties but not receiving the pay, and by retaining their regimental rank deprive other officers of promotion, who must do their duty. I suppose the Government finds the war expensive and intends carrying it on as economically as possible.

About noon tents were struck and the command marched some four miles to the rear, leaving Culpeper to the left, the enemy following and making considerable demonstration. We found the bulk of the army massed here, and were just about putting up our tents, when the whole command was ordered to fall back on Bealton Station, where we arrived at 5 P. M. and bivouacked for the night. From present indications it looks as though we were going to fall back over the old historic Bull Run ground and avoid a general engagement; possibly it is strategy, and we may come out ahead. Weather cool and roads in fine order; marched in all about fifteen miles to-day.

October 12th. 11 A. M. The division marched to the river, recrossed, and formed in line of battle on its north side; the Third and Sixth corps also formed in line. The enemy followed us, demonstrating in a threatening manner, so a cavalry force, supported by infantry, advanced and hustled them back in fine style to Brandy Station, giving them more fight than they expected. After dark the division bivouacked for the night, but at 1 A. M. received orders to fall back on Auburn Mills. It seems the enemy are trying their utmost to get in rear of us, hence the necessity for prompt action. All the troops on the north side of the river rapidly crossed over, and the bridges were taken up. Our division marched out on the Fayettsville road, halting at its junction with the road running to Sulphur Springs for rest at noon. The enemy showed himself in force on both flanks, as well as rear, and we were fre-

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quently obliged to stop and drive him back; the very head of the column, a brigade of the Third division, was fired into by a squadron of cavalry, so it is necessary to keep the trains surrounded by troops, and everything well in hand; arrived near Auburn Mills at sunset after a weary march of over twenty hours, and bivouacked alongside the road in the woods, the troops being too fatigued to form in regular order and the general thinking it just as well to occupy the road.

A few hundred yards ahead the road descends a ravine near the mill, crosses the small stream, and mounts a very steep hill. Pickets were thrown out surrounding the entire force, but we did not look for any serious disturbance during the night.

As soon as arms were stacked the troops prepared their supper, and soon afterwards were asleep. For once the general and staff slept right amongst the men for safety; as the enemy were apparently ubiquitous, the general thought this a case where discretion was the better part of valor.

About 10 P. M. it commenced raining, soaking us pretty well before we realized the condition of things; when once awake, however, we soon arranged our rubber blankets for shelter and then turned in again.

October 14th. The command sprang to arms without orders, at break of day, on hearing heavy picket firing on the right and rear, which we supposed entirely safe. We formed on the road, prepared to face either way, but presently moved forward, crossed the mill stream and formed in order of battle on the high open ground on that side of the stream. Here we had abundance of room, and open ground sloping gradually to the rear, for over a thousand yards where the woods interrupted the view. Arms were stacked and the troops dismissed for breakfast. An apple tree afforded the general an eligible spot to rest, and beneath its tangled moss grown branches we stretched ourselves upon the ground, watching the preparations for breakfast.

In the course of a few minutes the place was dotted with innumerable little camp fires, surrounded by picturesque groups of soldiers, and scores of pack and saddle horses turned loose to help themselves to grass. The crimson tinted foliage of an early October morn framed in the open ground, completely enclosing a glorious picture of an army *en bivouac.*

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The graceful groups of men bending over the little fires, whose curling smoke ascended almost perpendiculary, the animals grazing in the fields, and the general appearance of contentment and ease made a picture not to be forgotten.

The general was so impressed by the scene that for a time he refused to take his breakfast. He christened the place Coffee Hill, and by this name our fellows will recognize it. As we lay on the grass, peacefully enjoying the situation, suddenly a couple of shells came rushing through the air directly from the front, and burst amongst the men; one of them exploded directly over a little fire, killing the four men outright who composed the group about it. Upon looking towards the front, we saw a couple of field guns blazing away with the utmost vigor. On the explosion of the shells, the pack and saddle horses took fright, and the serene, calm picture of a moment before was instantly metamorphosed into one of confusion. Luckily the position was entirely surrounded by a close picket line, which soon captured the flying horses and turned them back.

Without loss of time the general ordered the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-sixth New York regiments, under Colonel A. B. Chapman, to try and capture the enemy's guns and on the double quick they crossed the field, but the rebels limbered up on their appearance and galloped off. They were a small cavalry force not exceeding fifty men, and had opened fire, probably out of pure deviltry. After this little disturbance, a detachment of pioneers buried the unfortunate four, and we finished our breakfast in peace and comfort.

Our corps constitutes the rear guard of the army, and the First division the rear guard of the corps, consequently we are subject to the movements of the troops ahead. The rebels are making strenuous efforts to get in between us and the Bull Run stream, and the object of the army of the Potomac is to prevent them from doing so. Shortly after breakfast the enemy attacked the picket line, first in rear, then on our right, finally by a general fusilade from all sides, but it did not amount to anything and we easily drove them off. At 9 A. M. the division fell in and continued the march towards Bull Run, passing Cattlet's Station; here the troops took to the railroad, the wagons and artillery keeping the ordinary road, which runs nearly parallel to it. Both flanks were covered by cavalry

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and a sharp lookout kept in every direction. As we neared Bristoe Station, artillery fire suddenly broke out directly in front, indicating that some of them at least, had got across our route. The general promptly ordered the column to close up, and taking the batteries of the division with him, rode to the front to take in the situation. I was directed to remain in rear and take charge of affairs there. In a few minutes aides came galloping over the fields, directed us to hurry forward, and two of our brigades at once moved on the double quick to the support of the Second division, then engaged. As we neared Bristoe Station, the ground in front became open, disclosing the whole situation. Along the railroad embankment lay our second division, in rear of them at a considerable distance, the Third division was in line, with one of its brigades across the tracks, the artillery occupying fine high ground in rear of all. From the left of the Second division for a considerable distance, reaching to the wooded country, the railway is carried over a depression on a high embankment, along which our division marched, and on the side of which it immediately formed in line of battle as soon as it connected with the men of the Second division, thus making a continuous line, reaching on the right to Broad Run, where it rested. Heavy fighting was going on in front of the Third division and the batteries were firing over the men's heads at the rebel batteries, which were shelling our troops. From the frequent shifting of the rebel batteries we concluded they did not like our practice. Very shortly after this, the enemy deployed a brigade of infantry, which, giving the characteristic rebel yell, charged our line; they were met with a volley that completely disconcerted them and they broke and ran away, leaving a great many of their men on the ground, General Hayes, whose brigade lay nearest them, immediately made a counter charge, capturing four hundred prisoners and five guns, his men drawing the latter to the rear, the rebel gunners having managed to get away with their horses. I sat on horseback on the track, just at the edge of the woods, the extreme left of the division, watching the fighting ahead, while waiting for the pack horses, servants and doctors to pass below the embankment out of sight, when I suddenly noticed a regiment of rebel infantry standing in line of battle at an acute angle to the track, not more than a couple of hundred yards from where I stood. Very

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much surprised, I took out my glasses and concluded there were about six hundred of them. Evidently they did not see me and so I immediately rode down the embankment out of sight, and galloped over to the general, who was amongst the batteries, and telling him of the situation, asked for a section of guns to blow them up with, to which he consented, ordering Captain McClellan to detail them; we moved to the edge of the woods under cover of the embankment, then through them so as not to be observed, and took a position close to the track exactly in line with the rebel regiment, which still stood in the same position. Both guns were loaded with cannister, carefully sighted and discharged at once. What a collapse! the quiet line of a moment before now flying in every direction. Many of them were killed and a number came into our line and were made prisoners; we were jubilant and the enemy disgusted. Soon after the capture of the guns, the enemy disappeared entirely, but our division remained in line till after dark, then continued the march, crossing Broad Run at 8 P. M. and the historic Bull Run at 3 A. M. in a dreadful rain storm, which lasted throughout the night and following day. The staff were worked excessively and after many hours in arranging the position, met together in the dripping woods, without shelter of any kind, the wagons of course having been sent ahead. After examining the ground ruefully enough, we finally lay down, getting as close together as posisble, for warmth, wrapped only in our rubber clothes. At daylight, when we turned out, the depression in the mud where I slept was full of water, and we were a sorry looking crowd; however our servants made some coffee, begged a little hard tack from the men, and so, refreshing ourselves, were again ready for duty.

October 16th. The enemy not showing up, a brigade of cavalry was sent across the run to investigate, and did not return until late at night. We remained in the same position all day. I suffered agonies from the eczema, which troubled me on account of the dampness and exposure, and the surgeon of the division directed me to apply for a sick leave, which I did the following day, October 17th, and for the first time in the history of the division I shall not participate in its movements; but I made arrangements with one of my clerks to

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continue the daily noting of events, so that I can preserve the continuity of the campaign.

The following order was issued on the sixteenth:

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
October 15, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 96: The Major-General commanding announces to the army that the rear guard, consisting of the Second corps, were attacked yesterday while marching by the flank. The enemy after a spirited contest, was repulsed, losing a battery of five guns, two colors, and four hundred and fifty prisoners. The skill and promptitude of Major General Warren and the gallantry and bearing of the officers and soldiers of the Second corps are entitled to high commendation.

By Command of MAJOR-GENERAL MEADE.
S. WILLIAMS, A. A. GENERAL.

October 19th, 1863.

The enemy having withdrawn, preparations were made to recross the stream, and at 6 A. M. our division crossed and marched to Manassas Junction, where they halted for dinner, then continued the march to Bristoe Station, arriving at 5 P. M. and went into bivouac. We found the railroad destroyed, rails were taken up, heated, and twisted, telegraph wires torn down, and the bridge across Broad Run destroyed.

October 20th. At sunrise again on the march over the well known ground near Auburn Mills, and encamped on Coffee Hill; marched twenty-two miles to-day.

October 23d. Left Auburn Mills at 7 A. M. to-day and marched towards Warrenton, bivouacking four miles north of it, at a place called Turkey Run bridge; weather very fine, no enemy in sight. Remained in this position until November 7th; are laying the railroad, rebuilding bridges, putting up telegraph wires, etc.

October 27th. Had a severe frost, forming ice half an inch thick.

November 7th. At break of day the whole corps marched to Warrenton Junction, thence via Bealton Station and Morrisville, to within three-quarters of a mile of Kelly's ford; arrived there at 5 P. M. and went into bivouac for the night;

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marched twenty-one miles in the face of a frightful wind and blinding clouds of dust heard heavy cannonading towards evening in front, where the cavalry are pushing the advance. Another battle supposed to be imminent.

November 8th. At 7 A. M. the Second corps crossed the Rappahannock following the Third corps, which partially crossed yesterday and carried the heights, in spite of a good deal of opposition. The Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, crossed at Rappahannock Station, completely surprising the enemy, capturing a battery and eleven hundred prisoners. The Second corps formed line of battle and advanced to Berry Hill; met with no resistance. Berry Hill is three miles south-east of Brandy Station. The men put up their tents, as the weather appeared very threatening.

November 10th. A slight fall of snow during the night, the first of the season, which suggests a cessation of campaigning; at 3 P. M. the first division was ordered to encamp on the south side of Mountain Run and put up winter quarters. The order was received with unbounded satisfaction, as the season is late, the weather cold and the troops pretty well tired out. Division headquarters in the Hamilton house.

November 12th. General Meade issued an order to-day congratulating the army on its successful crossing of the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, and compelling them to withdraw behind the Rapidan, mentioning especially Sedgwick, who captured four guns, two thousand stand of arms, eight battle flags, and sixteen hundred prisoners.

Every man not needed for other duty was set to work building log huts, and in three days' time our division at least was snugly quartered. The huts were built to hold four men, covered with shelter tents, and provided with mud and wood fireplaces and chimneys. This is the second winter we have built log huts, and the men are now completely *au fait* in their construction.

November 26th. Yesterday to the intense disgust of all hands, orders were issued to prepare to march, and this morning at daylight the whole command fell in and marched away, leaving their cozy huts, just finished, to whoever choose to take them. The column marched via Germania Ford, crossed the Rapidan and bivouacked for the night on the south side, near Flat Run Church.

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November 27th. Marched to Robertson's tavern, where a spirited engagement took place, lasting most of the day, resulting in driving the enemy back and occupying their ground; bivouacked her all night.

November 28th. Formed line of battle and marched forward, expecting to meet the enemy, but finding them gone, formed in column and closely followed their rear guard. Approaching Mine Run the enemy were found occupying the high ground, entrenched with rifle pits; we drove their pickets across the creek and lay in line of battle all night; the night was very cold and everybody suffered severely and was glad when daylight came, although the works were to be carried by assault. While the attack was being arranged, it was discovered the enemy had retired during the night, leaving us masters of the field.

November 29th. Marched early this morning via Robertson's tavern to the plank road leading to Orange court house, across which the division formed in line of battle; a little skirmishing followed, but did not amount to anything.

November 30th. Under arms all day waiting orders; cold nights now make active service doubly severe.

December 1st. During the night orders were received to recross the Rapidan and go into winter quarters, so the entire army marched back to the original spot selected for winter quarters, and to the delight of all, the huts were found intact. Thus ends the campaign of 1863. Active operations ceased, and all prepared to pass a comfortable winter. The camp is designated as near Stevensburg, Virginia, but there is no town so far as I can learn.

I remained in New York taking sulphur baths, and received the special attention of several army surgeons, but recovered very slowly. On December 10th I returned to Washington, intending to join the army, but upon examination by an army surgeon, was declared unfit for service, and was detailed on court martial duty in Washington. The court broke up on the fifteenth, and at my own request, I was relieved from duty, and joined my command, now in winter quarters. I found division headquarters located amongst a lot of bushes, on low ground knee deep in mud; the general staff were under canvas, not having commenced the erection of permanent quarters, and for a partially sick man the immediate outlook was

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not reassuring. The day after my arrival men were put to work to fix us up, and all the wall tents were mounted on framed logs made flat inside ,and fitted with fireplaces, chimneys, doors, and floors. We put up a bunk to accommodate two, had it filled with cedar branches, covered with blankets, and thus provided ourselves with a lovely bed. In the evening when the open fire was lighted, we were indeed comfortable and did not envy the richest man in the country. Our servants' tents were placed on logs, just in rear, within call, and the horses amply provided for, so we were thoroughly prepared for the winter. General Warren, who has been in command of the corps since Gettysburg, which I forgot to mention, is still in command, General Hancock not yet having recovered from the severe wound he received at Gettysburg.

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1. Surgeon Heuston.
2. Captain Favill.
3. Major Hancock.
4. Brigadier-General J. C. Caldwell.
5. Lieutenant Alvord.
6. Lieutenant Broom.
7. Captain Derrickson.
8. Captain Hobart.

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CHAPTER XVI

CAMP AT STEVENSBURG; SPRING CAMPAIGN 1864; BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, AND SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE

January 1, 1864.

THE army is comfortably quartered in log huts, and horse racing, games, etc., are under full headway. The rebel army still confronts us as defiantly as ever, and is securely entrenched on the other side of the Rapidan. Who would have dreamed in '61, that those of us who started out to finish the war in the course of a three months' service, would still be in the field three years afterwards, with the task still unaccomplished? Immense changes have occurred; in the meantime we have had a vast experience in war and are no longer enthusiastic boys, but veteran soldiers, taught in the best of all military schools, actual service, in campaigns that have had no equal in modern times.

Over one half of our original number has disappeared from the muster rolls; killed in action; died of wounds, of disease, of fatigue and exposure, or perhaps resigned, unable to stand the constant shock of arms. This old state of Virginia has become a vast cemetery, in which thousands of once bright and ambitious men belonging to the army of the Potomac now lie scattered in its shady nooks or somber woods, unmarked except by their bleaching bones and the accumulation of various parts of their accoutrements, which still lay rusting and rotting about them. Amongst the survivors, the excitement and enthusiasm of early days has long since passed away, but the resolve still remains, and until the work is done this army will never lay down its arms.

Our daily life seems natural enough to most of us, and fighting battles and campaigning the ordinary routine of life. There is not much talk of the end of the war, and yet we know it cannot be so far away; still these people have fought so well, made such extraordinary good use of their limited resources and prolonged the contest so unexpectedly that one is loth to express any opinion respecting the ultimate

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collapse. They will no doubt, fight to the death, in the last ditch, as they suggestively put it, and we shall have many more battles to fight, marches to make, and sacrifice of lives, before the end comes; but come it must, and this grand old army will surely one day parade to receive the submission of what is left of its great antagonist, then quietly disband never to meet again.

January 6th. Our quarters, now completed, are extremely comfortable; they are wall tents set up on split logs, which raise the tent about two feet from the ground, and thus provide for a fireplace made of mud and sticks, as is also the chimney. We have a bunk big enough for two, well filled with cedar branches, and to crown all, a real door fitted to the tent, so that we may be said to live in luxury. We have also a new band, this time a division band, and it is to be stationed at our own headquarters. Major John Hancock, the adjutant-general, organized it in Boston. It is led by Higgins, a superb musician, and is equipped with instruments which cost the officers of this division four thousand dollars.

The prisoners have put up a large log house, in which the poor wretches will be tried. It is commodious, has an immense fireplace and pretty good roof, and we expect to hold our first session to-morrow and renew the dispensation of justice. The general takes great interest in military law and enjoys the exercise of his reviewing authority immensely. We usually go over the completed cases after dinner, when I give him all the information I possess. He is disposed always to leniency, and as I am, too, the men in our division must be deserving of it, if they are severely punished.

January 8th. General Hancock, who rejoined the corps a few weeks ago, went home to-day, not being able to stand the worry and fatigue of camp life. Warren takes over the command again and is likely to remain with us all winter; compared to Hancock, he is decidedly a light weight, although a good soldier and engineer officer, but lacks dignity and force of character. He is a great card player, and with certain of his staff spends most of his leisure time in playing. He is slight, dark, good looking, but dull and uninteresting. General Hancock, being an ideal looking soldier, any one almost succeeding him must suffer, at least in our eyes, and this is to be remembered.

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I received my commission as captain to-day with rank from September 23, 1863. We are all enthusiasm, preparing for a brilliant social season; amongst other ventures we have started a newspaper; "Our Camp Journal," edited by Lieutenant L. D. Burch, Twenty-sixth Michigan, and it is to appear every week. Local matters, of course, will be its chief resource, but the lieutenant is bright and proposes to review the general situation whenever in the mood. To show the ability of the writer and the range of subjects, I shall transcribe a few of the leading articles. Here is his first gun, "Speaking of the army of the Potomac. If there is one army of this half century, to which posterity will accord greater honor than to any other it is the army of the Potomac. There is not an army of history even that may produce a record of so many great battles, so much loss of life and limb, so many rapid, extended and fatiguing marches, and such extreme trials of human endurance as this same Potomac army. The Potomac army has been opposed from first to last by the choicest troops of the confederacy, under command of men confessedly its ablest generals, and indeed among the best of their time."

"It is generally conceded that Virginia troops have given the most stubborn resistance to our advance of any in the rebel service. Besides this, the Potomac army has fought an army always its equal; generally, its superior in numbers, with the vast advantage of a defensive warfare in a region made up of the strongest natural defenses to be found upon the continent.

"An officer of high rank recently from the Western army, on a visit to the Second corps, remarked in our hearing: 'I am only surprised that an army invading such a country has not been wholly destroyed. These jungles of pines, cedars, and brambles, bottomless roads, interminable ranges of hills, with an endless succession of rivers and "runs," which make up the topography of Virginia, render even ordinary military resistance hard to be overcome; and then, too, it has repeatedly been forced by the inexorable demands of an excited, half frenzied, and exacting public opinion, to fight the enemy in his stronghold, against the judgment of its commanders.

" 'Their first movements have resulted in unfortunate failures, out of which came many criticisms, calumnies, and in-

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dignities from the press, the rostrum, and the public, not to say the people, but in the midst of which the noble army has marched on, fought on, and suffered on, through a succession of campaigns, such as would blot from the map of Europe half its old principalities and powers, still unshaken in its faith in the final triumph of our arms, still unshorn of its strength to fight and win the battles of other campaigns.

"'Fighting on the vast plains of the West, with the advantages equally distributed, is quite a different thing from dislodging an enemy from a chain of continuous natural and artificial defenses, covering an area of sixty thousand square miles. For the present, we are content to believe in the men and their leaders, who upon the plain of Gettysburg fought and won the grandest battle of the century, saved the fortunes of the republic, and are calmly watching and waiting by the Rapidan the coming of their last campaign.'"

January 10th. The officers of corps and division headquarters are determined to have a gay winter and are making great exertions to this end. Under the direction of Major Hancock, our division is branching out prodigiously. Within the lines was found an abandoned saw mill, much dilapidated, but still susceptible of repairs. The major conceived the brilliant idea of fitting it up, felling the forest trees, sawing them into boards and timber, and building a large hall for music, dancing, and other amusements. As officers are allowed to invite ladies to camp, and almost every commanding officer has some of them, this seems an excellent thing to do. In response to a circular sent to regimental commanders asking for men familiar with sawmills, several Maine regiments offered many more than were needed; so we ordered a saw from Washington, kegs of nails, etc., and put as many men to work as could do so to advantage. We planned and built a building 80x40, with two immense fireplaces on one side large enough to take in logs ten feet long. In the course of two weeks the whole thing was completed, decorated handsomely with evergreens, flags, guidons, various kinds, of small arms, drums, etc., and was ready for occupancy. This palace of Mars became the center of the social hospitality of the Second corps and lectures, concerts, dinners, and dances followed each other in rapid succession.

The ladies are in ecstasies, bewildered by the immense at-

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tention they received, and dazzled by the splendors of a military camp. Every officer is devoting himself, his horses, and his servants to their comfort and thus they are in a measure repaid for their long, anxious hours of expectancy during active operations.

January 20th. General Warren and the officers of his staff are projecting a ball at corps headquarters for the evening of February 22d, Washington's birthday. It is to be the occasion of a grand military display, and all the notables of the country are to be invited to make it an epoch in the annals of the army of the Potomac.

January 23d. Our sawmill has been set in motion again, and scores of men are busily engaged felling trees and sawing them into boards for the great building to be put up at corps headquarters. It will be 90x60 and decorated internally, similarly to ours, in the most artistic manner. Broom has been commissioned to take entire charge of the supper, wines, etc., and will be certain to make that part of the proposition a success. Wilson, of our staff, whose sister is the wife of Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, has invited that lady and as large a party of young ladies as she can collect to become our guests for two or three weeks. She has accepted and in consequence we are making great preparations for their reception. The general's wife is coming, too; Alvord's pretty sister from New York and several of the other officers' wives, so we shall soon be full of women. How curious it will seem, and how correct we shall have to be in our habits. For three years no woman has been at our headquarters, and it seems almost incredible that at last we are to have a fashionable and beautiful bevy, all to ourselves.

February 4th. The great hall grows rapidly and is going to be a fine affair. The notables throughout the land have generally accepted invitations. A special train will be run from Washington, and all army circles are on the very tip toe of expectation. At our headquarters the tents are decorated with evergreens, sabres, swords, pistols, etc.; we have remade the beds with the softest of cedars and put everything in order for the reception of our guests, who will soon come along. Our plan is to give up our quarters to the ladies and take shelter in the great hall ourselves after the festivities of the evening are over. We have portable bunks made for

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this purpose and our men will put them up after the floors are deserted. There will be two girls in each tent, except that Alvord's is to be devoted to his sister alone. Major Hancock, Captain Martin, and the general each will have their wives with them, and Mrs. Curtin will have a whole tent to herself and maid.

All interest centering in the army, of course, it is immensely popular, and the ladies write most enthusiastically of the coming visit; every woman in the land has taken intense interest in the army, which, necessarily, has been to nearly all of them only a shadow; now they are to see the reality.

February 5th. An order was received to-day to be ready to march in light marching order at a moment's notice and all hands were relieved from the preparation for the great ball.

On the 6th, we marched out of camp with the rest of the corps to Morton's ford, and bivouacked on open ground, overlooking the river and the opposite shore, which is unusually open for this country. General Warren being sick, General Caldwell took command of the corps. Hayes with the Third division crossed over early in the day and drove in the rebel pickets who were quickly reinforced, and a heavy skirmish commenced, which lasted throughout the afternoon. The field of operations was in full view, and our division lay intently watching the progress of the fight, which like all battles, big or little, was extremely fascinating.

Towards evening the enemy showed up in force, Ewell, with his entire corps coming on the field; our batteries opened on them, and for a while there was a lively fight. Hayes gradually fell back, and after dark retired in safety. As usual during the night it rained, making it extremely unpleasant. We lost about two hundred and fifty killed and wounded, without apparently gaining any equivalent; the following morning, February 7th, we marched back to camp and resumed the usual routine.

February 18th. Mrs. Caldwell, wife of the general, arrived to-day. She is young, pretty, and amiable in appearance, and received a hearty welcome. Alvord's sister also arrived, accompanied by her father. Miss Alvord is petite and very charming indeed. I fell in love with her immediately and have by common consent been allowed to take her in to dinner.

February 19th. To-day arrived Mrs. Governor Curtin,

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with her bevy of Pennsylvania beauties. She is accompanied by her sister, Miss Wilson, who is expected to keep an eye on the charming creatures, introduced so suddenly on the field of Mars. Miss Curtin, a graceful, beautiful girl, is easily the belle of the party and attracted universal attention. She is certainly magnificent, dignified, sweet, and graceful in her demeanor. They were assigned to their quarters, and one servant placed absolutely at the disposal of each couple occupying a tent. The men had their quarters just in rear, and we arranged it so they could go in early in the morning, build the fires, take in hot water, clean their boots, and, in fact, take general charge of their domestic economy.

The girls thought the little canvas tents "just too lovely for anything," and were delighted with all they saw. In the morning the band played in front of the quarters, while they were dressing, and the cooks prepared the breakfast. We arranged amongst ourselves who should escort the different ladies to the mess tent, and at the appointed hour waited upon them and took them in to breakfast. The general presided in his usual suave and graceful manner at the upper end of the table, while the ladies were sandwiched in between the officers. Such glorious breakfasts were these, such flirtations and conversations, where compliments flew like musket balls in a close engagement and batteries of bright sparkling eyes swept everything before them. The sweet strains of music ever rising and falling in rhythmic waves idealized the moments, and we lived in ecstasy.

During the breakfast hour the plans for the day were arranged; excursions to the front, to view the enemy; horse races, hurdle races, picnics, everything was suggested that would keep up the interest. Most of the ladies were horsewomen and had sent their saddles down. Those who were not so fortunate were provided with ambulances and driven to the appointed rendezvous. The cooks followed with abundance of viands, and wine flowed like water on every occasion.

Galloping over vast fields of canvas villages, skirting along the advanced picket lines, getting an occasional view of the rebel videttes or pickets, the gallant cavalcade attracted universal attention, and gave our guests the liveliest satisfaction, besides most excellent appetites. All appeared in full dress for dinner, which usually lasted a couple of hours, by which

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time the evening's amusement in the hall was ready to commence.

February 24, 1864.

The great ball, reception, and review all came off with the utmost distinction. A special train brought out an immense throng of notables, who in many cases remained over for the review on the 23d and Kilpatrick's fine cavalry charge. Amongst the distinguished guests were Vice-president Hamlin and his daughter Sarah, a most agreeable young lady; Mrs. Governor Curtin, her daughter, and a bevy of beauties from the state capital. Guests of our headquarters: Mrs. Governor Sprague, radiant in all her glorious beauty, acknowledged to be the handsomest woman in America, and at present the star around which the fashionable world revolves; her husband, Governor Sprague; a large party from the British embassy; Mrs. Chancellor Walworth, of New York; O. A. Brownsen, of Brownsen's Review; Colonel and Mrs. Carrol; Mrs. Senator Hale and daughters; Senator Wilkinson and party; Mrs. and Judge Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, and hundreds of others, together with every general officer in the army and their staffs. It was a wonderful success without a drawback. The music was furnished by our band and that of the Fourteenth Connecticut, and was delightfully spoken of by all. "Gayly sped the feet and sweetly smiled the lips" of the brave and beautiful and honored of the republic. Swiftly passed the hours of the festal night, and with the matin song of lark and blue bird and the courtesies of parting, the morning light looked in upon a

"Banquet Hall deserted."

Miss Alvord was especially in my charge, but everybody danced with everybody else, and I had the distinguished honor of dancing once with the queenly beauty, Mrs. Sprague, and the superb and beautiful Miss Curtin, who was by the way sought after by every one. Nothing could surpass the kindness of the ladies; they were in no wise exclusive, and the youngest lieutenant received as much consideration as the oldest and most conspicuous general. This surprised us most agreeably and completed the enchantment, which will live forever in the memory of those of us who had the honor to belong to the grand army and participate in its festivities.

The following day the entire Second corps and Kilpatrick's

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division of cavalry were reviewed in the presence of a great throng of officers and ladies. There were as many as two hundred ladies mounted in the cavalcade, which followed in the retinue of General Meade, the reviewing officer. The day was superb, and the men looked well, eliciting immense applause. When the Second corps had passed, Kilpatrick, at the head of his splendid command, made a spirited charge across the plain for the diversion of the party, which, of course, pleased the guests the most of anything. In the evening a special train took home the major part of the visitors, and thus the Second corps ball passed among the things that were.

February 27th. Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Lippencott of literary renown, has been our guest for the past two days. She came to lecture before the officers and their friends of the division and is quartered and will remain for two weeks with us. She is most fascinating in her conversation and manner and is a valuable acquisition at the breakfast table, full of anecdotes, wit, and bon mots all carefully arranged and kept in readiness for the proper occasion. After the lecture we clear the floor for dancing, and there is "revelry by night," invariably till twelve o'clock. Hobart, Wilson, Broom, and I are standing floor managers and are always receiving more or less agreeable attention.

The following appeared in our "Camp Journal" some time after the great ball:

"The appearance of this charming and accomplished author and lecturer (Grace Greenwood) before our lecture association last week and her entire visit to the corps is a source of pride and pleasure alike to all of us. The entire winter has been very gay and spirited in its numerous festivities in the gallant old corps; and it was certainly an appropriate finale to them that this cultivated and accomplished lady should come from the refinement of her quiet home to the very outskirts of the rebel army and lay the rich treasures of her loyal, womanly heart and fertile mind at the feet of the men, who have come from their far Northern homes, to plant the dear old flag once more upon the mountain tops and domes, where it was ruthlessly torn by traitors' hands. We shall not soon forget her earnest, burning words in behalf of justice, liberty, and law, nor cease to feel their inspiration, as night after night they gave some new charm to the holiness and

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majesty of our great cause. Our only regret is that we have not the room at this late hour to give a synopsis of her eloquent lecture before the officers of the corps, and that the exigencies of the service were such that she could not have spoken to every corps in the army.

"During her stay, Mrs. Lippencott has been the guest of General Caldwell and staff and has received many attentions at the hands of our most distinguished officers."

The enemy has had the good taste not to disturb the festivities by any ill timed demonstrations on the approach of a party of ladies and their attendants; they have frequently saluted them and have always refrained from firing or other disagreeable attentions. The picket lines, in fact, fraternize very agreeably, and unless closely watched get to be unduly familiar, that is, for the safety and good of the army.

Horse races, in many of which I ride, hurdle races, division and brigade drills occupy our daily life, which runs as smoothly as could be desired. The army is, of course, bountifully supplied and clothed and is fast filling up again to its normal standard.

By dint of steady and indefatigable work we have managed to empty the guard house, straighten out the muster rolls, relieve the oppressed and punish the guilty.

The Irish brigade was for a time in a most chaotic state; nearly every other officer and man had charges preferred against him, thereby stopping their pay and taking them off the roster for duty; by assiduous labor we have gone through the entire command, dismissing the charges in most cases as frivolous and unworthy of attention.

The ladies remained at our headquarters their allotted time, and then took leave with great reluctance. They were escorted to the train by the entire body of officers, who wished to show their appreciation of their great kindness. Several officers' wives and daughters remained, and Miss Hamlin is still a visitor at our quarters and promises to remain in the army for some time to come.

March 24th. Preparations are making on every hand for the spring campaign, which threatens to be the most momentous and bloody of all the series we have yet made. Grant is in full command of all the armies in the United States and is to be with our army in person. We received

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an order to-day, announcing a consolidating of the corps and many changes in the commanding officers.

The army of the Potomac will hereafter consist of the Second corps, General Hancock; the Fifth corps, General S. K. Warren; the Sixth corps, General John Sedgwick and the cavalry corps, commanded by General Phil Sheridan.

The First and Third corps are disbanded, and the Ninth corps, General Burnside, is, I believe, to be part of the army of the Potomac. General Hunt commands the artillery and General George Meade remains in nominal command of the army.

Hancock is the most popular corps commanded by all odds, differing from other general officers I have served with in being always in sight during an action. He is fearless, constantly on the alert, and generally in the very thickest of the fight supervising every movement himself. He keeps his own staff and every other staff, which happens to be near him, constantly on the go and is himself frequently without a single attendant. He is magnificent in appearance, lordly, but cordial, and is remarkably generous, giving every one ample credit for what he does and can call by name almost every officer in his command. This is a very rare faculty and adds much to his popularity. When he was in command of the division, I met him, of course, every day. Now I see him only occasionally, but he always remembers me, and in his lordly fashion is as friendly as possible.

The change that came home to us most severely was the removal of our immediate commander General Caldwell, and the assignment in his place of General Frances Barlow, from the Eleventh corps. This was the most unkindest cut of all. General Caldwell is our friend, as well as commander; the soul of honor and perfection of good nature. He has been a father to us youngsters and ever ready to help in smoothing the pathway of official duty. The general's amiability and delightful manner won all hearts, and his sudden removal from command gained him the sympathy of every man in the division. Besides possessing a genial manner, he is an excellent scholar and very capable soldier and has served from the beginning with this division, being promoted from the command of the First brigade on Hancock's transfer to the corps command. Of course, he was greatly chagrined and left the division with much reluctance.

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General French is also relieved, my original brigade commander, late in command of the Third division, and his division is broken up. There are so many changes that one scarcely recognizes the army for the same that we have grown up with. Dr. R. C. Stiles, the surgeon in chief of the division, has resigned and gone home, which is a great personal loss to me. He is a splendid fellow, accomplished, fond of all kinds of field sports and should have been in the fighting ranks instead of the medical department.

The corps now contains four divisions, commanded, respectively, by Barlow, Gibbon, Birney, and Mott; our brigades, four in number, are commanded by Miles, Thomas A. Smyth, Paul Frank, and John R. Brooke, all colonels. Brooke and Frank are original colonels, who have served from the beginning in our old brigade, without promotion or reward of any kind. Miles has come up from a captain and is an excellent soldier, but owes much of his success in attaining rank to the favor of General Caldwell, who has favored him in every possible way, giving him most of the independent small commands where there was a chance for gaining notoriety and credit. It is due to Miles to say that he always proved more than equal to the emergency. He is fine looking, courageous, a natural-born soldier and is bound to succeed.

Smyth, who commands the Second or Irish brigade, I know little of. Nearly all of these fellows are courageous, and as I have many times observed natural-born soldiers. For my own part, I would rather command a good regiment of Irishmen than any other I have ever seen. Brooke, commanding the Fourth brigade, is equaled by few officers in the army and should have been a brigadier-general long ago.

The brigades have changed so much by reason of transfer, expiration of term of service, annihilation, etc., that I shall put down the present roster for the opening of the campaign.

First division, General Francis C. Barlow commanding; First brigade, Colonel Nelson A. Miles, Sixty-first New York Volunteers, Eighty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Second brigade, Colonel Thos. A. Smyth commanding: Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry (a very good regi-

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ment), Sixty-third New York Infantry, Sixty-ninth New York Infantry (original Irish brigade), Eighty-eighth New York Infantry (original Irish brigade), One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Infantry (Irish regiment).

Third brigade, Colonel Paul Frank commanding: Thirty-ninth New York Infantry, Fifty-second New York Infantry, Fifty-seventh New York Infantry, One Hundred and Eleventh New York Infantry, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Infantry, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Infantry, and a battalion of the Seventh New York Infantry.

Fourth brigade, Colonel John R. Brooke commanding: Second Delaware Volunteers, Fifty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Sixty-fourth New York, Sixty-sixth New York.

There is no general officer serving with any of the brigades of our division, as the above roster shows. In the Second division Generals Webb and Owens command brigades, and the Third division, Generals J. H. H. Wood and Alex Hayes. The Fourth division is like the First, wholly without any. One would have thought the government might have made promotions during the winter and started the army off on its great campaign fully officered, but it did not do so, and so most of us must continue acting in grades above our actual rank. Many that have been commissioned to higher grades cannot be mustered, on account of reduced numbers, and it really seems as if the goverment could not have made a regulation better calculated to keep regimental officers from exposing their men and doing good service. Every prominent regiment, which has done hard fighting, has effectually stopped promotion within its ranks; and there is nothing to look forward to as a military reward. Those recommendations for good conduct and gallant behavior have thus far succeeded in obtaining no advantage, which is certainly a bad state of things in a great army like this.

Amongst the new officers that have joined us this winter and have established themselves in the good opinion of the old soldiers is Colonel James A. Beaver of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, a gallant, accomplished, and most agreeable gentleman. I have met him frequently on matters appertaining to my department and greatly admire

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him. His regiment is full and in excellent condition. Colonel Brown, of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, is one of our especial favorites. He is large, very stout, overflowing with good nature, and very gallant and capable. He is a constant guest at headquarters and very popular, being a fine singer, and he and his dog Spot have contributed much to the amusement of the headquarters during the winter. He always gets shot in every battle, but manages to recover in time for the next.

Colonel MacDougall, of the One Hundred and Eleventh New York, is another favorite; young, fine looking, full of fight and energy, and possessed of a genial disposition; he is always a welcome guest at headquarters.

So many of our original number have fallen on the field that new men are constantly coming to the front, and it takes time to get to know them intimately. It is calculated that last year our division lost seven thousand five hundred men of all ranks, so it is easy to see how many fresh faces there must be to fill up these vacancies.

April 22d. To-day the Second corps was reviewed by General Grant and made a splendid appearance. It was drawn up in four parallel lines in front of the reviewing stand, with the artillery on the right. We estimated the number of men parading at about twenty-five thousand, splendidly equipped and armed in the best fashion. Our division had the right of the line. Grant first moved down the ranks, after which we passed the reviewing stand in column, marching with great precision. John Hancock rode to the right as chief of staff, I next and then came Derrickson and the others.

This is the beginning of the end, and in a few days camp near Stevensburg will be a thing of the past, and where we shall we be, who can tell?

Under general order No. 104, from army headquarters, all superfluous baggage has been sent back to Washington, and we have little with us besides the clothing on our backs. All look forward to this campaign as the last of the series and expect Grant to spare neither life nor material in reducing the rebel army to submission.

May 2d. The army is ready to march with eight days' cooked rations; camp followers have been sent to the rear, and everything is in readiness for an immediate start.

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At 10 P. M., May 3, 1864, the Second corps broke camp and preceded by Gregg's division of cavalry and followed by the artillery of the corps, crossed the Rapidan at Ely's ford and marched easterly over the familiar route to Chancellorsville, arriving there about 10 A. M. the next morning, Warren and Sedgwick, the Fifth and Sixth corps, crossed at the Germania ford, some six or seven miles above, and formed the right wing of the army, while our corps formed the left. Burnside's corps is at Warrenton with orders to hold the Bull Run line of communication until we are successfully established on the southern side of the Rapidan. Lee's army is entrenched on the southern side of the Rapidan, some ten or twelve miles above the Germania ford, and Grant's object is to cross below and turn his right flank.

The movements were promptly executed during the night and were completely successful. Warren and Sedgwick's corps marched out to the Wilderness tavern, while we remained all day at Chancellorsville.

Early on the morning of the 5th we fell in and marched towards Todd's tavern, halting in a clearing about nine o'clock, the enemy close at hand on the Wilderness pike. Very hot, and both men and animals suffered much. While halted here, the head of our column was in contact with a strong cavalry force skirmishing with the enemy, in the effort to locate his position. All was excitement and vastly interesting. Very soon after halting we were ordered to countermarch and take position on the Brock road, our right resting near the Orange Court House plank road. Shortly after forming on this road, Frank's brigade was advanced on our extreme left to watch a road leading into the Cartharpin road, over which the enemy were reported to be advancing. The Brock road runs through a dense wilderness slightly elevated above the ground to the southwest. In rear of our left, the ground was open, and the whole artillery of the corps took position on it. Our line connected on the right with Gibbon, and he with Birney. The right swung back, making a northward curve from the Orange plank road and was prolonged by Warren and Sedgwick.

As soon as the division was in position it began building breastworks alongside the road with logs, etc., and made some slight slashings. In front of us to the southwest was a dense

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woods, through which at a considerable distance ran an unfinished railroad, almost parallel to the Brock road, where the enemy were supposed to be in position. Frank was directed to march forward, inclining slightly to the right, so as to look up this road and form across it, but for some reason did not go far enough, and so the rebels had a fine place for forming their troops. Hancock, Barlow, and Gibbon, each had their headquarters on the road, which was lined with troops, and for several hours we did nothing but ride up and down this road, awaiting orders to advance. About four o'clock the fighting opened on the right, and immediately the silence of the woods was changed into an uproar indescribable; tremendous volleys of musketry followed each other with such extraordinary rapidity, it seemed that one or another of the armies must be annihilated. Presently we were ordered to move forward and attack through the woods, with two of our brigades, Brooke and Smith. They were soon across the breastworks, struggling with the interminable undergrowth, where it seemed impossible to keep any kind of alignment, yet we did, especially Brooke, who advanced nearly six hundred yards and immediately became engaged with the rebels who lay hid from view in front.

The fighting on the right was severe, and several times reinforcements were sent from our part of the line to assist. Whilst the fighting in the woods in front was in progress, the staff were kept riding between them and the main road, a most difficult, dangerous, and disagreeable duty; not only was it almost impossible to ride a horse through the labyrinth of undergrowth, but one could only keep his direction by the sound of the firing. The woods were full of smoke, in many places on fire, and nothing could be seen twenty yards ahead. On one occasion I should have ridden directly into the enemy's lines but for Colonel Striker, of the Second Delaware, who saw me in front of his line just in time to call me back. I supposed I was riding in exactly the opposite direction to what I really was. Boots and clothes were torn to pieces and the horses became frantic. Colonel Chapman, of my regiment, happened to be division field officer of the day, and as his duties only commenced with the establishment of the picket line at night, he as was usual rode with the division staff, conspicuous by his sash worn across his shoul-

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der. Riding along the road together in rear of the general, the colonel appeared to me to be unusually depressed and I asked him what was the matter. He said he felt a presentiment that he was going to be killed and could not get over it. I said what I could to dispel his low spirits, but apparently without result. Soon afterwards a tremendous fire opened on Brooke, and Barlow turned to ask some one to ride to the lines and see what was going on, when Chapman instantly volunteered and immediately rode into the woods. In a very few moments some one came out and reported him killed, when Barlow ordered me to go to Brooke, and in the confusion and amidst the terrible firing I forgot all about Chapman, but as soon as I reached the road again, I found the report only too true, and at that time he was dead and had been carried out of the woods. It completely upset me for the time being; we had chatted together constantly during the day, and his low spirits and unhappy appearance made me feel very sorry for him. He was so conspicuously brave and gallant that I have no doubt he felt certain of his death, and yet in face of such forebodings, he instantly proposed to go himself, when it was some one else's duty and now "he sleeps an iron sleep, slain, fighting for his country."

Brooke and Smyth succeeded in driving the enemy before them, getting within range of the plank road on ground a little higher than that in rear, and thus improved their position. The staff was never worked harder; both Barlow and Hancock kept the main road, while we were incessantly struggling back and forth through the woods to the fighting lines. Under ordinary circumstances no one would have dreamed of riding a horse into such a place, but now we rode right into it, never thinking of the consequences in the excitement. The rolling of musketry was continuous, the woods retained the sound, and echoed back from line to line the repeated volleys and continuous file firing. An occasional shell tore through the woods, clearing a passage for itself, as neatly as though cut by an axe, and in many places the dry undergrowth was on fire. Fighting continued till dark when it generally ceased, and the dead and wounded were gathered up in front. The losses were heavy, and the result about an even thing. We could not see much of anything, and consequently generally directed our fire by that of the enemy, guessing results

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by the slackening or increasing of the enemy's fire. A great many officers fell, amongst them General Alex Hayes, a popular and excellent officer, commanding a brigade in our Second division.

Preparations were made for renewing the attack at four o'clock next morning, and after serving out ammunition, the troops prepared their coffee and ate their first meal for the day. Then slept in their ranks.

May 6th. At five o'clock this morning, the battle opened vigorously on the right, and soon heavy musketry firing rolled sonorously along the entire line. Hill's corps attacked Sedgwick, and a fierce and bloody encounter took place. Getty, Mott, and Birney, of our corps, were soon involved, and heavy fighting raged on all sides except our own front. We were on the lookout for Longstreet, who was reported by prisoners taken as moving down the Cartharpin road and forming on the unfinished railroad in our front. At six o'clock Hancock ordered the line to advance to the Orange plank road and a desperate fight commenced. Wadsworth, with a division, was to the right of the road, and our three divisions to the left, and so they moved forward at right angles to it. For over an hour the fighting was about even; then Hill's troops gave way and we advanced, capturing several hundred prisoners. From this time until nearly three o'clock, there was a lull in the fighting, our division closely watching for the advance of Longstreet's men. All of a sudden, while Barlow followed by his staff was riding slowly along the Brock road towards the plank road, a tremendous fire opened all along our front and shortly afterwards some of our troops gave way and came rushing through the woods over the slight breastworks into the road. Mott's troops behaved rather badly, and there was great confusion, but Brooke's men stood firm in the woods and repelled all efforts to drive them back. I was with Brooke at the opening fire, which was something fearful. The horses plunged and reared; the balls whistled around our ears, and the noise was simply too terrible to describe, but the gallant Fourth brigade, standing firm, opened fire and never a rebel passed their line. On Birney's front the enemy drove all before them, and for a few moments it looked as though we were in serious difficulty. The enemy came rushing up to our breastworks, some climbing

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over them. I saw a rebel officer mount the rampart with a flag in his hand, waving it over the heads of his men. The woods had taken fire in front and now spread to the log breastworks, which added renewed terrors and excitement to the situation. As the rebel flag was flaunting over the burning ramparts, Carrol's brigade came sweeping up at the double quick, and with a wild hurrah drove the rebels back into the mass of flames and smoke and recovered everything that had been temporarily lost. This ended the day's serious fighting, no further attempts being made by either side. Again the losses were heavy. General Wadsworth was killed on our side and General Longstreet badly wounded on the rebel side; besides many other officers killed, so we learned from the many prisoners we took. As soon as the enemy was driven back we devoted ourselves to saving the wounded from roasting to death in the woods in front.

This is one of the horrors of fighting in dense woods, where the bursting shells invariably in dry weather set fire to the dead leaves and branches.

Early May 7th we sent our a strong skirmish line to locate the enemy's position and found that he had retired behind his entrenchments. During the day Custer's cavalry division drove the rebel cavalry from Cartharpin furnace to Todd's tavern, and Warren's corps brought on a considerable picket engagement about noon in making a reconnoissance on his front, and so the battle of the Wilderness ended. Our losses are said to amount to at least fifteen thousand men, without other result then probably killing and wounding as many of the rebels. Grant has no idea of ceasing operations, however, but is said to be arranging for another move by the flank to get between Richmond and the rebel army. Hancock was ubiquitous, riding everywhere and sending staff officers in endless succession from one end to the other of the line to keep himself posted on the situation. Our division remained all day along the Brock road, but towards night were ordered to march to Todd's tavern in the direction of Spottsylvania court house. As soon as it became dark Warren's corps passed from the right, their original position, immediately in our rear on the Brock road, we remaining in position behind the works. Warren did not get out of the way till early next morning, when our corps fell in, abandoned its position and

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stepped out in a very lively fashion, arriving at Todd's tavern about nine o'clock. We immediately went into position, relieving Gregg's division of cavalry, and commenced at once, as is usual now-a-days, to throw up a breastwork of logs and rails, and dug a ditch behind them. As soon as the connections were established, Miles's brigade and a brigade of Greggs's cavalry, with a battery of artillery were sent to Corbin's Bridge, across the Po river, almost due south, where the enemy was discovered entrenched on the opposite shore and opened fire as soon as our party showed themselves, which was just what we desired to have them do. Line of battle was formed and our batteries replied, but made no further demonstration. I rode so much and so fast, traveling between Miles's brigade and the rest of the division, that I ruptured my beautiful gray and was obliged to send him to the rear. The reconnoissance was very enjoyable, however. Derrickson and I rode out together in front of the skirmish line and cavalry videttes, and while exploring a narrow road running over a considerable hill caught sight of a rebel column hurrying along a wood road in front under cover of the wood. We dismounted, left our horses in rear of some bushes, and crept forward on the road until within a couple of hundred yards of them, then lay down and watched them passing for over half an hour. While we lay here a rebel battery suddenly pushed up on a hill to the right of the road, and getting sight of our horses fired several shots at them, so we quickly withdrew, galloped back, and reported what we had seen to Hancock.

This was the ride that broke the poor gray down. About 5 P. M. Miles was withdrawn, but was attacked while doing so, and had to do quite a little fighting before he reached the main body. Learned towards evening that the enemy had discovered our intentions and had got ahead of us and was in position near the court house. Nothing else of importance occurred during the day, and the night passed without disturbance.

May 9th. Remained at Todd's tavern till noon, when ascertaining that the enemy had left our front, we marched down the Spottsylvania road about a mile, then took a wood road to the right, which brought us into fine open ground, commanding the river Po. Here we found the bulk of the army, Warren holding the right, covering the Brock and other

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roads converging here, Sedgwick next, and Burnside on the extreme left; our corps formed in line of division, in rear of Warren, stacked arms, and prepared for dinner. What a tremendous relief it was to get out of the infernal Wilderness, where for three days we had been fighting for the most part an invisible foe. About ten o'clock our attention was attracted to the opposite side of the river, where a long train of army wagons was passing in full view along the Block House road to Spottsylvania. One of our batteries opened fire on them, which drove them into the woods for shelter. Soon afterwards our division was ordered to cross the river. Brooke took the advance, driving in the few rebel pickets that held the ford, and forming line of battle advanced across the open ground to the edge of the wood from half to three-quarters of a mile in front. Frank's brigade followed, and then Miles's. On the left, Brooke advanced and occupied the block house road, over which the rebel wagon train had so recently passed. Birney's division crossed above us, Gibbon's below. As soon as our division got over it was advanced to the Shady Grove road, with the intention of crossing the Po again at the block house, and establishing ourselves on Lee's left flank, but it was dark by the time we got up, and the rebels held the crossing in front, so we bivouacked for the night where we lay. During the night the engineer corps built two or three bridges directly in rear of our position, so that in case of an emergency we could get across, without going back by the route we advanced over. Early in the morning, Arnold's Rhode Island battery joined us, and after much labor advanced on our right flank by cutting a roadway through the woods to the Shady Grove road. It seemed a dangerous thing to take guns through such a place, and eventually proved to be very much so. Shortly after daylight, and while the artillery men were chopping their way through the woods, Brooke was ordered to find a crossing between the road and Glady's Run. Colonel Jack Hammil, formerly adjutant of the Sixty-sixth New York commanded the little party that made the attempt, and distinguished himself by the gallant manner in which he dashed across the stream and almost into the enemy's rifle pits. He found the enemy in full force and was obliged to retire. Shortly after this little advance, the other two divisions of our corps were

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withdrawn, and we found ourselves alone on the south side of the river. It was not long before the rebels advanced in skirmishing order and opened fire; we could see their lines advancing, and as soon as they came within range, gave them a warm reception and expected to easily dispose of them, but the skirmish line was quickly followed by a line of battle, and it soon became clear we were in for a pitched fight. As the rebel line of battle advanced, Arnold's guns opened on them, and for a while enfiladed some of their lines, firing shell and canister. Barlow and two or three of us sat looking on, watching the battle for a while, but soon had to retire, as the enemy came on in force, and the guns were obliged to move to the rear. As the battery limbered up, the rebels surrounded the position, and although pretty well held at bay, we unfortunately lost one of the guns, which got jammed between two trees, so that it could not be extricated. The center and left of the line held their position firmly, although furiously assailed; our men had hastily thrown up a loose breastwork of rails alongside the edge of the road, and for a time seemed to have but little difficulty in keeping the enemy in check. General Barlow, accompanied only by myself, rode in rear of the line and was examining the condition of things, when a body of officers from the Third brigade came up and asked the general to relieve Colonel ——— from the command, stating that he was not in a fit condition to have charge of it, and asked the general to assign me to it, offering to waive their rank, if he would do so. The general hesitated a moment and looked at me, then refused, saying he would not make a change just then and told them they must get along as well as they could. How I hoped he would have consented; it seemed such an unheard-of opportunity, a captain to command his old brigade, but it was not to be. Subsequently I learned that Colonel ——— had voluntarily retired and Colonel Brown took command. A moment afterwards, as the enemy were pressing us heavily all along the line, General Hancock rode up, entirely alone, not even an orderly with him, and directed Barlow to immediately withdraw across the river, then turning to me, without saying by your leave to Barlow, directed me to ride at full speed to the reserve artillery of the corps, encamped on open ground about a quarter of a mile in rear on the other side of the Po, and order

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Captain Hazzard with all his guns into position on the high bank of the river to protect the crossing. John Gilpin's race was nothing to mine. I flew over the ground, and as I approached the bivouac of the artillery reserve, every one was on the alert, knowing their services were required. Captain Hazzard was standing in front of a tent fly, his flag stuck in the ground beside him, and instantly ordered the bugle to sound the assembly, and I think within a minute half a dozen batteries, some of them side by side, started off at a trot, presently breaking into a gallop. I rode at the head of the column with Hazzard, and never before experienced such exhilaration; the thundering guns dashed over the space and were in position in no time, promptly sending their shrapnel over the heads of our troops into the enemy. The engagement was fought in full view and dexterously managed, the object of our division being to retire in good order, and that of the enemy to try and capture them, and the tactics displayed and splendid bravery of both sides were admirable. The division moved to the rear in eschelon, frequently at the double quick, seventy-five to one hundred yards, faced about and lay down, opening fire on the rebel advance, whilst the ground between them was alive with bursting shrapnel from Hazzard's guns. When one brigade had retired to a new position and opened fire, the other brigade made a similar movement, and so it continued clear across the open ground, till at last the enemy was obliged to retire under the murderous artillery fire and the infantry recrossed the river in good order, quite elated with their exploit.

When our batteries first opened they received the fire from some of the enemy's guns in position away off to the left front, and the first shell landed in the battery where I was standing, killing several of the men serving the guns; amongst them a superb looking young sergeant, whose leg was entirely severed. He did not lose consciousness, but looked with melancholy interest at his severed limb, which lay close by. I was so sorry for him. I understood afterwards he died from the shock. Hazzard at once opened fire on these guns and soon blew up one of their caissons, after which they decamped. Our losses were not very serious and the whole affair intensely interesting. We found out from prisoners taken that Ewell's entire corps had taken part in the attack and expected to cap-

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ture us without much trouble. Frank's brigade crossed just below the pontoon bridge through the woods and Brooke over it. By direction of General Barlow I rode down to the extreme left, to see the bridges destroyed, where the Irish brigade had crossed, but when I arrived the work was already done by the engineer corps, and the Irish brigade in a good position. Colonel Beaver, of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania, was conspicuous in this day's operation, and Brooke and Miles were as usual superb.

May 11th. Everything quiet this morning. The enemy hug their entrenchments and are now around the Spottsylvania court house. In the afternoon Miles's brigade was sent back to Todd's tavern, but returned to camp in the evening, without finding any trace of the enemy. He never fired a shot, I think. Shortly after dark, we received orders to fall in and march, our division following Birney. The night was very dark and rainy, and the roads narrow and bad, but we stepped out briskly and very quietly. About midnight the column halted near a house, the "Brown house," closed up and massed in close column of brigade, and was then informed it was to assault the enemy's works in front, which at this point forms a salient angle. The success of this attack depended upon its secrecy, and so all were ordered to keep very quiet and commands were to be given in a whisper. The troops moved up near the enemy's picket line, supposed to be twelve or fifteen hundred yards from the enemy's works. Nobody knew exactly the position of the works or the nature of the ground, and so we had to take our chances, moving forward till we struck them. In front of our division the ground gradually ascended and was sparsely covered with trees, shrubs and bushes till near the rebel works, where it was entirely open. Birney's division was on our right, also in brigade masses, with Mott in rear of him, while Gibbon's division remained in reserve in rear of all. It took a long time to form the division in column of assault; each brigade was closely massed, all the mounted officers dismounted, and the orders were to advance without firing a shot, and by simple weight of numbers crush everything in front of us. Before starting, the engineer officers found the general direction of the rebel lines by compass and pointed it out to Barlow and the brigade commanders. There was another house in front,

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called the Landron house, which was supposed to be some four hundred yards from the rebel works, and this was to be our principal guide. The Fourth brigade was on the left, the Second brigade on the right, with Miles and Brooke in command. The Third brigade, now commanded by Brown, and Smyth's Irish brigade formed the second line and were to advance close behind the first line. It still rained, and just before daylight became quite foggy, so that we were slightly delayed. Everything being ready, however, as soon as the first streak of daylight appeared in the eastern skies, the command to move forward was given, and without noise the whole solid column stepped out, closely followed by the second line. Arms were carried at the right shoulder, and on we went, a solid mass, moving very rapidly; the rebel picket was soon encountered, but we ran right over it, and upon reaching the neighborhood of the Landron house, received the fire of the picket reserve, but pressed steadily forward, paying no attention to it. Soon the earthworks loomed into view close by, when with a prolonged cheer, at the double quick, the whole force charged over the intervening ground, swarmed over the parapet, and taking them entirely by surprise and unprepared, got behind them, and hustled them all over the works into the arms of our reserves. It was a complete success. The rebels fired only a very few shots, and were mostly asleep when we rushed into their works. The first piece of luck we have had for many a day. We captured Major-General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George H. Stuart, together with four thousand men and eighteen guns. The whole angle and perhaps half a mile of their lines was in our hands, but when we attempted to move forward, found a second line, now fully on the alert and too strong to be carried; so our men promptly went to work to face the captured lines the other way; before they were completed, however, the enemy came forward in immense numbers and made the most desperate attempt to recover their lost ground. They seemed determined to gain back at any cost what had been lost, and the most severe close fighting of the war ensued. The enemy several times got close up to the parapet, and reaching over the men on opposite sides did their best to bayonet each other. Batteries were brought up, and firing over our heads into the masses of the enemy inflicted

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enormous losses: trees eighteen inches in diameter were cut down by the fire of musket balls but the enemy could not recover what they had lost, nor could we advance, and towards the middle of the night they withdrew to form a new line in rear of the one now covered with dead. It was a tremendous struggle, bravely maintained throughout the day, both sides showing the utmost gallantry and determination. General Hancock was much elated with his success. When the rebel General Stuart was marching to the rear Hancock came riding along, and recognizing him as an old army friend of days gone by, put out his hand, but the rebellious gentleman refused the proffered shake, and lost much in our estimation for so doing. One of the pleasant features of our fighting is that none of us consider it a personal affair and individually are as friendly to any of our captured antagonists as though no state of war existed. There is no personal animosity whatever, so far as I have seen.

The enemy withdrew during the night, and the army of the Potomac under the indomitable Grant, prepared immediately to follow them.

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